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I HEAR YOU  
CALLING ME



LILY McCORMACK

# I Hear You Calling Me



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MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

*For*

PATRICIA PYKE  
EDWARD PYKE, JR.  
CAROL ANN McCORMACK  
PATRICIA BONNY McCORMACK  
JOHN McCORMACK II

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LILY McCORMACK



I HEAR YOU  
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# I

IT WAS a lovely, bright Christmas morning in Dublin. I was being given a special treat by my sister Molly, who sang in the choir of Clarendon Street Church, one of the finest choirs in the city. She was taking me to hear the six o'clock Mass. There were few people about at that hour, and as we crossed O'Connell Bridge, a young man, wrapped up in a big frieze coat with a fur collar (of sorts), a huge mop of curls, and school cap on the back of his head, passed us going in the opposite direction. We were facing the wind and I had my head down, not paying much attention to passers-by. Suddenly Molly said, "Do you know who that was? It's young McCormack. He's going to the Pro-cathedral to sing at the six o'clock Mass."

I immediately turned around and caught him doing the same thing. I wasn't too pleased that he'd found out my interest in him, and I could feel my cheeks burn. Later John and I laughed about this first encounter and he said, "I'd heard you sing at a couple of concerts but I hadn't seen you in the street before, so when I realized it was you, I wanted to get a good look at you, and you caught me in the act. From what I'd heard of you I thought you stuck-up and spoilt and I said to myself, 'Here's *one* that's not going to fall for her!'"

In May, 1903, all Dublin was ringing with the name of John McCormack, or "J.F.," as he was known in those days. He had just carried off the Gold Medal in the tenor competition at the *Feis Ceoil*, the music festival which has taken place in Dublin every year for half a century.

I'd just won a Gold Medal myself for a solo in Gaelic and

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was so pleased with myself I didn't go to the tenor competition and so missed John McCormack.

John was the last on the list of fourteen tenors and by far the youngest — not yet 19. Applause is forbidden at these competitions, but when John finished, the house rose in one loud cheer. I'm told there was never such a demonstration before or since. The judge, Maestro Luigi Denza, rose and said, "There's no need to tell you who the winner is. You've chosen him yourselves." John told me many times how his knees trembled and how he feared he was going to faint. I believe his great ambition was born at that moment. He said that he thought "if I can do this, I can do bigger things." And he made up his mind he'd have a good try.

Dr. Vincent O'Brien, choirmaster at the Procathedral and our foremost singing teacher, had done a grand job for John in spite of many difficulties. John had no money and he'd been nearly too late in getting his entry in for the *Feis*. However, one friend paid his entrance fee, another bought his music, and Dr. O'Brien donated all his spare time to teaching him the test songs, *Tell Fair Irene* by Handel and *The Snowy Breasted Pearl* by Thomas Moore. These good friends between them literally pushed him into that competition, and Dr. O'Brien had something to be proud of indeed. Many people who had heard some of the finest singers of the day said they'd never listened to more inspired singing or more perfect diction and phrasing.

It amuses me now to think that at that time — I was not yet seventeen — I considered myself quite a singer. I began to sing at seven and I well remember being put on a table at a children's party so that everyone could see me as well as hear me. As I grew older I sang and danced at charity bazaars and concerts, and even appeared at several concerts with William Ludwig, the well-known baritone of the Carl Rosa and Moody Manners opera days. At fifteen I started to study with Dr. O'Brien, and the following year I won my *Feis* medal. I had learned to sing in Gaelic (phonetically) and was told not so long ago by some fine Gaelic scholars that my pronunciation is good.

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In later years John wanted to sing some of the Irish melodies in Gaelic and I offered to teach him *O, Breathe Not His Name* by Thomas Moore, but he insisted that to give a language the proper interpretation, one must really understand it. He even made a bet with me that he could learn Gaelic in four months, but it was too late then — he never felt quite up to it.

I had a costume copied from a picture of the eleventh century which I always wore when I sang in Gaelic. The gown was a soft cream material with long flowing sleeves and a chemisette of white lawn and puffs at the wrists. The gold band holding the white veil was called a *minn* and the girdle a *bragh*. The crimson drapery was caught on the shoulder by a Tara brooch. Mine was an interesting old one set with amethysts, which my father discovered in an antique shop. When I was about twelve my picture was taken in this costume, a picture which John carried with him wherever he went.

Since I lived in Dublin and John in Athlone — “where the river Shannon flows” — it wasn’t surprising that we’d never met before the *Feis*. Then, a few weeks after the prize-winners’ concert, we were both engaged to sing at a concert in Athlone given by Mr. William Ludwig. I was traveling down with him and his two daughters, and at the last minute before the train left, John arrived at the Broadstone Station, looking pale and sickly. Forlornly he announced that he had a bad cold and couldn’t sing, but that he would come along to show that he was willing. Mr. Ludwig said, “What you need, young man, is someone to look after you. And here is the very little lady. Miss Foley, may I introduce John McCormack?”

We both blushed furiously and John never spoke a word on the trip. But he did sing at the concert and had an ovation. Then the doctor ordered him to bed for a week’s rest, so I didn’t “look after” him on the return journey! I have often wondered if Mr. Ludwig ever recalled his prophetic words in the years to come.

Not long after that a Mr. James Riordan arrived in Dublin to engage Irish artists for the forthcoming St. Louis World’s

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Fair. I suppose he would be called a "talent scout" today. It seemed that many countries were to be represented by villages or industrial exhibits at the Fair. Mr. Riordan was in charge of the Irish Village. One evening I was invited to sing at a meeting of the Celtic Literary Society on St. Stephen's Green. Dr. Douglas Hyde, famous Celtic scholar who instituted the Gaelic League in Ireland, later a beloved President of Eire, was the presiding officer and Mr. Riordan the guest of honor. After I'd sung he came over to me and asked if I'd like to go to St. Louis to sing at the Irish Village. I was so thrilled I could only manage to say, "I've always felt in my bones that I'd go to America some day!" But when my excitement died down I had to admit to him that there was no hope of my parents' consenting to my going so far away, especially as I was still in school. Mr. Riordan asked if he could call on my mother and father and try to persuade them. This he did the very next day and several times after that. Finally it was settled that I could go, providing one of my older sisters went along as chaperon.

John and I met quite often at concerts and he told me that he, too, was going out to the Irish Village, but I was so full of my own trip I had no time to think about his. My friends got up a complimentary concert before I left and gave me a gold necklace with a shamrock pendant of which I was very proud. At my concert John sang *In Her Simplicity* and *Ah, Moon of My Delight*, and I was so devastated I wanted to laugh and cry together. At home afterward we had a small supper party and John met my family for the first time.

One night shortly before my sister Molly and I were to leave Dublin, my sister Peggy, having a headache, retired to bed early. When father came home and told me he had two tickets for a concert at the Academy and that John was singing, I rushed up to Peggy's room where she was in bed feeling quite sorry for herself. "Father has given us tickets to hear John McCormack tonight —" I began, but before I could go on she was up and dressing.

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"Don't tell I had a headache," she said, "and Mother'll never know it!" John's voice was heavenly but we came home feeling sad that he looked so frail.

In the middle of April, Molly and I set sail for New York. Strange, that from my earliest school days I had always felt that sometime I would go to America. At geography lessons the only bit of the map I had any interest in was the United States, and now, when I found myself on a ship bound for New York, it just seemed part of a predestined pattern. I was really on my way, I felt, to a career of my own which would lead me to musical comedy at least, if not to Grand Opera!

The St. Louis World's Fair was an awesome spectacle to our young Irish eyes. We were swept off our feet by the imposing buildings with their fascinating exhibits and by the gardens, a blaze of color by day and a dream of beauty by night, with their fountains and lights.

To me, our Irish Village was the most enchanting of all the villages. It was small but picturesque, with displays of handmade lace, linen, Galway cloaks, Tara brooches, Claddah rings, and, of course, books — priceless volumes of Ireland's folklore and history. Our little theater and bandstand were in the center, and here "Ireland's Own Band" played twice a day. What a nice lot of young Irishmen there were in that band! In the theater we had such distinguished artists as Dudley Digges, Miss Mary Quinn (now Mrs. Dudley Digges), Miss Mabel Young, and F. J. Kelly. They gave appealing performances of Irish plays, among them an unforgettable *Deirdre*. The three young Kellys — sister and two brothers — were our accomplished dancers; Miss Josephine Glynn was the harpist; Miss Marie Narvelle, the soprano; John, the tenor — and I also sang. Herbert Spencer was accompanist and conductor.

John came to America a little after my arrival and by the time he arrived we felt quite at home. One day while I was on the stage going through one of my songs, he walked into the theater. I was glad to see him and eager for news from Dublin, but I just waved to him and went right along with my song. The

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next day he told me he thought me a conceited young minx; that I might have come down off my perch long enough to greet him instead of just waving, especially as he had gone to see my family before sailing in order to bring me the latest news from home. Later he confessed that he had really done this so that he would have the best possible excuse for seeing me the minute he got to the Fair.

From then on, wherever Molly and I went, John seemed to turn up and go along. In some way or other he arranged it so that when we were invited anywhere he was included. We'd made some new friends and were asked out a lot, but John impressed it on Molly that we shouldn't go about unescorted and he'd always be on hand. Several girls I'd met had attractive brothers, and it really made me cross that whenever one of them came around John was there, too. Sometimes I wouldn't speak to him for hours and then he'd come around looking dejected and ask me to have dinner with him before our concert; and afterward we'd ride on the mammoth Ferris wheel, and then all would be forgiven.

Happy carefree days, learning to know each other better and discovering so many interests in common! Young as I was, I was impressed by John's avid seeking for information and knowledge on any and all subjects. At the various exhibits nothing escaped him. He'd say, "Wouldn't you like to know how this is made or how that is done?" And the next time I'd see him he'd have found out all about it.

Everything was going well with the Irish Village until the management decided to add a comic Irish turn with a "stage Irishman" to liven up the program. We all protested, and Dudley Digges acted as the spokesman for our objections. Before any decision was reached John, with his quick temper, handed in his resignation, which was accepted just as promptly. I think they had found John a rather difficult young man to handle.

The "stage Irishman" was eliminated and the rest of the company remained to the end of the Fair. Molly and I were upset about John's having been so impulsive. We had come to



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depend upon him in ever so many ways and we realized that we would miss him terribly. In fact, facing his going away, I found out how *very* fond of him I was and I began to wonder what I should ever do without him.

This impulsiveness of John's remained to the end. He never could understand why I wanted him to wait and take time to consider a decision, particularly if it was an important one. Early in our married life I discovered that he could be led, but that he could *not* be driven. One day when I had my first wifely "lecture" ready for him — and he knew he deserved it — he cocked his head on one side and said drolly, "Ah, now, Lily, aren't you going to let me be happy though married?" I decided I'd try!

In St. Louis, Dr. Cameron, an American army doctor — I think he was in charge of the Philippine Village — never missed hearing John sing. He became a good friend of ours and when he heard that John was going home to Ireland he advised him to get to Italy as soon as possible to start his studies but especially to get the benefit of the climate, as he was overgrown for his age and needed building up. The first thing Maestro Sabatini, his teacher in Italy, made him do during his vacation was to have his teeth seen to. From that day he developed a fine physique and never looked back. For a singer he was singularly free from colds.

John was secretly delighted with the doctor's advice. He knew he was only losing time at work of this sort and he longed to get on with his serious study. As the time for him to leave drew near, we behaved like any boy and girl who are in love and are too shy to say so. We would order luncheon and then just sit looking at it, holding hands under the table, suddenly waking up to the fact that we were due at the theater for a matinee. How we would laugh and choke down our food and dash for our dressing rooms! Molly might have noticed these signs had she seen more of us in those last days, but our one desire was to be by ourselves, and mostly when we were together we were silent, facing in our thoughts the impending separation.

On John's last day at the Fair we were going upstairs to the restaurant in the Irish Village and met Molly coming down. John

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said suddenly, "Let's give her a surprise. Let's tell her we're engaged." I said, "Let's," thinking what a shock it would be to her but also feeling in my heart that I'd like it to be true. John said with a beaming smile, "Congratulate us, Molly. Lily and I are engaged." Molly merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "Don't talk such nonsense at your age! You've got to think of your future first."

She knew that we were both feeling depressed at John's going, but she didn't take us at all seriously and went on with a lot more good advice to John about his studies and his career. When she left, quite satisfied that he'd heeded every word, he turned to me and said, "Lily, let's make it true. Let's *really* be engaged. I won't have an easy moment unless you promise not to look at another boy. *I* promise *you* I won't look at another girl."

We promised.

There is no doubt that John was born to be a singer, although in his youth I know that he had some thought of becoming a priest. John's inner life was built upon his faith, which was so wonderful to the end, but his career belonged to the world of music. His four sisters — Jean, Mary, Aggie, and Florrie — and his brother, Jim, have told me that when they were children, John was often late for meals. He would either be down at the barracks listening to the military band or in town with Old Pat, the fiddler, who played and sang all the old Irish songs. Wherever there was music, there was John. And he loved to sing. All the family had pleasing voices, especially his father, so no particular attention was paid to John's voice at home.

His parents were not well to do, but they helped him in every way to get a good education. They were proud of his quick mind, retentive memory, and tremendous power of concentration. When John was three and a half years old his father decided it was time that John Francis join the schoolgoing members of the family as there were two younger children in the home; so one morning he hoisted the small boy onto his

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shoulder, carried him down the town, and entered him in the Infants' School of the Marist Brothers. From then on John never missed a day of study until he finished at Sligo College at the age of eighteen.

John loved stories "against" himself. One of them he liked to tell was about the time he came out at the top of his class in the intermediate examination at the Marist Brothers. He was then twelve and this was no slight achievement, as the Brothers have the highest scholastic standards. The prize entitled him to enter Sligo College at half fee; and his mother, overjoyed, took him shopping in Athlone. On the way she stopped at a neighbor's to tell her the news of John's success. The neighbor looked John over carefully and said, "He must be clever, though he doesn't look it!" John won two more scholarships which kept him in Sligo College until he graduated. About one of the examinations he said, "The prize was sixty pounds and I felt I had a fair chance of winning it. A few days before the exam I got a bad sty on my eye and by the morning of the examination the eye had quite closed up. Father Kielty was worried and thought I should not sit for it but I wasn't giving in. I went through hell that week but it was worth it. I won the scholarship and the sixty pounds.

"After passing this examination I coaxed Father to buy me a violin. It couldn't have cost much money but it meant a lot to me. I went back to college in great spirits but the headmaster found me trying to teach myself to play and took the instrument away, saying, 'You are much too clever at languages to waste time on fiddling.' I was heartbroken, but all my life I've acknowledged how much my grasp of Latin and Greek aided me in my mastery of modern languages. Also, I was taken into the choir right away, which meant that music had not been taken from me altogether. Whenever we had a play or a concert in Sligo I took part. At my first school concert I had to sing two encores though any encore at all was against the rules. I was then fourteen.

"The morning after that concert something happened which

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influenced my entire career. Maggie, the school maid, said to me: 'Oh, Mr. John, you sang grand last night! But why did you sing in them foreign tongues we couldn't understand?' I was considerably taken aback. All my songs had been in English. I've always said that Maggie's artless question was worth its weight in gold to me. Maggie's words kept me tossing in my bed most of that night. I thought if she didn't understand me there must have been others who didn't; and I made up my mind there and then that I wasn't going to let that happen again. I said to myself the words of a song are its soul and that's what I must concentrate on in future.

"After my graduation from Sligo College, my father took me to Dublin. There were no funds for a university course, so I entered for a scholarship sponsored by the Dublin College of Science. There were thirteen places in the examination and when the results were announced I was fourteenth on the list. My father then decided that I should enter the Civil Service, so I settled down to study once more, taking a clerical position in Dublin to support myself while studying. But I found everything I was doing drudgery and was utterly miserable until Dr. Dudley Ford of Athlone and Mr. Frank Manning of Dublin urged me to go on with my singing. They took me to Dr. Vincent O'Brien, who gave me a place in the Pro Cathedral choir at twenty-five pounds a year. This was all I needed. I walked out of that office job two weeks later and never went back."

When he wrote his father that he intended to make music his career, his father came up to Dublin to remonstrate with him. From his point of view John was throwing away a sure and steady income, and a pension later, for a precarious existence of struggle and probably starvation. But John had made his decision. Then came his triumph at the *Feis* and the momentous (to John and me) trip to the World's Fair.

On his return from St. Louis John went directly from Queens-town — now Cobh — to see his family. The great excitement all over town was "John's home from America." Of this visit he writes: "I arrived back in Athlone on July 8th and of course

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was 'the white-headed boy.' I had to tell in detail every happening on my American travels. I had to make a story of the trip and I confess I sometimes 'drew a long bow,' but no one was the worse and my friends seemed to enjoy my tales."

In Dublin he got some concert engagements and a few chances to sing at private "at homes," which were the fashion in those days, but all only the means to an end — Italy and the studies that were such necessary steppingstones to success.

One evening Miss Agnes Treacy, Dublin's leading soprano, and John were engaged to sing at the home of Mr. Fair in Pembroke Road; and Mr. Fair, an amateur musician and music lover who had studied singing in Milan, said to John, "I know just the teacher for you! Maestro Vincenzo Sabatini. He sang in opera himself for twenty-five years. What he doesn't know about teaching isn't worth knowing. I'll write him at once."

While waiting to hear from Maestro Sabatini (and also, I have been given to understand, for my return from America) John went over to London, where he was engaged to make eight cylinder records for the Edison Company, and later ten for the Edison Bell Company. The industry was in its infancy then, and for these ten cylinder records he was paid the breath-taking sum of fifty pounds. "His Master's Voice," then called The Gramophone Company, engaged him to make some for them at the same fee. With a hundred pounds in his pocket and all expenses paid, John felt established as a singer.

In later years he got the greatest fun out of playing his record *Killarney*, made at this time, for some of his really musical friends, telling them it had been done by an Irish boy who wanted his opinion as to whether he should take up a singing career. John writes, "Without exception every one of them, including such an excellent critic as my friend, Dr. Walter Starke, said 'Oh, Lord, John, don't advise that poor boy to study singing. It is too pathetic for words.'" Then John would show them the name on the record and laugh until the tears came.

While in London John heard Caruso for the first time and was beside himself with delight when he wrote me, "I'm longing

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for the day when I can take you to hear him. You must *not* hear him for the first time with anyone but me."

In his *Memoirs* he says, "That voice still rings in my ears after thirty-three years and the memory of its beauty will never die." The day after he had heard *Boheme* he went out and bought a photograph of Caruso and, with no feeling of forgery, signed it reverently to himself "Sincerely yours, Enrico Caruso"! If he had been gifted with second sight, he would have seen a time not so far distant when we were staying at the Copley-Plaza in Boston. John was as usual buying every paper on the newsstand, when Caruso came along. "And how is the greatest tenor in the world this morning?" said John. "And since when, Mac, did you become a baritone?" Enrico replied.

(John started to write his *Memoirs* about 1936 but didn't have the patience to complete them — in fact, one day when I tried to encourage him to go on with them he said, "You do it, Lily. You'd make a heck of a sight better job of it than I.")

As for me, I stayed to the end of the St. Louis Fair. Everyone was kind but it was not the same place to me without John. I lived for his daily letters. We went back to Ireland in November and since John had written me from London that by hook or by crook he would meet our ship, it was no surprise to find him with my father on the pier at Queenstown. I was beginning to learn that whatever "my young man" set out to do, he did.

Many friends came in that first evening in Dublin to say "welcome home" to Molly and me, so John and I had a sorry time trying to get even a word together. My mother and sisters were constantly reminding me that I'd have plenty of other times to talk to John, but tonight I must pay attention to our guests. My oldest sister had a nice young man all picked for me and was furious with John for trying to monopolize me. When they'd maneuver him away, he didn't help matters any — he'd just stand in a corner and glare at me and the man to whom I was talking.

Finally I had to whisper to him that if he didn't behave he'd give our secret away, and that would be the end of everything.

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He was so woebegone I hastily added that I'd make it up to him later when the excitement of our homecoming was over. This I did!

When word came that Maestro Sabatini was willing to take him as a pupil on Mr. Fair's recommendation, Dr. O'Brien, my father, and other friends got up a farewell benefit, to raise enough money to pay for his lessons and his expense in Italy. Everyone in Dublin was interested in "the lad from Athlone" of whom great things were expected, and the concert was a success in every way. All Athlone came up to Dublin for that concert, including Colonel and Mrs. Muloch and their two musical daughters, who are now Mrs. Claude Beddington, a fine amateur pianist, and Lady Nutting, an excellent violinist. The Colonel, who spoke, as John put it, exquisite Italian, was very proud two years later to find that John on his return from Milan could speak the language perfectly.

There was much weeping on both our parts when John left for Milan early in 1905. I kept it up for so long that my mother threatened to tell my father that I considered myself engaged, if I didn't stop. I've been told that my father, who seems to have been somewhat obtuse about the situation, remarked that winter, "If only Lily would practice the piano as faithfully as she writes to Mac, what a wonderful pianist she'd be!" My own career had by this time faded into unimportance. My one thought was helping John with his, if I could.

John writes in his *Memoirs*: "Never shall I forget my arrival in Milan. I had been in communication with the Misses Beetham, who had a pension in *Via Brera*. They wrote me they would meet me at the station. But the difficulty was that they did not know me and I did not know them. Then Lily had a brain wave. I was to tie a white handkerchief around my right arm as I got off the train. I felt like a 'Kicker Hunter' must feel in Ireland when they tie a red ribbon around its tail. In any event, the dear Misses Beetham recognized me and I was very happy with these charming old English ladies in their pension."

From the start John loved Italy and everything about it,

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including the Italian food. There were several young students at the pension and among his new friends were Miss Gwen Trevitt, an English girl, who was also a pupil of Maestro Sabatini; Alfred Kaufmann, a baritone, with whom John later sang in concert and opera; and Miss Marguerite Leddell, an American soprano. The four of them went to opera and plays "Dutch treat" as part of their musical education. Their companionship meant a lot to John. They also made the rounds of the picture galleries together.

Maestro and Madame Sabatini (their son is the novelist, Rafael Sabatini) seemed to be drawn to John at once. The Maestro inspired John with the utmost confidence. He was kind and considerate but also a hard taskmaster. Madame Sabatini was a sweet and motherly woman, who had also been an opera singer. At his first hearing, when John had finished the aria *In Her Simplicity*, from *Mignon*, Sabatini spoke to his wife in rapid Italian and poor John, not understanding a word of the language, had to wait for her to translate. She told him that the Maestro had said, "I can do little except teach this boy how to use his voice properly. God has done all the rest." John went on to say, "When Madame told me what the Maestro had said, I felt like throwing my hat up in the air for joy, though I could tell from his expression and his tone that he was pleased."

Later I learned that one of the chief reasons Maestro and Madame Sabatini were so fond of John was that they found him such a glutton for work, arriving early for his lesson — an hour each day, scales and exercises only — and never ready to leave. They often invited him to dinner when they had special Italian dishes, prepared by Madame, herself. The food and the climate agreed with him so well that by the end of his first term he was much improved in looks — in fact, no one ever thought of him again as being "delicate." When he came back from Italy in the summer of 1905, having been assured by the Maestro that his voice had exceptional promise, his face was alight with the sheer love of music and the joy of singing.

His holiday was brief and I'm afraid he didn't spend much



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time in Athlone! I never tired of hearing about his student life in Milan and of course one of the first questions I asked him was if he could speak Italian. He said, "I understand what people are talking about but I haven't tried to speak much, as most of my friends are English or American, and scales and exercises didn't offer much scope for enlarging my vocabulary." Just before he came back, the Maestro had allowed him to learn two arias as a reward for all his hard work. One was the *Dai Campi, Dai Prati*, now in the new album, "John McCormack Sings Again." I'll never forget the first time he sang it to me. It seemed to have been written just for his voice.

I remember when he went back to Milan he wrote me: "The singing and acting of Rosino Storchio at the Scala last night will always be a golden memory to me, and after seeing Novelli in *Papa Lebonnard* I can still feel myself being literally lifted out of my seat with my hair standing on end." How often I have wished I had kept those letters — but just before we were married, discussing our plans and the luggage we were taking to Italy, we suddenly thought of the hundreds of letters we had written to each other and all the space they would take up. We agreed that the sensible thing to do was to destroy them. We had quite a bonfire, each of us putting one on the logs at the same time until we had burned the lot. Consequently when I am quoting from John's letters of those days, I am quoting from memory.

By the Christmas holidays of 1905 we had made up *our* minds that we wanted to announce our engagement. John was a great pet of mother's, so he asked her if she would talk to father about it, as he was much too scared to do so himself. At first she said "no," but he finally got around her. I'm sure she was sorry afterward. Father was furious, and stated in no uncertain terms that John and I were far too young to know our own minds, much less to think of marriage. When he saw how crushed we were he did say that if in two years we still felt the same way, which he strongly doubted because of our youth, he would perhaps be willing to think it over, but until then he didn't want to hear another word on the subject and that was *final*.

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Two years was an eternity to John and me but, knowing we had to be content with that, John took a little gold ring set with three tiny diamonds which father had given me for Christmas and changed it over to my engagement finger, making me promise to keep it there as much as possible. Father was a darling and we children loved him dearly, but we were trained to obey his orders, and if he had found out that in my mind *his* ring had become my engagement ring, he would have felt I was being deliberately insubordinate. I often did some very fast switching, but so far as I know he never discovered it!

John returned to Milan at the end of September, 1905. That winter Sabatini had him make some auditions for opera. And then came the memorable day when he got his first engagement. He was to sing in Savona with a local company. He wrote me that he was so overjoyed at the chance he didn't stop to think how small the pay was or that he had agreed to take care of his own expenses. On sober second thought he realized that he did not have the money. So he summoned up his courage and wrote to Bishop Clancy of Sligo, asking His Lordship to help him. Of this he writes: "I was almost sorry when I had let the letter slip from my fingers into the letter box. . . . What if the Bishop were to refuse? But I need not have worried. The Bishop wrote that he was glad I asked the favor. He hadn't by him at the time fifty pounds, but only twenty-five, which he enclosed. But he would send the remainder, he promised, in three months as proof of his faith in me."

That money meant more to John then than a hundred times the amount would have meant only a few years later, when, having long since repaid the loan, he had the pleasure of presenting Bishop Clancy with a gold chalice set with jewels, which had been specially designed by an artist friend in Dublin. In his will His Lordship left the chalice to Sligo College.

About December John made his operatic debut in Savona, a little town on the gulf of Genoa, in *L'Amico Fritz*. In spite of his extreme nervousness, which to a large extent he never got

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over, he had a good reception, although he was aware that he caused no furor. Fritz was supposed to be a sedate thirty-five or so and John at twenty-two appeared more like a schoolboy. The important thing to him was that he had actually sung the title role in an opera in Italy. At this time John wrote me: "Now work really began. Part of each day's lesson was devoted to this opera. Sabatini saw to it that I was perfect, words and music, before starting off to Savona. What an interesting place it turned out to be — a little seaport town situated on the Gulf of Genoa.

"Many a moonlight night during that season I walked along the seashore wondering what success, if any, was in store for me. During the day I paid many visits to the church of San Giovanni Batista, which was close to the Theatre Chiabera, where I made my debut.

"I can't say that I caused a furore, but the audience made me repeat my aria in the last act and thereby hangs a rather funny tale. Being scared stiff at the high B flat and knowing that I could not possibly be heard over what seemed to me then a very large orchestra, I just opened my mouth wide, struck a dramatic attitude but made no sound. The audience, thinking they heard a beautiful B flat, insisted on an encore. I was delighted and thought, 'What will they do when I really sing it?' I found out and incidentally learned a good lesson in humility. That was the only performance in which they insisted on a 'bis.' "

Not long after this he was engaged to sing ten performances of *Faust* at the Teatro Verdi in Santa Croce sul Arno. Sabatini warned him that the audiences in Santa Croce were extremely critical, and John was on his mettle. This is what he writes in his *Memoirs*: "What a cosmopolitan cast we had! The Margherita was a Brazilian, the Sibel was Russian, the Faust was an Irishman, the Valentine was Russian, the Mephistopheles was a Greek, and we sang the French opera in Italian. The chorus and most of the little orchestra came from the village and, all in all, I think it was the most pleasant engagement in my whole career. . . . One night, however, there was a contretemps. In Italy, the mortal sin of vocalism is to break on a top note. I had seen and heard an

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Italian audience react to a broken top note and I lived in constant dread of such a catastrophe overtaking me. One night it happened. I was singing the phrase after Margherita's exit in the second act. I came to the B natural and I cracked it. I did not wait for the chorus of whistles which I felt sure was coming, but just eased myself off the stage. Unfortunately, the chorus traipsed off after me and the stage was empty during the playing of the waltz which finishes the act. Maestro Corado, a hot-tempered, fiery, little Neapolitan, rushed backstage. He listened sympathetically to my explanation but then turned on the chorus with every 'cuss word' in the Italian language and several in some hidden Neapolitan dialect. I was still scared but the audience had been told the facts, and from the beginning of the third act I was applauded after every phrase. . . ."

At this point in his life John was known as "Giovanni Foli." John says "My name was a continuous stumbling block to the Italians. They seemed incapable of pronouncing McCormack, so I compromised and sang under the name of my fiancée, Italianizing my name and hers."

My father died in the spring of 1906. When John heard this sad news he wanted to come back at once but he had neither the money nor the time to spare. When he did arrive about the end of May for his holidays he said almost at once to my mother, "Mrs. Foley, I'm not going to Italy again without Lily. And, if you don't give your consent to that, I'm not going back at all."

My mother was in a quandary. She was fond of John and she wanted to see him make the most of himself, and Italy seemed the place to do it. She saw there was no compromise possible where he was concerned, so she consulted our lawyer, my oldest brother Tom, and my brother-in-law, Thomas Bissette. John won.

Then John took me to Athlone to visit his family. I liked them and I felt that they liked me. Every evening we all gathered around the fire to sing, with John as conductor. A few days before the end of my visit John told his mother and father about our plans. How the atmosphere changed! To start with,

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they had much to say on the subject of his foolhardiness in making singing his career; and now to think of taking on the responsibility of a wife seemed to them nothing short of madness. John didn't report any of this to me but I "felt" it. I insisted upon cutting my stay short, and before I left, John and I had a long talk. I suggested that we wait for at least a year and he said, "It's up to you, Lily. I promise you'll never starve — are you willing to take the chance?"

I said I was.

John and I went over to Sligo to see Bishop Clancy, who had been so helpful, and to ask for his blessing. With a twinkle in his eye His Lordship said to me, "Young lady, we had great hopes once that in this boy we had a future bishop, but you have stolen him from us." When we left he gave us a package which he said was not to be opened until after our wedding. It turned out to be a photograph of himself inscribed to "Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack." I had never seen my new name in writing before, although I had heard it once. Shortly before we were married, John and I were strolling up Grafton Street when he suddenly took hold of my arm and said "Mrs. John McCormack! How does that sound?" "Rotten!" I answered, although I secretly thought it sounded too wonderful for words. He dropped my arm and we returned from that outing on opposite sides of the street!

By now John had advanced from the 10/6 he had earned for his first public concert to five guineas. He took the fee from one concert to buy me an engagement ring. It was gold with a small diamond in the center surrounded with little rubies and diamonds. When he put it on my finger he said, "From now on, I'll never give you a present unless I can afford a really good one, so don't be disappointed if you have to wait."

John had to be back in Milan by August for more auditions, so we didn't have much time for preparations, and since we were still in mourning, the wedding was small and quiet. We were taking the mail boat to London, so we were married at 7:30 in the morning at the Procathedral. My wedding costume

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was a cream serge suit with a blouse of Irish lace. This ultra-stylish blouse had a "choker" collar boned up to my ears, and I could scarcely bend my head to sign the register. When I arrived John was pale and nervous, all dressed up in his first frock coat and silk hat. There is no wedding picture of us because we tore it up by mutual consent! I am only sorry that my grandchildren today cannot see my wondrous hat — of the cartwheel era, white crinoline, heavily adorned with white flowers.

After the ceremony I changed into a brown traveling suit and John doffed his wedding finery, and we set forth on our new life together.

## II

LONDON has never seemed more enchanting to me than it did during those blissful two weeks. We rode on the tops of buses to Hampton Court, Kensington Museum, and Kew Gardens or we wandered all over town on foot, visiting churches and gazing in shop windows. John would invariably stop before a jeweler's window, picking out the things he wanted to buy for me. "Perhaps one fine day I'll be able to get you that," he'd say. "Stranger things have happened, you know."

By day we lived simply, and in the evening we dressed in our best to go to the theater or opera. John had his wish to take me to hear Caruso for the first time and when those glorious top notes rang out my hand was almost squashed. Our first night in London we saw Lewis Waller in *Monsieur Beaucaire* and went back to our small hotel in the Strand entranced.

Later, Lewis Waller became a close friend, and when we were all in Australia together we saw a lot of him and his lovely leading lady, Madge Titheridge. They were doing *The Butterfly on the Wheel* and one night after the play the four of us had supper together.

John said, "Lily *thinks* she can act, Lewis, why don't you try her out?" "Maybe we'll surprise you one of these days," Waller replied. "I'll bet she can!"

John bet each of us ten shillings that Lewis wouldn't dare to put me in *The Butterfly* and that if he did, I wouldn't go through with it.

Lewis and I put our heads together, our problem being how to get John to the play again without making him suspicious.

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However, he had already declared himself willing to "sit it out" a second time, so when, between the acts, I said I was going backstage to see Madge, he took no notice. But when the curtain went up on the court scene and he saw me in the jury box, his face was a study. John didn't like losing at anything, even a bet, but Lewis and I each collected our ten shillings.

To go back to our honeymoon in London. We soon found that we had spent so much on good seats at Covent Garden in the beginning that all we could afford for the rest of our stay was "the gods" — the topmost gallery. The stage seemed pretty inaccessible from there, so far as I was concerned, but John apparently didn't feel that way about it. He suddenly whispered in my ear, "If ever I get my foot down there on that stage, it'll take a hell of a lot to get it off." Within eighteen months he was "down there" singing leading roles with Melba and Tetrazzini.

We were happily drifting along with no thought of passing time, when a letter from my mother reminding us that we were due in Milan shortly, brought us down to earth. After some conversation, it was settled that we would hear our final opera on Saturday night and leave for Italy on Monday. On Saturday morning John rushed in to me with the newspaper. "Lily, we *can't* leave yet! They are giving *Eugen Onegan* on Tuesday with Battistini. I *must* hear that." I thought hard for a moment and then decided that if I gave in now, it might be weeks before we got to Milan. So I pointed out how disappointed Sabatini would be if we delayed any longer; and *very* regretfully John agreed to leave on Monday. He never had another chance to hear Battistini in *Eugen Onegan* and I never heard the end of that. Later on, when we met Battistini, in London — a great thrill for us both — John immediately aired his grievance, and Battistini was much amused and most sympathetic — to me!

Our trip to Italy was exciting. It was my first visit to the continent and I found John's experience with foreign travel impressive, especially when he conversed in fluent Italian with the porters at the station in Milan. Our large trunk could not be found at first, and, when John ripped out with unmistakable



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swear words, I was quite proud of my husband's superior knowledge! Once he found himself talking Italian, he made up his mind to master it. He paid particular attention to the different dialects and I've always remembered Commendatore Marconi saying to me one night when we dined with him, "Giovanni annoys me. His Italian is better than mine, and I was born in Italy." John loved writing letters in Italian and always did to James Joyce, Compton MacKenzie, Monsignor Arthur Ryan, and Dr. Walter Starkie. James Joyce and John had first met in 1903 in Dublin when they both sang at the *Feis Ceoil* — Joyce was a baritone — and in later years whenever they met they always spoke to each other in Italian.

Maestro and Madame Sabatini received John with open arms. They were sweet to me, although I could sense that they were more than a little anxious because John had taken on the responsibilities of married life before being established as a singer.

He always said that his student days in Italy gave him much more than just musical training and I know that his lifelong love of fine pictures was born in Milan. The Brera Gallery, one of the most interesting in Italy, was near by, and scarcely a day passed that he did not go in, invariably coming away with the knowledge that he had learned more of beauty. Having been all over the ground himself, there was nothing he liked better than taking me sight-seeing. We often went to a café in the Galleria, where the young artists and students paraded every afternoon to discuss the affairs of their world and to watch "The Great Ones" walking about or sitting in outside cafés drinking *aperitifs*. Once, with almost bated breath, John told me that I was looking at Fernando DeLucia, an idolized tenor of the day whose silver voice and superb acting John admired extravagantly. DeLucia was not looking at us!

The next time we saw him was four years later in Naples. John had been engaged for a brief season at the Santo Carlo Theater. The night we arrived we went to the opera. When two men were ushered to seats right in front of us, John, immediately recognizing him, whispered to me, "That's DeLucia." Dur-

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ing the intermission he couldn't help overhearing their conversation. Suddenly I saw John lean forward to say something to DeLucia in Italian. There was quite a bit of conversation and then DeLucia turned around and shook hands with John. "I'll tell you all about it when we get out," John whispered, and I was so curious I thought the end of the last act would never come. It seemed that the man with DeLucia had said that a young Irish tenor was making his debut next week and DeLucia had remarked, "We must take that in. We might have a good laugh." And just then John leaned forward and said in Italian, "Maestro, I am the poor devil you are talking about, and I hope I won't be too much of a laughingstock." The end of that story is that DeLucia not only came to hear John in *Rigoletto* but he went backstage afterward to congratulate him.

Since I couldn't speak a word of Italian and was considered much too young to go wandering about alone in Milan, John took me along to his singing lesson every day. We always enjoyed the walk to the Sabatini's and back, about half an hour from our pension. The little three-year-old son of the house was a good friend of ours who used to greet us with our morning mail. He insisted on addressing me as "Signorina Lilli" and nobody could persuade him to say "Signora."

We were happy in our huge bed sitting room, with a piano in one corner, where John and his operatic coach would work for hours, while I, with my little ironing board in another corner, pressed our clothes and kept them tidy.

Shortly after we got to Milan, John started making more operatic auditions. None succeeded. Our funds were getting alarmingly low, with everything going out and nothing coming in, but we didn't admit that we were worried. Our "bank" was a little box in the bottom of the big trunk, and every time we dipped into it we made quite a ceremony of opening it, almost afraid to look in.

Then came the most important audition of all, that for Gatti Cazaza at the Scala. That failed, too. When John came home he said, "I can't remember how I sang. I only know I flunked



John and I at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, about 1932



John as I first saw him, 1903 (Photo: F. O. Simmons)

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the top note. I've done it again. No job." I felt so sorry for him I tried to cheer him up by saying that it might be all for the best in the end. He said, "Faith, and you may be right. I only hope I'll strike it one of these days — and *soon!*"

We often reminisced about John's struggles in Milan and his failure to get an engagement, when any kind of a chance would have meant so much to us. But we always agreed that just as I had so hopefully predicted, it *was* all for the best. If John had succeeded then, he would inevitably have been tied up with some small Italian opera company for years and the whole picture would have been very different.

Strange that the first "words" we had in our married life were because of John's extravagance. The operatic coach sometimes came quite late in the evening so we had to have candles, one for each side of the upright piano. I can see those candlesticks now and their flickering light on John, so young and so serious. Candles were sold in a chemist's shop, and it seems that all his life John had a weakness for chemist's shops. He could always manage to find as many things to buy in one as I could in a dress shop, and on this occasion he found quite a few too many things for our bank account. When I pointed out that he didn't need half of his purchases, he sulked all the way home. I was appalled. That evening I wept, saying I wanted to go back to Ireland; and he, poor darling, was so contrite he almost cried with me. He swore he would never sulk again, and in all our life together he never did. He would, as he put it, "explode" with temper, but it was over in no time and he never kept a grudge against anyone. It wasn't hard for either of us to say we were sorry. Once a thing was forgiven it was also truly forgotten. Of course we had many small tiffs, but they never lasted long, and the making up was such fun. We would then have an argument as to which of us was spoiling the other the more.

John got along very well on Italian food but I was not so fortunate. It did not agree with me. I thought it was much too oily. As a result, after John had enjoyed a good luncheon at the pension, he had to take me out to a near-by English restaurant

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for a mutton chop or scrambled eggs — a rather expensive procedure. Things did not get any better with me and one morning John, feeling more than a bit scared — he afterward told me I was looking like death — went to the kindly Senora who ran the pension. When he asked for her advice, she told him that there was nothing to worry about in having a *bambino*!

The realization that we were going to have a baby, happy as we were about it, made us look at the future with different eyes. John decided that we had better get back to London, where things could be no worse than they were in Italy, and I'd be near my mother for the birth of the baby.

Before leaving, John thought we should climb to the top of the cathedral as we had planned to do all along. The weather being much warmer than we were used to, we had given up our sight-seeing earlier and contented ourselves with just sitting in the park trying to keep cool. We reached the top of the cathedral by easy stages and of course the view of the city and surrounding *campagna* was superb, but I must confess that I was so exhausted from the climb and so apprehensive about going down, my enthusiasm was somewhat dampened. John never guessed how near I was to collapse when we finally did get down, and I know he felt the strain, too. He was slim then. I hate to think what that jaunt would have done to him later. We assured each other we would make the climb again whenever we were in Milan, but I always contented myself with going into the cathedral and saying a prayer, and John never mentioned trying it again.

We were sorry to leave the Sabatinis, whom we had come to love dearly, but the Maestro thought John was right. He was most encouraging, telling him he was expecting to hear fine things of him before long. A year or so later we did pay them a visit to tell the Maestro all about John's success. The old man was justly proud that his pupil had been the youngest tenor, not quite twenty-three, ever to sing leading roles in Covent Garden.

I felt that we should travel third class on our trip back to London in order to save as much money as possible. John couldn't see it at first but I talked him into my way of thinking. The day

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we left, wanting to buy some food at the station in Milan, we found that having changed our Italian money into English, we could only scrape together enough for two thin sandwiches. Then we had to sit up all night on hard wooden benches. Many times later when we were traveling in regal style John would remind me of that trip; but the only part of it I remembered was how we sat for hours just chatting and laughing together.

We found rooms suitable to our purse in Torrington Square, London, where many well-known stage people were living; and John started at once to look for engagements. He was determined that we should get along on our own, and, before leaving Milan had written to Arthur Brooks, for whom he had made records before. He also wrote to the Gramophone and Typewriter Company and was informed by the manager that any further records he might make would be utterly useless to them and they had no interest. (Later the Gramophone Company paid John upward of \$150,000 in royalties!) Arthur Brooks, however, sent word that he would be happy to see John.

Fearing that I would be lonely without him, John took me along, and while we were there I was thrilled to have Mr. Brooks ask us if we would like to record a duet. We did *Home to Our Mountains* which we had sung together before and I recall that I was quite satisfied with myself. But when I heard the record I nearly wept and kept insisting that it wasn't my voice at all — it sounded much more like a foghorn. This was a turning point for me and one which I never regretted. I never made another record and I never sang in public again. I left the singing in the family to John, though I often teased him by accusing him of having me make that record on purpose!

Mr. Brooks made a contract with John for six years at one hundred and fifty pounds a year. When we went away from his office we were walking on air. Then a friend introduced John to the Brothers Bernhart, concert agents. They got him a number of small engagements — Sunday concerts on the pier at Brighton, Eastbourne with Edna May, Camille Clifford, Constance Collier,

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and other favorites; also at Queen's Hotel in Leicestershire Square, where he was paid about 10/6 (about \$2.50) with a good dinner thrown in. "Not so bad, Lily," he'd say, his eyes twinkling.

Sam Geddes, manager of the Irish Club in Charing Cross Road, who made the club a popular meeting place for artists, musicians, and well-known writers, asked John to sing there one Sunday. That evening Harrison Brockbank, baritone, was in the chair. He and John sang the old favorite duet from *The Lily of Killarney*—*The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above*; and John sang *The Snowy Breasted Pearl*. This led to engagements at Henry Mills's popular Sunday League Concerts, where Sir Alfred Butt of the Palace Theatre heard him sing and promptly offered him fifteen guineas a week. In the same breath he advised him not to take the offer as he thought his voice far too good for two shows a day. So, much as the money would have meant to us, John didn't take it.

I was also with John when he made an audition for Mr. Charles Manners of the Moody-Manners Opera Company. After hearing him Manners said, "I'll take you on at eight pounds a week." John said he wanted to talk it over with me. We both felt that he should have ten pounds or nothing. Manners said he would pay no more than eight, as John had had no experience, and he would have to train him. At that John's Irish temper flared up. He said, "I'll allow no one to interfere with the training I've had from Maestro Sabatini!" The most disappointed person in that picture was the company's Italian conductor, who was so anxious to have him.

Word about John's voice was getting around in musical circles, and everyone was kind in trying to help him. Gordon Cleather, the well-known baritone, took him to the Gaiety Theatre, having heard there was an opening for a tenor in *The Waltz Dream*, soon to be produced. George Edwardes was away, but the acting manager, Mr. J. A. E. Malone, listened to John and said he would give him a place in the chorus. Needless to say the offer was not accepted. This was a stinging blow to John's



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pride, but the incident had two sequels. In October, 1907, when George Edwardes came back to London he said to Basil Foster, "Where is this young Irish tenor you've been talking so much about? I'd like to hear him myself." "Malone heard him while you were away," said Basil dryly. "He offered him a job in your chorus. But you can hear him tonight, if you want to. He's singing with Tetrazzini at Covent Garden." Many years later Mr. Edwardes and John met in Ireland, and Mr. Edwardes said to him, "McCormack, if I'd been there when you made that audition at my theater, you'd never have gone away without a contract. I admit the luck was on your side — I'd have signed you up for years."

Even with the Odeon contract and occasional small engagements, these were not easy months for us. When Christmas drew near we counted our pennies and wrote my mother that we would be home for the Christmas holidays. We had a joyful reunion with John's family and mine and when it came time for him to return to London, it seemed only fair to him, with all the uncertainties ahead, for me to stay in Dublin to have the baby. We both knew that our "digs" in Torrington Square were too small for *three* of us, and we had talked and talked in a hopeless circle of how and when we could have a real home of our own. When John said good-by to me, his last words were, "Leave it to me, Lily. Just see if I don't have that little house all ready for you and the baby when I come to fetch you." This seemed to me like another of his rosy castles in the air, but I should have remembered what I had learned before — that when John went after anything, he got it.

While making baby clothes in Ireland, I followed John's life through his letters. Not one day did he miss, no matter how busy or tired he was. It was Gwen Trevitt, I think (she had been a student in Milan at the Misses Beetham's and John and I had seen her frequently in London), who introduced him to Maestro Alberto Visetti, a fine singing teacher, who had accompanied Adelina Patti for years. I could tell that Visetti was quite taken with John's voice, as almost at once he gave him two important

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letters of introduction, one to William Boosey of Chappells and one to Arthur Boosey of Boosey and Company. These men were cousins and business rivals, both being important music publishers. John being shy hated presenting letters, but he had that little home in his mind, so he went to Chappell's first. After waiting for what seemed like hours, he was told that Mr. Boosey was too busy to see him and would he call another day. In his *Memoirs* John writes: "I left the Bond Street house a little depressed and my Irish pride quite hurt. I thought to myself, 'Well, I might as well get both letters off my chest on the same day.'

"So, hoping for the best and with a little prayer in my heart, I walked up Bond Street and into Regent Street and found myself at No. 295. I hesitated a moment, then walked into the shop, handed my letter to the young man who asked my business and, to use an 'Irishism,' skedaddled out into Regent Street again. I hadn't the courage to wait for an answer like the one I had got in Bond Street. Some days later I got a funny letter from Maestro Visetti enclosing one from Arthur Boosey which I wish I had preserved. It ran something along these lines: 'How can I get in touch with the crazy young Irishman who presented your letter of introduction? When I sent down word that he was to come up to my office, he had vanished. Will you tell him to come here at eleven o'clock on Friday morning and bring some music?'"

When John arrived, Mr. Samuel Liddle was there to accompany him. John sang *The Flower Song* from *Carmen* and a ballad *Nirvana*; then Mr. Liddle asked him if he could read a song from manuscript. John said he recalled the answer of an old Irishman who was asked if he could play the violin: "Well, do you know now, I don't know. I never tried." John tried and the results were obviously satisfactory. The song was Samuel Liddle's *A Farewell*, which became one of John's favorites. He was signed on the spot for the Boosey Ballad Concert on March 1, 1907, at Queen's Hall, where he was so successful that Arthur Boosey engaged him for the rest of the season and also for the following season for which, incidentally, he received the highest

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fee ever paid a Boosey artist. At the second concert that first year he appeared with the famous contralto, Clara Butt, later created Dame Clara in recognition of her splendid work during World War I. Robert Maguire of the *London Daily Telegraph* wrote the next day "the idols of the afternoon were Clara Butt and John McCormack. . . . It would be unfair to compare this inexperienced young Irish tenor with Caruso, yet his voice has much of the quality of that greatest of all tenors. . . ." From then on John was quite often referred to as "The Irish Caruso" and being young and impressionable he fancied he had to live up to it. Before long a stop was put to that!

In the late spring our son Cyril was born in Dublin. John had just been engaged by Mr. Henry Mills for several Sunday League Concerts and was too busy to stay more than a few days. I shall never forget his face when the nurse asked him if he would like to hold his son in his arms. He said, "I was scared stiff to touch the baby, but sure I had had no experience of fatherhood." He put his hands together gently like a cup and held them out. I wish I had a picture of the two of them then.

The year before, when John had gone over to London to make his first records, he had brought a letter to Henry J. Wood (later Sir Henry), conductor of the London Symphony, from William Ludwig; but Mr. Wood had been too occupied to see him. Out of the blue the spring Cyril was born, Wood asked John to appear with him at a Sunday afternoon concert. John wrote me that he never tried harder than he did that day, hoping that he might be engaged for a Friday concert — an accolade for any singer. And on Good Friday, the most important concert of the season, he was the soloist.

Present at one of the Sunday League Concerts in which John sang was Sir John Murray Scott, the man who was responsible for giving the Wallace collection to the nation, and a close friend of King Edward VIII. I don't think that any other one person had so great an influence on John's career as Sir John did. His sisters, Miss Alicia and Miss Mary Scott, lived with him at No. 5 Connaught Place, London. John went there first

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with Eva Gauthier, a young Canadian singer, a protégée of Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada and of Lady Laurier, for whom Sir John was giving a reception. Miss Gauthier was to sing at the reception, and having heard Sir John speak so enthusiastically of the young tenor he had heard at Queen's Hall, she asked if she might bring the young "tenor" along. John sang several songs and also a duet with Miss Mary Scott, and from then on while I was in Dublin every letter I received from John referred in one way or another to his new friends, the Scotts.

That same year in May the Dublin Amateur Operatic Society put on *Faust* and I heard John in opera for the first time. I may have been prejudiced, but I thought no tenor could ever look as stunning as mine did in his costume of deep purple velvet and mauve satin trimmed with silver lace. The other parts were taken by such well-known Dublin artists as Miss Lillie Dempsey, as Marguerite and John Browner, as Mephistopheles; and there was tremendous competition, as *all* the friends and relatives of *all* the artists were there. But John, just back from Italy, was the sensation of the evening. He never considered himself an actor, but I could not agree with him. Though he seemed a bit self-conscious when he was not singing, when he was he lost himself entirely in the joy of the music.

John couldn't talk about anything much on that visit to Dublin except the house he was planning to find for us. To this day I can't see how he managed to take the time to go searching. This was the one short period in his life when he was *not* extravagant, and I know that he went without a good deal himself to make it possible to have a home of our own. Finally he wrote me that he had found a little house in Streatham Hill near the railway station. After that his daily letters were filled with an account of the things he was getting, a chair here, a desk there, and, of course, nursery furniture. I suggested that he might like me to run over alone for a few days to help him, but he would have none of that. I could see that he was determined to do it alone and all that was required of me was to be pleased and surprised!

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The day came when we were to leave for London. A nurse was too expensive, so Mother, thinking me a bit young to mind a baby and run a house too, said my sister Peggy could go with me and stay for a month or so to help me get started. That month or so of Peggy stretched into a lifetime, with the exception of a few years of her own married life. After she became a widow we insisted that she return to us. No sister was ever a more wonderful companion, and there was never a cross word between her and John. I could go anywhere with John with perfect confidence that "Aunty," as she is known to our friends to this day, would take entire charge of everything at home.

John met us at Charing Cross and I knew from the look of him that he'd been there for hours. Cyril, flushed and rosy from the heat of the train, wasn't at his best; but nothing mattered when we saw John. The excitement was so intense I don't remember how we got to Streatham Hill — by taxi or train. I do remember that when I first saw the new home I was so overcome I nearly burst into tears, though I knew I had to be all smiles. Outside it was just another little house in an avenue of houses, but inside — ah, that was another story.

A young maid in cap and apron opened the door. John had arranged every detail with such care that I was almost speechless. I recall that I particularly had to admire a large Japanese cabinet in the drawing room, which he proudly explained had been a real bargain at a sale; and before we finished a tour of the house I thought he must have spent every spare moment he'd had at sales! Anyway, it was all perfection to us. It seemed particularly marvelous to me not having to find a place to live, and then struggle to furnish it, although I found out in due course that John had to struggle terrifically to pay for it all, especially the baby grand piano, which took up most of the drawing room!

The table was set for dinner with a snowy cloth, gleaming silver and glass, and a bowl of red roses in the center. When Cyril had been tucked away in his cozy cot in the nursery and we went in to dinner, John smiled across the table at me and said, "You see, I haven't forgotten a thing, even to the salt!"

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No home we ever had, not even beautiful Moore Abbey or Esther Place, gave me the thrill that first little home did, and I know John felt the same way.

Shortly after our return, John announced that we'd been invited to tea with Sir John Murray Scott and his sisters. I was happy to be asked but I realized that I was going to be "vetted." They were already so interested in John that I knew they would naturally be curious to see for themselves what kind of a girl he had married — when he seemed far too young to be married at all. John had no suspicion how nervous I was, but in a short while I felt I had cleared the first fence at least. Miss Alicia and Miss Mary were cordial and charming, and before we left asked if they might call on us the following week and see the baby. Both sisters were sweet and motherly, and Miss Mary became a kind of guardian angel to us both. From the start I felt that I had real friends behind me and had only to ask them if I had the slightest doubt about anything. London society in those days made many demands and to be plunged into it young and inexperienced as we were was a serious matter for us.

Knowing John's burning ambition to be heard at Covent Garden, the chief seat, of course, of grand opera in London, Sir John got in touch with Mr. Harry Higgins, Chairman of the Board, and told him he was bringing a young tenor for an audition the next morning. At the appointed hour John set out with Sir John in his fine carriage, complete with "Tiger" on the box. John sang several arias; and while Mr. Higgins seemed to like his voice he thought it too small for Covent Garden. At that, Sir John said, "If you would only keep your orchestra down a bit, *all* your singers could be heard!"

The failure of this audition depressed John terribly and for once I couldn't suggest that it "was all for the best." However, a week or so later he had a call from Covent Garden asking him to come in at once. He went off in a dither. Auntie and I were in a dither, too. But when he came back he was completely downcast and told me that a grand chance had been there and

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he'd missed it. A tenor had been taken ill and they wanted John to sing his role in *Rigoletto*. As bad luck would have it, *Rigoletto* was one of the few operas John hadn't studied. He assured them he could be ready in ten days or less, but they needed him right away. It would have been such a wonderful thing to appear at Covent Garden during the Grand Season that John said he nearly cried right there in the manager's office; and listening to him I was worked up to such a pitch I almost wept myself, when suddenly he smiled and said, "It's all right, Lily. They've engaged me for the autumn season at fifteen guineas a performance." John enjoyed creating dramatic situations and I honestly thought for a while he was just playing another one of his pranks, but he finally convinced me by saying that I was to have the first fifteen guineas for a gown for his debut. After the way he'd taken me in, I told him I never wanted to hear another word from him about not being a good actor!

The day the Covent Garden contract was signed, John took Auntie and me to the Carlton Hotel for a champagne dinner. We drank to his success and he said, "Now I've got my foot on the ladder, here goes!"

After that our little house in Streatham Hill didn't see much of him. Besides various concerts and Covent Garden rehearsals, he had been engaged for the Harrison tours, which meant constant traveling through the Provinces. Mr. Percy Harrison, or "Daddy Harrison" as his artists affectionately called him, was a famous musical character in London, and only celebrities were invited on his tours. John always said that Daddy Harrison was a real father to his artists and no matter how temperamental they might become, they were a happy family under his wing.

The first part of that summer the Colonial Premiers met in London, and John was asked to sing at a dinner given for them by John Redmond at the House of Commons. The next day T. P. O'Connor wrote in his paper, "M.A.P.": "Lord Morely said to me after hearing McCormack sing *The Irish Emigrant* that it would wring tears from a stone." Many years later during our South African tour Mme. Botha told John that her husband,

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General Botha, who had been at that same dinner, had said to her that so long as he lived he would never forget McCormack's singing that night.

At the Queen's Hotel Sunday evening concerts, John was accompanied by a fine pianist, Charles Marshall. Marshall was so struck by John's voice that he said he'd like to bring along some of his own compositions to play for him. John asked him out to the house and the next day he arrived with his manuscripts under his arm.

First he played *A Child's Song*, words by Thomas Moore. It's a little jewel, and one of my favorite records. Then he played *The Sensitive Plant*, words by Shelley. John was delighted with both of them, and he said, "If you've a few more like this, we're all set for the Boosey Ballad season." Marshall said rather despondently, "I have another one which I think is the best of the lot, but the publishers won't touch it. They say it's unsingable." "Let's have a try," said John. He not only sang it but, coming to the high note he struck it like a bell, in less than half voice, almost a whisper. Marshall jumped up, clapped him on the back, and said "My boy, we're *made!* Let's get over to Arthur Boosey."

John was so impatient to see Mr. Boosey he lay awake half the night. The first thing in the morning he and Charlie met in town. They were in such a state of excitement when they arrived in Mr. Boosey's office that the poor man was bewildered, but when he did understand he had a lot of questions to ask. "If it's as tricky as you say, John, how about all the other singers? Will they be able to sing it? Can a soprano do it? Would it catch on with the public?" John said, "You leave it to me, Mr. Boosey. I'll have made a rotten guess if this doesn't catch on."

Then he sang it. Mr. Boosey made it clear that he liked it, but he was still dubious about it being a seller. John said, "Let me do it at your next concert. I know it by heart already." Mr. Boosey capitulated and sent the song to the printer.

At the next Boosey Ballad concert John introduced the song, and from then on and to this day his name is associated with *I*



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*Hear You Calling Me.* It was the "best seller" of its day although few singers ever attempted to sing it in public because it was considered the world over to be John McCormack's song. In his *Memoirs* John writes: "One song, more than any other, has been identified with my career and my success all over the world. I have sung it in London, Dublin, Berlin, and Prague, and in far off Australia; New Zealand, Japan, China, South Africa, and all over the United States, Canada, and in Hawaii. That song is *I Hear You Calling Me.*"

Arthur Boosey was always kind and considerate to John. Among other favors, he allowed him to have bundles of music taken down from dusty shelves which had been undisturbed for years. That started John's craze for "digging" as he called it. In every town they visited he and Teddy Schneider would spend hours on end going over old, faded manuscripts in the music shops. In this way he discovered some lovely Handel and Mozart arias and also violin and piano pieces, which he would present to his musician friends—gems which they didn't even know existed. When he set his mind to find a particular piece of music he wouldn't give in until he got it.

Some years later when we were in Dublin, my mother, who had a sweet voice, was humming around the house—the same refrain over and over again. John said, "You seem fond of that song. What's the name of it?" She said, "It's an old song my mother used to sing. I think it's called *When the Pale Moon Was Shining.*" John started out to find it, and to this day I don't know how or where he did. He must have gone around to all the music shops in Ireland humming it to the shopkeepers. We had forgotten all about it when he sang it at a Dublin concert as a surprise for my mother. The song is *The Rose of Tralee.*

Arthur Boosey was responsible for John's dropping the "J. F." by which he had been known up to now. We were lunching with him one day at a restaurant famous for its Italian dishes, where one could expect to see such celebrities as Caruso, Toscanini, Scotti, and others, when Mr. Boosey turned to John. "Why do you call yourself J. F. McCormack? John is a fine manly name

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and would look far better on a program than J. F." We all agreed with Mr. Boosey, and from then on it was just "John McCormack."

After 1928, when he had been raised to the dignity of Papal Count by the Holy Father, John was billed in many places as "Count McCormack," which I thought a pity, as the world knew him as John McCormack and people everywhere had taken to calling him "Our John." Sometimes I felt that I had only a share in him, but I didn't mind because the affection of those who loved his singing meant so much to him and to me. Quite often after a concert someone would remark that the audience was greedy and demanded too much. John would always say, "Ah, that's where you're wrong. I'd rather have them want too much than not want me at all." I think he, himself, was responsible for the "Count McCormack" billing. He was so proud of the title that his managers thought he would be hurt if they didn't use it. I can't say that to be a Papal Count was one of his ambitions gained, because he had never aspired to so much, but when in 1928 our Holy Father, in recognition of John's help to Catholic charities, conferred this honor upon him, he was overwhelmed. And in his appreciation of the supreme dignity of the donor he wanted it shouted from the housetops.

Mr. Boosey was a most tactful man and more than once he must have felt that he had his hands full with John. One day he had John meet a distinguished composer to try over his newest song. John sang it and said, "Rotten!" The composer left in a huff, telling John that he considered him a rude and impertinent young man, but as he had been pompous and condescending about his song in the beginning, John didn't care what he thought. When he had left, John said to Mr. Boosey, "*It was a rotten song and you know it.*" Mr. Boosey replied, "You're right, John, but you might have let him down a bit lighter." But John didn't change his nature. From this same forthrightness came his inability to keep a secret. This was sometimes funny. I think we made a pretty good start in our married life by agreeing to have no secrets from each other, though I know there were many

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times when John tried to keep things to himself just to save me from worry. But he always broke down and told me. I told him once that he would tell the hanging of himself. And how he laughed when I accused him of being "the news of the world." I could never tell him any bits of gossip I didn't want repeated. He'd say, "Now, Lily, don't tell me if you don't want me to repeat it. I don't want to hear anybody's secret, and if I *shouldn't* know it, then I don't want to hear it." He was completely outspoken and could never understand why I would sometimes try to stop him from giving his candid opinion too freely. He'd say, "It's the truth, isn't it? Then why the heck can't I say what I think? I may hurt somebody's feelings for the moment, but at least they know where they stand with me." I must say he never seemed to mind if people were equally frank with him; he always respected the other fellow's opinion — though he seldom gave in at the time.

All his life John loved to entertain. When he was home we did quite a bit even in those first years of our marriage. He always preferred having people in to our going out. We made a specialty of Sunday suppers. Such jolly informal evenings, with much singing and laughter; Auntie and I busy in the kitchen, always hoping the baby wouldn't wake up and join in the noise!

One day in that fall of 1907 when we came back from a reception at Mme. Lisa Lehmann's — whose *Ah, Moon of My Delight* from the *Persian Garden*, was one of John's favorite songs — we decided it was high time we gave a party to repay our obligations. That "tea" was quite an event, at least to me. I spent a hectic morning seeing that the house was in apple-pie order and arranging flowers, even to a large vase on the piano, which didn't suit John. He loved flowers but couldn't have them near him when he sang. We had all kinds of dainty cakes and sandwiches and Auntie made some special Irish bread and scones, which were a novelty in London. The invitations read "from five to seven," but one couple who had sent word they would be late as they had another engagement, arrived just as our last guest was leaving. Somewhat to our surprise, they were in formal

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evening dress. I offered them tea or punch — no cocktails in those days — as I thought they must be on their way to a dinner. Our consternation can be imagined when time went on and it became evident they had come for the evening. At first I thought John might have asked them for dinner and neglected to tell me, but when we were hastily conferring in the pantry about what to do, he said in almost a stage whisper, "You don't think I'd suggest that when you had your Big Tea on!" Luckily there was a ham in the house and my best effort was a cold supper.

That year (1907) John made his debut at Covent Garden as Turiddu in *Cavalleria Rusticana* on October 15. Our house was a hive of excitement. John rushing off to rehearsals, coming home with all the news of how things were going, who the other artists were, raving about Mr. Waddington, and so on. "Waddy" was the man who put him through all his operas and at one point taught him the entire role of Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* in ten days. Sometimes John would stay to hear others rehearse and wouldn't remember to come home for luncheon; and after the fall season opened, whenever the management could spare a couple of seats they gave John the tickets. This grand feast of opera was a fine preparation for him.

Many members of the family and friends who were coming over from Ireland for the occasion wrote asking us to get them the best seats we could. John had made friends with most of the well-known artists of that day and when the news of his opening came out they all rallied around. Some even refused paying engagements in order to be there to give him a cheering hand. This really touched John because, as he said, "They not only gave up engagements, but they paid their good money for seats, too." I think the Irish Club in Charing Cross Road had to close down that night. Everyone from the Irish M.P.'s and Sam Geddes, the manager, to the dishwashers in the kitchen came; even the old doorman, who bought his seat weeks in advance. The thought that in 1905 he was absolutely unknown in London and in 1907 he was singing in Covent Garden was enough to turn any young head. But John was too conscious of the

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progress he yet had to make to be spoiled or swept off his feet. Even when his reputation was made, he kept on trying to do better each time he sang, holding "that he could learn something every day he lived." I remember Spencer Clay, his accompanist later on, saying, "John would wear anyone down at the piano. He is untirable. I don't see how he stands it." When it came to practicing, John would forget all about meals or exercise, and would go on as long as he could get someone to play for him.

When the great day came at last we were too exhausted to know what we were doing. Wanting to look my best and do credit to John, I had passed quite a few sleepless nights planning my new dress or worrying that the baby might catch a cold or that something else would prevent my getting there. John left early in the morning to run through his role with Waddy, who was almost as excited as John was. Sir John Murray Scott, looking after him like a father, insisted that he have lunch at Connaught Place. Then he made him rest before the carriage came to take him to Covent Garden. Just before leaving, John telephoned me so that I was able to wish him good luck.

Aunt and I, with the rest of the family, had seats in the fifth row stalls, center. John had seen to that. I wore my new gown of pale pink pleated chiffon with a band of silver brocade in my hair. I can't describe my jewels — I hadn't any.

How well I remember wishing that I could get under the seat and listen from there, instead of having to sit in full view of the audience, wondering if I would faint when the curtain went up. I don't believe I have ever prayed harder than I did that night; and I must say my prayers were answered.

# III

THIS was the opening "Royal Opera" paragraph in one of the London papers (the clipping does not give the name of the paper on the morning of October 16, 1907):

The success of the young Irish tenor, Mr. John McCormack, was never in doubt last night from the moment when, before the curtain had risen, he was heard singing Turiddu's opening aria, to the moment, after his pathetically sung farewell to his mother, when he ran out to meet the knife of Lola's outraged husband, Alfio.

It struck the keynote of all John's press notices that day. Every critic spoke of the audience shouting his name again and again at the end of the evening and calling him back many times before the curtain.

John invariably read the newspaper comments on his work and I often heard him say, "The artists who claim they never read their reviews are lying. We all read them, every word, even though they may make us mad as Hades." When he had a bad review, he'd say, "Now, take this! I'm going to write this fellow a letter that'll curl his hair and show him that he doesn't know what he's talking about." After a while he'd come along all smiles and say, "I wrote that beggar a four page letter telling him what I thought of him!" "Is it posted yet?" I'd ask. "Not yet," he'd answer sheepishly. "I tore it up and chucked it in the wastebasket. Anyway, I feel better." Then he'd forget all about it. He was naturally lighthearted but when he did get depressed, which was seldom, he went to the lowest depths and really suffered. When he had a good press notice, he was like a child,

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following me about the house and wanting to know *why* I must do this or that instead of sitting down and talking it over. Often I'd stop whatever I was doing and we'd have a wonderful time going over the whole thing.

I think it was the night of his debut at Covent Garden that John first received a telegram of good wishes signed "A Dublin Jackeen." Through the years these messages followed him for every "first night." Wherever he was, Christmases and birthdays brought special greeting cards. John wanted so much to write to the sender, but he never knew his name and address.

Before me now is a birthday card dated June 14, 1944, on which is written in the handwriting we had come to know, "God bless you and keep you well and happy with peace of mind above all. Sincerely, Dublin Jackeen."

After John's death I received this note: "Dear Lady: My deepest, sincerest sympathy in your greatest sorrow. Roses from his own bush in my garden of memory. Dublin Jackeen." With the note came a box of exquisite red roses, one of which I pressed in my Book of Memories. The others I laid on John's grave myself. From my heart I say: "God bless Dublin Jackeen," who perhaps one day will let me thank him personally for us both.

The day after John's debut Sir John Murray Scott gave a luncheon party. When someone proposed a toast to "The Irish Caruso," I saw that Sir John was frowning. Afterward he took me aside and said, "You mustn't let Giovanni attempt to copy Caruso. There is only one Caruso and there will be only one John McCormack. With his voice he will make his own name; he doesn't have to copy anyone. Only you can make him see that." I must say when I told John what Sir John had said, he was so delighted to know how well Sir John thought of him that it cured him much more quickly than any advice from me could have done.

At this time there was a musical club in London called "The Maccabeans" and John sang there occasionally. He writes, "I had a special thrill one Sunday evening at The Maccabeans. I had just finished singing *Ah, Moon of My Delight* when an usher

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came up and handed me a visiting card, on which was written in the smallest handwriting I had ever seen this kind message:

Permit me to thank you for the most beautiful and human singing I have ever heard. If happily it should occur that you sing again, would it be presumptuous to ask for *I Hear You Calling Me*?

The note was signed "Hall Caine."

John did sing *I Hear You Calling Me* and he treasured Hall Caine's card.

John had taken the little house in Streatham Hill for two years. At this time of course I did not know we would never stay for the full term in any of the many places we leased. Now with finances so vastly improved and another baby coming in July, *he* decided we must have a larger home. We selected Rosaleen House in Hampstead, and John said he'd attend to everything else while I was in Dublin having the baby.

His extravagant ideas didn't seem very amusing to me, with the exception of one that he had that year. The Irish Club was giving a large dinner on St. Patrick's Day and John promised to sing a few songs. The guest of honor was Commendatore Marconi, and I had a new white satin gown for the occasion. John said, "This is a celebration, Lily, so I've rented a motor car for the evening. Sure, you might ruin your lovely dress on the train." Then, two nights later when we were going to the theater, the same big car and liveried chauffeur arrived at our tiny house. "A car again, John! What's the idea? Surely the train is near enough to us." His eyes twinkling, he said, "Now, Lily, aren't you going to let me celebrate St. Patrick's *Week*?" That was the first time I ever heard of "St. Patrick's Week," and every time I looked at him in the car, I had to laugh.

In May that year John appeared in two memorable concerts. One was the League of Mercy Concert at Albert Hall, to which the Prince and Princess of Wales issued invitations. Ernest Ford conducted, and the artists were Melba, Maria Guy, Donalds, Edna Thornton, Caruso, Ben Davies, Sir Charles Santly, Scotti,



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Zimbalist (then, like John, a very young man), Hallman the cellist, Franzella, and John. The accompanists were Tosti, Boraldi, Hamilton Harty, and Landon Ronald. John was in imposing company that day!

The other, the Diamond Jubilee Concert of Wilhelm Ganz was an outstanding musical event. Every notable artist in London wanted to be on this program to pay tribute to the grand old man, and John, by far the youngest member of the cast, was complimented indeed to be included. Mme. Patti came out of her retirement and sang two arias and a duet with the celebrated Edouard de Reske. John wrote on his program, "Most important — as the occasion of my only appearance with Patti." To me he said, "Her exquisite voice thrilled me so that I never expect to hear the like again." After the concert he bought her record of *Pur di Cesti* and was so fascinated he made a record of it himself to see if he could come anywhere near her runs and trills. The record pleased him so much, he'd say with a laugh, "Ah this will make the sopranos jealous."

About a month before the second baby was expected, I went over to Ireland to be with my mother. John could not leave the Grand Season at Covent Garden but he and Auntie and Cyril came to the train to see me off. As usual, John got us there much too early. No one else was put in my carriage and Cyril was romping around, when suddenly the whistle blew. Startled, he threw his arms around my neck and simply wouldn't let go. I got so upset at parting with him, I begged John to let me take him with me. It was June and he was wearing a little cream jersey suit, not even an overcoat, but I insisted that nurse could send on his things. In all my travels I have never had a more hectic trip. Cyril rolled on the seats and on the floor, and an old gentleman got in at Crewe who encouraged him in all his tricks and taught him a few new ones, so there was nothing for me to do but let them have a good time. When we arrived in Dublin there was not much sign of the dressy cream outfit. Cyril was black from head to foot and I was sure the family thought I'd brought a sack of coal with me! John couldn't stand the lone-

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someness of the house without both of us, so Cyril was returned to them shortly by another one of his aunties.

In July our daughter, Gwen, was born, and to my eyes after the "buster" Cyril had been, she seemed like a dainty pink and white doll. As soon as I could travel we returned to our new home, Rosaleen House. John met us at Euston with our first motor car, a Rochet-Schneider, a surprise, indeed, for me. I must admit that the results of John's efforts in equipping this second home were satisfactory. He had sold everything at Streatham Hill in order to start from scratch, and had really let himself go. I thought all of this *and* the car must have caused him more than a few sleepless nights, so I wasn't too surprised when he finally confessed that he had been obliged to ask Sir John Murray Scott for a loan in order to meet his somewhat optimistic commitments. Before I could start on a wifely lecture he said with a smile, "Lily, you know as well as I do that 'nothing venture, nothing win,' so let's not talk about it. I'll take care of it."

It developed that when he had suddenly found himself pressed for ready cash, he went to Sir John with his troubles, admitting to me later on that this was the most embarrassing moment of his life, but it was worth while because he *never* borrowed again. Sir John had listened to him in complete silence. Then said he had made it a lifelong rule never to lend money, as there was no surer way of losing a friend. Apparently John was so aghast that Sir John had a change of heart, saying he would let him have the money if John would repay it on a specified date. To this John readily agreed but, as he put it, "I had the devil's own time doing it, even singing three performances a week at Covent Garden and accepting every concert that came my way."

Miss Mary Scott told me later that on the day the money was due, her brother was almost beside himself when John's check did not arrive in the morning post. Later in the day it did arrive and Sir John said to his sister, "I would have been brokenhearted if that boy had let me down."

Soon after this Sir John drove out to Rosaleen House one afternoon with masses of flowers for me and enchanting toys for

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the children, including a hobbyhorse for Cyril with a little head that looked like a live pony with a long mane, a fat stick for a body and a tail on the other end. But Cyril didn't have the fun riding the pony that John had showing him how to ride it! There was also a big baby doll for Gwen that could open and shut its eyes and had real eyelashes. She was too young then to appreciate it, but when she was older it was her favorite doll.

In the first flush of those Royal Opera days John was quite a "dressy" young man, going to rehearsals in a silk hat, morning coat, and the white silk scarf which remained a part of him all his life. After the first rehearsal he was told that he had been reported by the conductor to the director as being too dressed up to be a serious artist.

On John's first night of the Grand Season at Covent Garden, Caruso, in evening clothes (he was on his way to a banquet) came to John's dressing room. Scarcely knowing him then, John said he was fairly taken off his feet by surprise. He knew that Caruso was not singing that evening and he couldn't imagine the reason for the call. When John asked, "What are *you* doing here this evening?" Caruso replied in Italian, "You don't think I'd let the night pass without wishing you good luck, do you?" I hope that Enrico realized how much this meant to John.

Something else happened at Covent Garden that summer which was not so pleasant. One day, not having been called for rehearsal, John strolled into the opera house just to see what was going on. To his astonishment he was met by a storm of abuse from Harry Higgins, the director, demanding to know why he hadn't come to rehearsal, which had been in progress for more than an hour. John was most apologetic and explained that he hadn't been notified. Mr. Higgins said, "You did get a notice." John, completely losing his temper, said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Higgins, I did *not* receive a notice of a rehearsal today and I will *not* be called a liar by you or anybody else." "Very well," said Mr. Higgins, "from now on a notice will be sent you *every* day and maybe then you'll be here when we want you." John

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said, "The first time I receive a notice, I'll be here, and if there is no rehearsal, I will *not* come again." He turned on his heel and walked out.

When he came home he said, "Lily, I've done it this time!" He told me the whole story and ended with "if it happened again, I'd do the same thing. Can you see me standing there and letting Higgins call me a liar? Not by a damned sight!"

That was a bad day for both of us, each struggling not to let the other know how we felt about his being out of Covent Garden, his first Grand Season. Next morning the notice for rehearsal came and poor John went off as usual in his morning coat, top hat, and white muffler. It was tacitly understood between us that he was not going to yield an inch. If it turned out that there was no rehearsal that day, it was the end.

The first person he saw when he got to the opera house was Mr. Neil Forsythe, the manager, who said that Mr. Higgins wanted to see him in his private office. John squared his shoulders and went in. To his amazement, Mr. Higgins was most affable, saying, "McCormack, Lady deGrey is entertaining on Sunday evening. Her Majesty the Queen will be present and Lady deGrey would be happy if you would sing."

John said he would be happy and honored to sing. No reference was made to the previous day. Nor was he ever notified that there was to be a rehearsal unless there really was one!

Lady deGrey, later Marchioness of Ripon, seldom missed an opera during the Covent Garden season. She was an inspiration to all the artists. John writes of this particular musicale: "I can still see Her Majesty sitting on a settee quite near the piano listening with rapt attention to our songs. Maggie Teyte, an exquisite singer, and the unforgettable Gilibert were my fellow artists on that evening. Maggie had a great success. She sings French songs, to my mind, better than any French singer I ever heard, with the possible exception of Edmond Clement, and has a most extraordinarily sympathetic quality of voice. . . . I sang as one of my songs *I Hear You Calling Me*, and Lady deGrey told me the Queen wanted to speak to me. With that sweet smile

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of hers which was so disarming Her Majesty put me at my ease at once and asked me to sit beside her. She commented on that 'soft' A natural on the word "calling" saying, 'Although I am a little hard of hearing, I could hear that note perfectly distinctly, and in the Albert Hall I can scarcely hear a brass band.' " The Queen also expressed her pleasure in accepting from John his own copy of the song. That evening was a treasured memory to John.

In 1908 he sang for the first time at a gala performance at the opera by royal command in honour of the President of France, and what a shock I had when John admitted that the seats he had bought for Auntie and me cost ten guineas each! But it was indeed a gala occasion. The boxes were festooned with gorgeous red roses, and the gowns and jewels of the ladies in the audience were beyond description. John's comment on the scene afterward was that when he came on the stage the blaze of fire from "the breastplate" of jewels worn by the Gaekwar of Baroda who was sitting in a stage box left him dazzled for a few seconds!

In Part I of the program Tetrizzini, Sammarco, and John gave Act I of *I Piscatori di Perle*. It was evident to me that in their duet John and Sammarco were nervous. The audience, however, was enthusiastic. John told me that after the performance Prince Francis of Teck came backstage to inform them that they had done well, but he had heard them sing it much better when they were not so nervous! John had met Prince Francis many times at Lady deGrey's and they always had long conversations about music, the Prince never hesitating to give his honest opinion of John's singing and the songs he thought suited him best.

Among John's important engagements at that time was a concert at the Albert Hall for the Messina earthquake relief fund, attended by the King and Queen. Sir John Murray Scott was head of the committee and received their Majesties with John, who presented the Queen with a bouquet tied with the Italian colors.

The following season he sang at a reception at Dorchester

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House, then the home of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador. The other artists on the program were Lillian Nordica and Hallman, the cellist. In 1913, on our second trip to Australia, Nordica came to John's opening concert in Melbourne — she was there on a concert tour, herself — and sent him an enormous laurel wreath, later telling him his singing was the most satisfying that she had ever heard. We also met her at a ball at Government House, radiantly lovely in a gown of silver brocade with a tiara and necklace of diamonds and emeralds. Shortly after that meeting we were saddened to hear that on her way back to England she had caught a chill and died.

Among the honors which came to John in those days when he was still hardly more than a boy was an invitation to sing at the Birmingham Festival, where he met Sir Edward Elgar for the first time; and a tour of the Provinces with Madame Albani and Busoni, the leading pianist of the day. Busoni took a great fancy to John as John did to him, and liked talking Italian with him. John used to sit in the wings to hear him play and often Busoni would say, "Slip out in front, so that I can play some of your favorites for you." They always had supper together, which, as John said, put him on his mettle in speaking Italian.

Then came a tour with Fritz Kreisler. I remember Fritz so well at this period, a stunning-looking young man with a shock of black hair. Through the years he has never lost the same magnetic stage presence and calm reserve he had then. John had what I can only call a loving reverence for Fritz, and among the keenest joys of his musical career was making records with him. They seemed to be perfectly attuned, and when John got a certain sound on a note that pleased him he'd say, "Ah, did you hear that? I got a tone just like Fritz there."

About this first four weeks' tour with Fritz in England, John has written: "Financially it was a 'flop,' but in every other way it was of inestimable value to me. The kindly advice and the criticism which I received from Fritz in those few concerts had a greater influence on my work than any other thing before or since. A constructive critic in the true sense, he gave me a piece

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of advice I've never forgotten. He said 'John, learn the music as the composer wrote it, be absolutely letter perfect, and then put your own interpretation upon it.' No words of mine can add luster to the name of this great artist. He has always remained my ideal violinist. No one who has not enjoyed his friendship can really estimate the man, as well as the artist. One cannot imagine any field of endeavor in which he could not be a success. He has the mental equipment to fit him for any profession. Add to that his innate refinement, his heart of gold and his musical soul — and you have Fritz Kreisler."

In the spring of 1909 John was invited to sing at the Opera House in Naples and I went with him. He made his debut in *Rigoletto*. The audience, though not roused to great acclaim, were at least complimentary in their applause. I think Italian audiences like a more robust voice than John's. Even Puccini, though I know he attended many fine performances of *La Boheme* given by Melba and John, never went out of his way to praise him.

In Naples we were invited to tea one afternoon at the home of the assistant stage manager. His young daughter was hostess and he told John that she had a good mezzo-soprano voice and he hoped that one day she might do something with it. Just a few years later singing with Chaliapin in Boïto's *Mefistophele* at Covent Garden, John found that the radiant Marguerite was none other than the lovely young girl we had met in Naples — Claudia Muzio. She had become a fine artist.

On that same visit to Naples our sight-seeing was thorough and complete — John saw to that! We also did our usual window shopping. In a milliner's window we saw a huge Merry Widow hat of amethyst silk with five matching plumes. I happened to be wearing a dress of the same shade so John insisted I try on the creation. I could tell at a glance it was much too overpowering for me and it was evident from the expression on John's face when he asked the price that it was expensive, but nothing would do but that I must try it on and before I could say a word, he

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had bought it. I'm glad to say he thought it becoming, which was more than I did! Whenever possible I had him shop with me. If I had a dress or a hat he didn't like he'd say, "Please wear that when I'm not around." Then, naturally, I never wanted to wear it at all.

Before we left London it had been arranged that we were to meet Miss Alicia and Miss Mary Scott; their brother, Walter; and our beloved friends, the de Navarros — Mary Anderson and her husband, Tony — in Rome, on our way home. I don't think anyone, especially a Catholic, can experience a deeper thrill than his first sight of the Eternal City. Madame Navarro, who was close to the Vatican, had arranged a private audience for all of us with Pope Pius X. From the time we entered the Vatican John and I were so moved we couldn't speak. When the doors were thrown open and we found ourselves in the presence of the Holy Father, we wanted to weep. Madame Navarro whispered a few words to the Holy Father. He turned immediately to John, saying, "*Ah, il famoso tenore,*" and putting his hand on John's head gave him a special blessing.

His Holiness gave me the feeling of being not of this earth. I felt as if I had been wafted up and given a glimpse of heaven.

On our way back to England John and I stopped off in Milan to see Maestro and Madame Sabatini. We had a heart-warming reunion with them and we were always happy that we paid them that visit because we never saw them again.

Back in London, Mme. Melba's party, given on the night of one of the court balls during the opera season, was a revelation to me — the ladies in their presentation gowns of wonderful brocades and rare laces and jewels beyond all description, and the men in court dress with decorations or vivid uniforms. Melba herself looked as if she had stepped out of the ballroom scene in *Traviata* in a robe of flesh-pink satin with flounces of priceless lace, a wonderful tiara, and all her famous jewels.

My gown, which had been made by the Misses Scott's court dressmaker specially for the great occasion, was emerald green



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satin (so tight waisted that I could scarcely breathe), trimmed lavishly with Limerick lace. I realize now that it was more for a woman of fifty than one in her early twenties, but John said he was proud of me that night. It was considered a great honor to John and me to be invited to that party, as "Nellie" was known to be very sparing with her invitations to fellow artists, especially such young ones. Melba sang many roles with John as her leading tenor, especially *La Boheme*, and their voices blended to perfection. When she first asked to have him as her "Rudolfo" in *Boheme*, the announcement was made to him with the utmost solemnity in Manager Forsythe's office. Melba was the Queen of Covent Garden in those days and John realized that this put him in the top flight of tenors. "Forsythe looked so impressed," John said to me, "I thought I must be in for a raise in salary, too. I wasn't."

His happiest operas were with Tetrzzini, who was kindness itself. She was quite taken by my handsome young tenor and never tried to hide it, even from me. John was tremendously flattered by the Diva's attentions and their mutual regard worked out admirably for them both. They sang some of the most superb performances I have ever heard, breath for breath, note for note.

John had a wonderful story of one *Traviata* performance. Tetrzzini was always very tightly laced and corseted. One evening for some unknown reason she left her corsets off. In the last act, when she is dying, John rushes in and grabs her in his arms. This particular evening he rushed in and grabbed, as he said himself, a huge bundle of fat, or what seemed like a couple of "Michelin Tires." The surprise on his face started her laughing; then he started. He said he never knew how they got to the end of the act.

John and I heard Tetrzzini make her debut in *The Huguenots*. She had come to Covent Garden from South America unheralded. In fact, she didn't even have a contract—just another soprano being tried out. That night she caused such a furor that she was engaged next day for several seasons

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at her own terms. We and the whole audience sat spellbound during that performance. John said, "What on earth have we got here? Such a glorious voice and what perfect singing!" His joy knew no bounds when he was called to sing *Rigoletto* with her a few weeks later. She was Gilda; John, the Duke; and Sammarco, Rigoletto. John was her favorite tenor from then on. Both she and Sammarco, being much more experienced artists, were very kind to John. They helped and advised him in every way they could. She was particularly attentive if he was nervous or not feeling quite up to his best form. She'd tell him not to worry as she would cover up the weak spots.

Zenatello sang his first *Othello* performance that season also. The cast was: Melba as Desdemona; Zenatello as Othello; Scotti as Iago; and John as Cassio. This was John's only appearance as second tenor, and he only sang the part once.

John always appreciated advice given him from those whose opinions he valued and he never failed to profit by it. Lewis Waller gave him many suggestions about stage make-up. Constance Collier, a superb actress, showed him how to walk downstairs with grace, and Madame de Navarro coached him on the secret of how to keep still on the stage. John writes: "I can still hear Madame de Navarro, the immortal Mary Anderson, or Mamie as she is known to her intimate friends — amongst whom I am proud to count myself — saying to me after a performance of the Duke in *Rigoletto*: 'Giovanni, do learn to stand still on the stage. The art of listening on the stage is almost a lost art. Everyone wants to act the moment they come on.' "

On the Grand Season at Covent Garden in 1909 I will again quote John: "It was to be a momentous season for me. There were new operas to learn. I went daily to the opera house to study them with the faithful and indefatigable 'Waddy.' Campanini was to be the conductor. I had heard him at the Scala in Milan. He was reputed to be particularly stern with tenors, for had not his own brother, Italo, been one of the greatest tenors that Italy ever produced? Italo was now having a triumph at the newly opened Manhattan Opera House in New York.

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"Frankly I looked forward to the coming season in fear and trembling, but 'I had not ought to a been' as the colored man said, for Cleofonte Campanini was most gentle and sympathetic and became one of the kindest friends.

"One day at the end of a rehearsal in the foyer of Covent Garden a stranger entered. Campanini greeted him effusively. The stranger was a short stoutish man with a Vandyck beard and piercing dark eyes, but what arrested my attention was his silk hat. It was almost like the tall hats one sees in old caricatures of French diplomats, a high, slightly tapering crown and perfectly flat rim. You could have picked out that hat in an Ascot crowd. I was just wondering who the wearer could possibly be when Campanini called me over and introduced me to Oscar Hammerstein.

"Hammerstein came to the point at once. I found out often afterward that he always came to the point at once. 'Would you like to sing for me at the Manhattan Opera House in New York?' he asked. I tried to appear nonchalant as if an engagement in New York was an everyday affair, and told Mr. Hammerstein I would be delighted to sing for him. 'All right, then,' he said, 'I will give you a three-year contract at \$700 a week the first season, \$900 the second, and \$1,250 the third. Three performances a week. Mr. Campanini will arrange all the details about transportation and repertoire—and we open in November. Good-by and the best of luck.' Just like that! Then he stopped and looked at me with a very knowing look in his eyes and said: 'McCormack, don't you think an Irishman singing Italian opera in New York sounds like a cinch? We should get a brand new audience of operagoers.' I somehow think we did.

"Oscar Hammerstein was an extraordinary man, a genius in his way. He was the greatest showman of his time. He was an inventor; a musician of sorts. He told me he once made a bet that he could write a comic opera, words and music, in 24 hours. And he won the bet, although he said that the only really comic thing about that comic opera was that it was written in 24 hours! He had a mania for the theater. Hammerstein's Victoria Vaude-

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ville House was the high spot in that now fading profession — it's a pity. Then he got bitten by the opera germ. He decided he would build an opera house in New York and when Oscar decided, it stayed decided. He chose the site in West 34th Street. He got his architect and he discussed plans and he built an opera house, incidentally one of the finest houses to sing in that I ever encountered. He sent scouts to Europe to search for talent to form his opera company; he followed them himself. With the unerring eye as well as ear of the true showman he got his opera company together. He engaged Campanini as his chief conductor and general manager, and in both capacities Cleofonte was a tower of strength to him. . . .

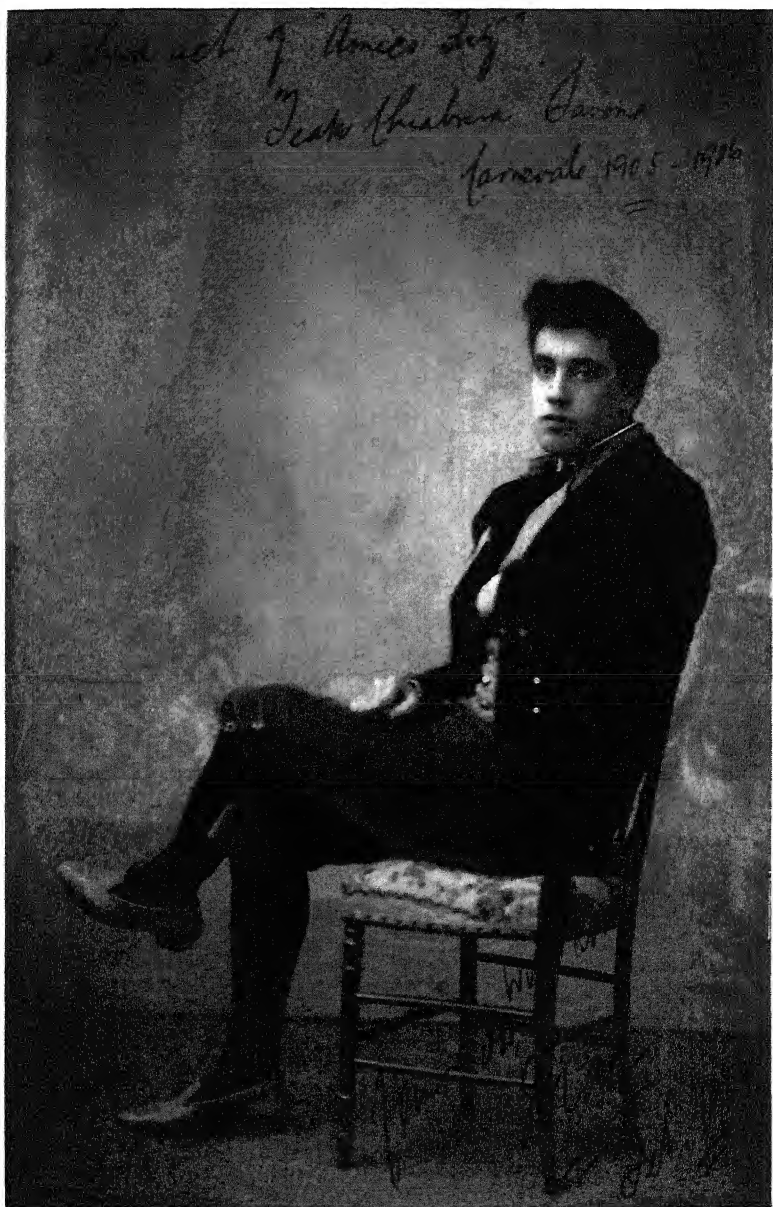
"Oscar was a true friend to me. Opportunity did not knock at my door. It did not have to because Oscar Hammerstein opened the door to let it in."

The stupendous news of an American engagement called for another family celebration, and at supper after the theater that night when we had worn the subject of the marvelous offer threadbare, John commenced making plans for our trip. I said, "Our trip? You mean *your* trip. How can I leave the children for so long?" "Very well," he retorted, "if you stay here to look after the children, *who's* going to look after me?"

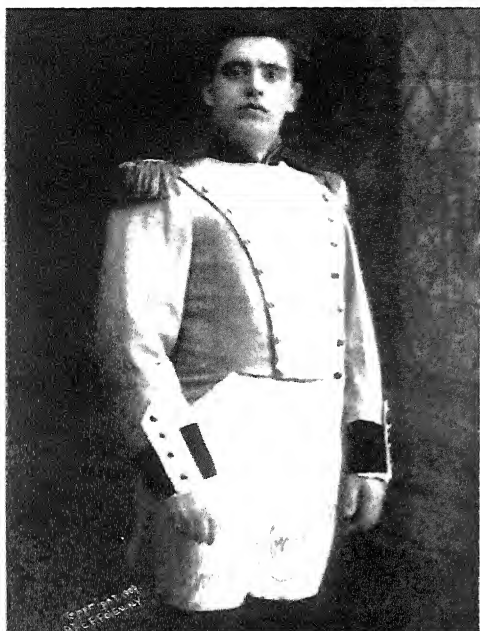
So I went along.

We sailed on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. John was asked to sing at the ship's concert — they always had ship's concerts in those days for the Seamen's Fund. He had no accompanist but the purser introduced a very pretty young girl, Miss Lilla Ormond (now Mrs. Ray Dennis), who had been studying singing in Paris and she kindly promised to help out. The weather turned very rough that evening and I don't think any of us remembered much about that concert. John's remark at the end was: "Between trying to keep myself on my feet while singing and keeping my charming accompanist on her seat while playing, I had the devil's own time."

How little did I dream as I blithely packed for our first trip



John's debut in Italy as Fritz in *L'Amico Fritz*, 1905



John as Tonio in  
*Daughter of the Regiment*,  
with Tetrzzini



As Rudolfo in  
*La Boheme*, with Melba,  
Paris, 1913

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to America together that for nearly thirty years my life was to be bounded on all sides by luggage! Trips, trips, trips. The United States to the farthest corners; Australia, India, South Africa, China, Japan, around and around the world. Fortunately, John and I were good travelers, and we thoroughly enjoyed every new place and the things we saw. But travel is not just mileage or the beauties of each new country. As I look back, the best part for us was people, whether the white blur of the faces of a rapt audience or the new friends we kept making, many of whom through the years have remained friends. Each country has a different form of hospitality but the language of music is open sesame everywhere. Never were we allowed to feel strange or lonely.

We would have been less than human if we had not compared that journey to the United States in October, 1909, with the ones five short years before when we had gone to the big adventure of the St. Louis Fair. Since then John had achieved a measure of success far beyond his wildest hopes; we adored each other and our two healthy children, and hard work ahead held no terrors for John. No matter how much fuss was made over him, he never became conceited or slack in his efforts to improve himself. I have heard him say often, "God gave me my voice. It's up to me to make the most of His gift."

When we walked down the gangplank of the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* things started to happen. Newspapermen fired questions, cameras clicked, and it was all bustling and a bit bewildering. Not that John was such news — New York was waiting to be shown about that — but Oscar Hammerstein and his Manhattan Opera Company were news, and Bill Guard, Hammerstein's press representative, saw to it that we had plenty of publicity.

The Manhattan Opera Company was opening with *Traviata* and as Tetrassini and Sammarco and John had sung in it together in London, they felt quite at home in it and rehearsals went smoothly. The Sunday before the opening John came down with a sudden sharp attack of "flu" and his doctor, Dr. Alfred duPont, didn't think he'd be fit to sing by Wednesday. John

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declared that he'd *take* anything or *do* anything the doctor ordered, but he was going to sing that night. By Tuesday Hammerstein had arranged for another tenor, Amardo Bassi, to stand by to take his place. This sent John into such a fever that Dr. duPont decided to take a chance and let him have his way. John literally went from his bed to the opera house, and while he sang, the doctor stood in the wings ready for any emergency. His voice was clear as a bell and he received a special ovation, as an announcement had already been made that he might not be able to sing. One paper said, "If McCormack was a sick man last night, we wonder what he is like when he is well." As for John, when he had read all the musical reviews, there was no more temperature and he was entirely recovered in a few days!

Oscar Hammerstein seemed well pleased with his part of the bargain with John. "I think I'm mighty lucky to have grabbed this young Irishman," he said to Bill Guard one day. Guard replied, "You are if you go carefully with him. He has a fine Irish temper and is likely to strike you one minute and apologize the next, so don't cross him!" Hammerstein and John, or "Mike" as Hammerstein called him from the start, never had a disagreeable word. John had the greatest respect and admiration for the old man and deeply regretted that the American public did not give him better support. When he built an opera house in London later on — the Covent Garden patrons did not take to it and it had to close — he said to John, "The next time I build an opera house, Mike, I'm going to build the blasted audience in with it!"

We had a wonderful winter in New York. The list of the interesting people we met would be a long one, and only a few names stand out in my memory now. Delightful dinners and music at the home of Victor Herbert; such happy times with Judge William McAdoo and his family and with Mr. and Mrs. P. A. O'Farrell. Mrs. O'Farrell is a sister of Mrs. William Cosgrave. Another true friend was Mr. John D. Crimmins, who was extremely helpful in a country so new to us. It was on his advice several years after, that we bought our first home, "Rocklea," in



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Noroton, Connecticut, and now, during the summers, I spend most of my week ends with his daughters, Mrs. "Conny" Childs, Mercedes, Mrs. David Challiner, and other members of the family.

Mr. Crimmins was one of the few people I know who heard *Boheme* in two places on the same night. Hammerstein produced it with the ravishing Lina Cavalieri, Sammarco, and John at the Manhattan, and the Metropolitan gave it with Geraldine Farrar, Caruso, and Scotti. Mr. Crimmins took seats for both performances and he and his daughters alternated, hearing half at each house. He wanted to compare Caruso and John! The world knows who was the greater tenor, but for beauty, it would have been hard to choose between Geraldine and Cavalieri. When the opera was over at the Manhattan, Hammerstein's only comment was, "Good work, Mike. And we rang down our curtain six minutes ahead of them." I should have liked to attend both performances myself, but I could not forsake my Rudolfo.

Aunty came over for a flying visit to hear John's American debut, sending the children and nurse to my mother in Dublin. Hammerstein gave a series of Sunday evening concerts at the Manhattan Opera House that season, and one night after John had sung the aria from *Lucia*, someone asked for *The Snowy Breasted Pearl* as an encore. There was no one who could play it. John suddenly thought of Aunty, who had played it for him many times at home. He went over to the wings and whispered to Mr. Hammerstein, who came up to our box himself, and before Aunty realized what was happening she was on the stage at the piano with John humming the first bars of the tune in her ear. The house rose and he had to repeat the whole song. John's amusement at Aunty's surprise at finding herself in the limelight was worth seeing.

The Manhattan Opera Company went to Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, and Cincinnati. The press was most favorable and often singled John out for special praise, invariably expressing the hope that he would give a concert tour in America. Hammerstein said more than once that he felt this was John's

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forte and he proved to be correct. In Washington President Taft came to the opera and invited John to lunch with him at the White House next day. Major Archie Butt, who became a very good friend and to our sorrow was lost a few years later on the *Titanic*, came backstage and told John that the President would like him to come to lunch next day at the White House. In those days such an invitation was "a command." Before that luncheon John suffered a worse attack of nerves than before a concert. It was a men's party and, being extremely shy, he couldn't see how he was going to face it without me. I went with him as far as the White House and we walked twice around it before he got up his courage to go in. However, once there, he had a wonderful time and brought home a white cigar, which I still have.

When the Manhattan Company went to Boston the Metropolitan Company was also there and John and Caruso saw a lot of each other. During that season Caruso gave John his photograph inscribed "To McCormack, very friendly, Enrico Caruso." John told him about the time he had bought his picture and inscribed it to himself. I can still hear Enrico's booming laughter.

I have frequently been asked which were John's favorite operas. I'd say *Don Giovanni* and *La Boheme*. He had twenty-one roles in his opera repertoire. He adored singing Mozart and said, "I love *Don Giovanni* so much I never go to my dressing room. I stand in the wings and listen to every note. As a result I can sing everybody's part." About his recording of *Il Mio Tesoro*, he said: "If my reputation as a singer is to be judged in the future by any particular record of mine, I am willing to stand or fall by *Il Mio Tesoro*. My wife informs me that the immortal George Bernard Shaw told her how much he liked it, and knowing his affection for Mozart's music and his intimate knowledge of it, that is 'some compliment.'"

*Boheme* he sang more often than any other opera with, of course, many different Mimis — eighteen, in fact. Lucrezia Bori was his ideal Mimi. She sang it beautifully, acted well, and was of course lovely to look at. On one occasion in Boston the applause was so thundering they had to repeat the entire second

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half of the third act, something almost unheard of in opera. Another time when Weingartner was conducting *Don Giovanni*, he laid down his baton when John had finished *Il Mio Tesoro* and led the applause. "That," said John, "was my Big Moment." He also sang with the Boston Symphony and Dr. Muck shook hands with him afterward telling him what a pleasure it was to accompany him, adding, "You sing exactly as Fritz Kreisler plays," to which John replied, "A truly great compliment." Jan Kubelik, famous Bohemian violinist, on hearing John for the first time in concert in Prague remarked, "His voice comes nearer to the violin than any I have ever heard. The man must have a Stradivarius in his throat."

John had more reasons than one to remember his first *Cavalleria* performance in America with Carmen Melis, the Chilean soprano. After the dress rehearsal she told John he was much too gentle, that he should handle her roughly and throw her across the stage. John said, "All right, I'll do it your way," and at the performance he hurled her from him with such force she landed in the wings. She collected herself and finished the act but when he discovered the damage he had inflicted on her knee in his zeal to carry out her instructions, he rushed out and sent her the largest bouquet of American Beauty roses he could find!

Almost before we knew it, spring came and it was time for us to return to London for the Royal Opera season. I had great fun shopping for clothes and toys for the children. American Indian outfits, Big Chief and squaw, made such a tremendous hit we had their pictures taken in them. After a brief breathing space with the family, John was back hard at work again.

That summer London was plunged into gloom by the death of King Edward. His Majesty was sadly missed from the opera, as the artists always enjoyed seeing him slip quietly into the omnibus box, his presence making it a gala occasion. We were invited by some American friends who were staying at the Ritz to watch the impressive funeral procession from their windows. When His Majesty's pet dog came walking slowly along, we like everyone else, wept.

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London has an indescribable charm, and nowhere else on earth could the glamour and brilliance of the Royal Opera prior to World War I be equaled. We might have seen something as gorgeous had we been able to go to Russia in 1912 when John was invited to sing with the Imperial Russian Opera, St. Petersburg, but he couldn't accept because the date conflicted with the Covent Garden season. From the start my problem was to keep our personal schedule subordinate to the demands of John's professional life. Writing this reminds me that someone asked Cyril, when he was very small if he intended to be a singer, too, when he grew up. "Oh, no," said Cyril promptly, "I'm going to work."

John had one rule which he kept all his life — no going out the night before a public appearance. This was one of the first things he impressed on me. Sometimes it was hard to refuse an invitation, the first night of a play or a dinner given for some celebrated artist, but John was adamant and never deviated from that rule. *After* singing it was another story. He would enjoy a champagne supper then and sit up half the night, relaxed and ready for anything, especially a good friendly argument.

John when asked once what he considered the funniest incident of his career told of something which happened that summer. He had always been an ardent boxing enthusiast and a big match had been announced between Sam Langford, the colored boxer, and Hague, an Englishman. The papers were full of the forthcoming bout and excitement was high. John had bought his ticket weeks in advance "at huge expense and inconvenience" and, then, on the night of the fight was called on to sing *Rigoletto*. He was bitterly disappointed, especially since he had a sizable bet on the outcome. The head fireman at Covent Garden was a McCormack "fan" as well as a rabid fight "fan" so John gave him his precious ticket and the fireman agreed to let him know, almost blow by blow how the fight was progressing at the near-by Sporting Club. In a radio broadcast John described that evening: "I kept closer to the wings that night than ever before or since. At one spot my fireman friend

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rushed in to tell me that Sam had been dropped by Hague with a lucky swing. The excitement was intense and he rushed back to the fight. I didn't pay much attention to Gilda and I didn't care if Rigoletto caught me in his garden! I just finished the duet and ran out into the arms of the fireman. 'It's all over,' he said. 'While you were singing your last note, Sam got very angry with Hague and knocked him out cold, as you might say, on the last beat of the bar.' In the same breath he asked, 'How was the voice tonight, Mr. John?' That was one of the most nerve-racking evenings of my life, but my fireman friend had a whale of a time! At that, I made money on it, myself!"

John loved the Covent Garden audiences and said he found their sincerity and sympathy an inspiration to him to do better every time.

I was sitting in the stalls for a performance of *Don Giovanni* one evening. An old lady and gentleman sitting directly behind me seemed to know all the operas by heart and were discussing them and the artists, when I heard the old gentleman say, "This will be most interesting. They say this young Irishman does some of the most perfect singing of Mozart in this opera that has been heard here in a long time." I admit I listened anxiously after the "Il Mio Tesoro" (for which John had quite an ovation). The old gentleman just sighed and said "Ah, perfection, perfection," to which his lady agreed. It was so gratifying to me to carry that little story to John.

In the middle of this season John got word that Hammerstein had sold the Manhattan Opera Company "lock, stock, and barrel" to the Metropolitan. From then on it was to be known as the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, and was to appear for eight weeks in each city with a guest performance at the Metropolitan every Tuesday night. Andreas Dippel was to be the manager, Campanini was still the conductor and the artists were all the same. John was sorry that Hammerstein had decided to sell out, but the change was a fortunate one for him in the end as he realized before long.

In the last presentation of *Boheme* that Grand Season in

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London Melba said suddenly during the second act when they were strolling about the stage arm in arm supposed to be chatting, "I'm thinking of taking an opera company to Australia next year. Would you like to come as my leading tenor?" "Would I?" said John. "When do we start?" At that point Musetta appeared and John had to possess his soul in patience until the curtain fell. Then Melba told him that she was planning a four months' season for the fall of 1911, two in Sydney and two in Melbourne. John and I were so thrilled we sat up half the night discussing the trip, deciding at once that we'd take Auntie and the children with us.

There were many details to arrange that season of 1910 before that contract was signed for Australia. John had to get permission to cut his season short at Covent Garden and to cut his American season in half. However, Melba managed the one and John wangled the other. He signed his contract for 10 weeks in Sydney and 10 in Melbourne at 150 pounds per week with three performances.

October found us in Chicago for the opening of the new company in early November. T. P. O'Connor was there at the time, and through him we met Mr. and Mrs. Edward Morris and the Harold McCormicks and I heard most of the operas from their box. One evening when John was not singing we were their guests. We had spent a long day in the country and had a frantic scramble to change our clothes, but we were able to figure our time as there was an underground passage to the opera house from the Annex Hotel. Not wanting to miss a bar of the music, John rushed me into the box just as the lights were going down. When they went up at the first intermission and we walked out to greet our friends, John was appalled to find that he was wearing *brown* trousers! Without a word of explanation he disappeared into the tunnel faster than the White Rabbit and it was all I could do to keep my face straight at the way he did it. He changed and was back in good time for the next act.

Mr. Dippel was also the manager of the International Concert Company, Campanini and Polacco, the conductors. In addition

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to appearing in opera in three cities, John went on several concert tours. On the first tour he met Charles Wagner. They liked each other on sight. Mr. Wagner approached him about being his manager and while the idea appealed to John, he explained that he was under contract to Mr. Dippel and couldn't think of any new arrangement until the contract expired.

The high light of John's winter was singing his first *Butterfly* with Geraldine Farrar at the "Met." He admired her enormously and was so eager to be a worthy Pinkerton to her glorious *Butterfly* that he was more nervous than ever. He never forgot how helpful Geraldine was to him at the opening performance. Afterward he said to me, "She was angelic. I thoroughly enjoyed the performance myself."

The world premiere of Victor Herbert's *Natoma* with "our Mary" Garden, Lillian Grenville, John, and Sammarco, the baritone, was the finale of the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company's season. Aunty had written me that the children's nurse was leaving to be married and couldn't go to Australia with us for the opera season, which would come at the end of the Covent Garden season; so I decided not to wait for *Natoma* and left at once for home. A number of my friends asked me if I wasn't being foolish to put an ocean between me and such a handsome young husband. In those days, I knew very well that John, with his youth, good looks, and his voice, caused many a woman to resent his having a wife. This did not seem unnatural to me, although jealousy of this kind did not exist between John and me. He returned three weeks later from Philadelphia for the opening of Covent Garden opera season.

## IV

IN THE years to come John was to gratify various expensive hobbies — rare violins, fine paintings and sculpture, yachts, race horses, and a farm! — but when the children were small his hobby was shopping for the most extravagant mechanical toys. My three children — John being by far the youngest of the three! — would spend long hours on the floor setting them up and winding them up. It seemed to me I was constantly stepping over a running train or scooping a flotilla from a bath. When it came to packing for the Australian trip there was some difficulty with Gwen and Cyril about what toys they could take — each wanting all the old favorites, Sir John's hobby horse, big doll, and a host of their treasures.

From the start the children were excellent travelers, making friends everywhere. I remember one trip with Paderewski. The day before we landed in Southampton he came up to me on the deck and said he wanted to tell me what a pleasure it was to travel with such well-behaved children. Gwen stood gazing up at him, and he asked if he might kiss her. Too bad she wasn't old enough to appreciate the compliment! I wish I could find the snapshot of her taken on one of our trips with Caruso kissing her on one cheek and Scotti on the other!

We thought that the heat of the Red Sea in July would be too hard on the children, so Auntie and the nurse and I left with them earlier on the long trip around Cape Horn. I missed the gala performance at Covent Garden in honor of the coronation of King George V. This was a real disappointment. It was a command performance. Destinn sang arias from *Aida*, and Melba



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arias from *Romeo and Juliet*; Tetrizzini and John a duet from *The Barber of Seville*.

The year of mourning over, London was gay once again and whenever John was not singing we entertained or were entertained. At one of Sir John's musicales we met Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, daughter of the famous tenor, Mario, and his wife, Madame Grisi, the celebrated soprano. Mrs. Godfrey Pearse and Sir John both thought that John's voice had much the same quality of her father's and because of this she gave him a photograph of Mario. She told us an amusing little story about her mother and father. Grisi and Mario sang together at one of the embassies in London and in chatting with Grisi the host said, "And how are the little Grisettes, Madame?" Quick as a flash she said, "My Lord, I suppose you mean the little Marionettes!"

When John came to see us off on the old *Themistocles* he seemed quite forlorn and he said that he drove straight off from the dock to Lord's Cricket Ground where he sat in a daze until it was time to go to Covent Garden.

Our trip to "down under" wasn't eventful. We took the usual drive around the Rock of Gibraltar and from then on the journey was just a succession of routine shipboard days. Auntie and I were at the Captain's table; the children and nurse had their own little table in the corner. The Captain was a big jolly man, and in rough weather when there'd be loud crashes of china, he'd never fail to shout "save the pieces." Between his outbursts and the antics of the ship's cat chasing oranges and apples rolling around on the floor in storms, the children were so amused they never thought of being seasick.

Auntie had quite a bit of attention from an unattached man and I acquired a young man of my own, musically speaking. He had a pleasant baritone voice and I taught him a song for the ship's concert. He did very well indeed and he said it was all due to me. He left the ship before we did, but when we reached Sydney I found a lovely basket in the shape of a canoe filled with pansies and forget-me-nots, with his card. It was arranged

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in moss and lasted for weeks with the care I gave it. When John arrived his artistic eye lighted on it the minute he came in. "Where did *that* come from?" he asked. "Oh, a beau sent it to me," I said casually. "Who the hell does he think he is, sending such a thing to *my wife*!" John roared. "Pansies for thoughts — and forget-me-nots! Well, I'll be damned!" He couldn't see pansies or forget-me-nots ever after without bringing up my little canoe!

John's trip had been more interesting than ours. He and his accompanist, Spencer Clay, sailed two weeks before the Grand Season had finished. John writes: "We crossed the Indian Ocean in practically dead calm, escorted by eight or ten albatross — or is it albatrosses? I am always completely fascinated by the flight of an albatross. There surely is motion without exertion to the nth degree, the poetry of motion reduced to the minimum. After watching the noble bird for days circling our ship so peacefully, so noiselessly, as if we were on 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' I could understand whence arose the legend that it was unlucky to shoot an albatross. It would be cold-blooded murder. . . . We arrived at Colombo early in the morning. Before leaving London I had been warned not to miss seeing the sunrise there. I was indeed glad that I had heeded that warning for never will I forget that morning. Dawn began to stretch her rosy fingers up into the eastern sky, and suddenly a mountain appeared silhouetted against the crimson horizon. As the sun rose higher and higher, fainter and fainter became the silhouette until when the sun was risen, the mountain had disappeared. All during the morning I searched the horizon with my binoculars to find it, but I could not. It was like a curtain that had sunk out of sight to unveil the sun."

With his tremendous capacity for absorbing and appreciating everything, John reveled in each moment of the voyage. From Freemantle they sailed across the Bight to Adelaide, and here he had a real disappointment. He had been looking forward with keen anticipation to meeting Cardinal Moran of Sydney, who had expressed a wish to meet "The Irish Minstrel Boy," but John

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learned when he got there that His Eminence had died that day.

This visit to Australia was so long ago my impressions are somewhat blurred. However, I can never forget my first glimpse of Sydney Harbor, a spellbinding sight in the dawn.

From the outset Melba was in the cheeriest of moods, seeming overjoyed to be back in her native land. No one could be more agreeable when it pleased her to be agreeable, and John said the friendliness of the company reminded him of the Daddy Harrison tours. Giuseppe Angelini was the conductor and his was the problem of amalgamating the orchestra and chorus, nine-tenths Australian and one-tenth English. That he did this so well was the reason in large measure for their success. While Melba had the reputation of being difficult and sometimes ungenerous where her colleagues were concerned, John had no trouble in getting on with her. I think she respected him when she found that he, too, had a will of his own and could not be led by her, even though she was the great Melba. All had to acknowledge the supremacy of her voice but none considered her a good actress. John didn't criticize; he merely said, "She's just about as good, or as bad, as I am meself!"

Melba decided to open the season with *La Traviata*, one of her favorite roles. It was a brilliant occasion, just like a first night at Covent Garden. All Sydney turned out to do honor to the Australian diva. Lord Denman, then Governor General, and Lady Denman brought a large party of guests as well as their entire entourage. The dress uniforms of the men made a colorful background for the evening gowns and glittering jewels worn by the ladies. The press said it was the most representative audience ever seen in Sydney and that the occasion was "a triumph for Melba and McCormack."

Starting with a luncheon party, given by the Governor General at Government House, we were showered with invitations, each one preceded by a formal call which had to be as formally returned. Mixed with all this dignity were many jolly picnics on the bathing beaches. Tea was made in "Billy cans" — huge cans in which they boiled water — and there was equally enor-

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mous quantities of various hot and cold dishes, and delicious Australian cherries. Each of the beaches around Sydney was more golden and more gently rolling than the other, but we were warned at once that sharks sometimes came in close to the shore and when one was sighted by the lookout, a bell was rung. None of us knew how to swim then, and the first time we ventured into the water on our own, we heard a bell. Grabbing the children, we came scampering in, green with fear, only to find that the bell was the hotel summons to lunch!

Our first caller was Mrs. John Toughy, a leading hostess of her day. At her dinner parties she invariably announced in advance "I insist on one thing: clean plates!" Her guests could have two or three servings if they wished, but waste of food she considered a grave sin, and anyone who didn't have a "clean plate" at the end of a course — and there were plenty of courses in those days — was stricken from her list.

Our closest friends in Sydney were the McQuade family, who had a charming home at Rose Bay. They kept open house for the artists every Sunday during the opera season. Mr. McQuade, a fine amateur musician, had a full-size organ installed in his huge music room which he enjoyed playing any hour of the day or night. John spent many happy times there with him and was often allowed to try his hand at being an organist.

John made his first appearance as Romeo to Melba's Juliet. By now he could afford to buy his own costumes, and they were worth seeing. At the dress rehearsal, to which I was invited by the Diva herself, I was struck all over again by my husband's good looks. To my eyes he was an irresistible Romeo in his exquisite costume and an especially becoming wig. The following night to my dismay, I saw that he was wearing a different wig, one which I thought most unbecoming. For me, his youthful glamour was gone. After the performance, his first words to me were, "Well, how did it go?" Without thinking, I blurted out, "Oh, John, your wig was awful!" He gave me a long, slow look and said grimly, "I've a good mind to open the door and drop you out of the car. Think of you making a remark like that when

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a fellow's been sweating blood to get through five acts of an opera in this blithering heat! What the hell do I care how I *looked*? It's how I *sang* that interests me."

Despite her age and weight I think Melba looked and sang her best as Juliet and that night she and John were both in splendid voice. In the final scene they had a touching tableau with the dead Juliet draped over the dead Romeo. Rolling over in her death scene, she landed full force on John's ankle, pinning it to the sharp edge of the steps. John was in agony and when he tried to move Melba said *sotto voce*, "Don't stir, John. Tableau! Tableau!" "Tableau be damned!" said John, not so *sotto voce*, "get off my ankle!" This she did in an impromptu final death throe. But when he read in the papers next day that "Melba was good but McCormack was better" his ankle stopped hurting and he went right out and made a top score in a cricket match. During the applause at one spectacular play someone shouted, "Good old Romeo!" and much to his secret delight the name stuck.

Being a victim of hay fever, I went to Lewisham Hospital on the outskirts of Sydney by advice of Dr. Herbert Marks for a slight operation. The hospital was run by the Blue Sisters, who are known the world over as The Little Company of Mary. Outdoors they wear black with a pale blue veil; in the hospital, all white with a blue veil. The head of the hospital, Mother Xavier, was a brilliant Irishwoman. She had even helped to design the operating theater. She was small and frail with a sweet interesting face, a good hearty laugh, and compassion for all suffering in her heart.

One day while I was there John came out for lunch, bringing the children with him. And what a lunch! He told the Reverend Mother it would be her fault if he couldn't fit into his costume that night.

Mother Xavier spoke to him that day about a lad of seventeen who had recently been a patient at the hospital. She felt that he showed real talent on the violin; and to please her, John heard the boy play. He thought enough of him to say that if he worked

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hard for two years he would take him as his assisting artist on his next Australian tour. The boy's name was Donald McBeath, and when John did go back in 1913 for a concert tour he had Donald as his assisting artist, later taking him to America. After World War I, in which Donald served in the Canadian Air Force, he went back to Sydney where he now lives. After Donald left, Lauri Kennedy, cellist, also an Australian, was with John for many years.

On our last trip to Australia John gave a concert for the benefit of Lewisham Hospital, and in appreciation Mother Xavier erected a plaque in his honor in the hospital. One of our adopted nieces, Gretta Foley, is now Reverend Mother and matron of the hospital in the same order in Salisbury, South Africa.

At the close of the Sydney engagement we all went off to Melbourne in high spirits. Melba having been born there had taken her name from the city. By this time John was thoroughly tired of hotel life, so we leased a house "Te Maru" in the suburbs. It was extremely comfortable and the grounds were a delight to the children. John went in for a lot of exercise in those days, and to keep fit went every day to the school of Snowy Baker, the boxer, where he would put on gloves and have a good workout.

During a performance of *Faust*, in which his friend Edmund Burge was Mephistopheles, John was Faust, and Melba, Margherita, when they came to the part in the third act where Valentine was supposed to appear, there was no Valentine. John and Edmund had a few bad moments but between them they managed to fill up the gap and keep things going until Valentine appeared. Later they learned that he had been so busy warming up his voice in his dressing room he hadn't heard the call.

Another performance which was not quite according to schedule was in *Boheme*, when Mlle. Axerine, a little Russian soprano, took Melba's place as Mimi at the last minute, because Melba had a cold. She was young and had a pretty face and voice *but* she didn't know her lines, so poor John had to sing Rudolfo and most of Mimi's part as well.

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An incident happened in Melbourne to which John always referred as "my musical conversion." Our nearest neighbor called on me and, in the course of our conversation, told me how intensely she disliked music in all its forms, and how upset she had been when she heard that a singer had leased the house next to hers. She then went on to say that her daughter was very fond of music but that she didn't encourage her interest and made her do her practicing at school. When John heard this he was furious. "Keep your lady friend away from me," he said, "or I'll tell her what I think of her — imagine anyone being so selfish!" I was quite surprised when I saw this same lady with her husband at John's concert at the end of the opera season. Afterward she came backstage and admitted that she had listened behind a hedge in her garden one day when John was rehearsing. That was in 1911. In 1913, when we were in Melbourne again, she never missed one concert, often having eight or ten guests. Before we left she had bought a gramophone and all John's records!

Melbourne Cup Day at the races is a marvelous sight. As on Derby Day in England, every man, woman, and child turns out. Australians are great horse lovers and the excitement is beyond description. John got tips from all the owners; some turned out well, others not so well.

Before one race he said to me, "Our host expects to win this race and I've made a grand bet, a thousand pounds to win 600." I just gasped but he said, "It's a sure thing. I'm invited to the Stewart's box to watch the race." When he told them about the bet he'd made, the owner said, "This horse is moody and may start off in the wrong direction, but if he doesn't do that, we're all right." John's luck was in that day — the horse decided to go in the right direction!

When we took "Te Maru" I said to John, "You just wait and see. Something will happen and we'll never stay here as long as you've signed for. How right I was! Out of the blue in that same walking scene in *Boheme*, which she apparently received for her bombshells, Melba announced that she had decided to go

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back to Sydney. She claimed that the climate of Melbourne did not agree with her. It was true she'd caught cold after cold and had canceled several of her appearances, and the company all knew she was very depressed. So was John when she told him of the change of plan and I believe they had some heated words. When John mentioned the house he had leased, she retorted that it served him right for traveling with such a retinue! I won't repeat his reply to that. I think that of all the prima donnas in John's operatic life, Melba was most truly one in the sarcastic sense.

We all traveled back to Sydney. Melba's health was restored and the newspapers were again enthusiastic about her — much kinder than the Melbourne press had been. They were more than kind to John and when the season ended and most of the company sailed for England, we returned to Melbourne where John sang "The Messiah" on Christmas night.

On New Year's Day he gave his first concert in Melbourne's enormous Exhibition Hall. One press notice thereafter amused and encouraged him so much that I framed it. It was from the *Melbourne Australasian* and this is what it said: "If this Irish boy is not known in a very few years as one of the greatest tenors in the world, it will probably be because a careless builder dropped a warehouse or a terrace on him as he was passing."

Aunty and the nurse and children sailed for England soon after this. Gwen and Cyril seemed so little as they waved to us from the dock we felt lost having to let them go home without us. From then on we talked constantly about how we could manage it so that we could always be together.

After two more concerts in Sydney assisted by Rosina Buckman, soprano, and Donald McBeath, violinist, John and I commenced our long journey to America, stopping first in New Zealand. That trip was a nightmare — three days of vile weather on a boat that bobbed like a cork. We had a large double cabin with a bunk on each side — no beds. At about four in the morning on the last day out a mammoth wave broke through the porthole on John's side, missed him, and deluged me. The steward pulled



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me out of what seemed to me the bottom of the ocean. I must have been a bedraggled sight; every time John looked at me he started to laugh. Years later I got even with him for that!

After concerts in Auckland and Wellington we boarded the *Marama* for Vancouver. Before we reached Honolulu John had a cable from a Mr. Adams, manager of the theater there, asking him to give a concert on his way through. John made inquiries and found that we'd only have a few hours on shore, so he cabled back that there wouldn't be time enough. Another message: "Can arrange concert at 1 o'clock and have you on board in time to sail." John felt this would be cutting it too fine and was writing out a message to that effect when I suddenly had an idea. The Captain was a lover of music and we had become quite friendly with him. It occurred to me that if I invited him to be my guest, there'd be no chance of the ship going off without us! My invitation was accepted.

We were scheduled to sail at 3 o'clock. The concert started promptly at one and, except for a sudden hailstorm, went through right on time. The hailstones, the size of marbles, made such a racket that John stopped in the middle of a song and waited until the "bombardment" (as he called it) was over.

A few days later we were enchanted with our first glimpse of sleepy little Victoria and the boat trip to Seattle. There we got on a train for Portland; and when we walked into the Multnomah Hotel we hadn't the faintest idea that John had reached a turning point in his career.

Charles Wagner was sitting in the lobby awaiting our arrival. John recalled him at once, of course, and I realized, listening to them talking, that he was the man who had spoken to John about wanting to be his manager.

We all had dinner together and Mr. Wagner told us that John's contract with the Chicago Philadelphia Opera Company would automatically expire at midnight, unless he received word before then that they wished to renew it. I knew that John had been increasingly keen to leave opera and give concerts only, and hearing them discussing plans and terms, I got quite enthusiastic,

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especially when John said to me, "Now we can have a real home with the children. We must never be without them again."

The three of us laughed many times afterward about our excitement waiting for midnight to come. None of us thought of the difference in time on the Pacific Coast and we waited three hours longer than was necessary. I went to sleep that night feeling that we were beginning a new cycle and this proved to be true. Charlie Wagner and John were associated most happily for many years but, if anyone thinks that a young singer's career is, or was, easily made, this first concert season of John's will change that thought!

I quote very briefly from a diary which I happened to keep that year (1912):

*February 15th:* Arrived Portland. Charlie Wagner met us there and John signed contract.

*February 17th:* Left for Los Angeles.

*February 19th:* Arrived Los Angeles 8:30 in the morning.

*February 20th:* Concert enormous success.

*February 21st:* Went to San Diego.

*February 22nd:* Coronado concert. Left for Los Angeles.

*February 23rd:* Los Angeles. Dined with Bishop Cantwell.

*February 24th:* Afternoon concert. Left same evening for San Francisco. Traveled all night.

*February 25th:* Arrived San Francisco. Mass at Cathedral at 11 o'clock. Went to Schumann-Heink's wonderful concert. Three days rest and sight-seeing.

*February 29th:* Concert, St. Francis Hotel.

*March 3rd:* Mass at 11 o'clock. Father Keaveney who was at college in Sligo with John walked home with us. Concert 3 o'clock.

*March 4th:* Left for Denver at 10 p.m.

*March 6th:* Arrived Denver. Snow and sunshine. John bought new overcoat. Letters from home at last. Good news of all. One letter from Russia asking John to sing in opera there.

*March 7th:* Left after concert for Omaha.

*March 8th:* Arrived Omaha 4 p.m. Had tea and dressed for concert. Leaving for Chicago at midnight. (Train four hours late. Spencer and I made snowballs outside station to keep warm. John sat in waiting room almost frozen.)

*March 9th:* Arrived Chicago four hours late. All dead tired.

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*March 10th:* Left after concert for St. Louis.

*March 11th:* Concert tonight. Back to Chicago midnight train.

*March 12th:* Arrived Blackstone Hotel. John bought me heavenly set of chinchillas — muff and stole. Leave early tomorrow morning for Kansas City.

*March 15th:* Concert 4 o'clock. Leave 7:30 train for Chicago.

*March 17th:* St. Patrick's Day. Mass 11 o'clock. Concert great success.

*March 18th:* Arrived Detroit around 4. John got gorgeous floral harp at concert.

*March 19th:* Left by 12 o'clock train for Columbus. Had tea and dressed for concert.

*March 20th:* Left 12:15 train for Cincinnati. Had tea and dressed for concert.

*March 21st:* Left for Cleveland. Got there just in time for concert.

*March 22nd:* Left at 11:30 for Buffalo. Concert great success.

*March 23rd:* Motored to Niagara Falls. Dreadful trip. Roads all snowed up. Got back just in time to catch train to Cleveland.

*March 24th:* Snowed in all day. Concert great success.

*March 25th:* Left for Rochester. Saw Blanch Ring in *Wall Street Girl*. Grand! Loved it.

*March 26th:* Left for New York after concert.

*March 27th:* Arrived New York. Cyril's birthday. Had Sylvester Rawlings, the music critic, Charlie and Spencer to lunch and drank Cyril's health. Saw Lewis Waller in *Beaucaire* and had supper together after.

*March 28th:* John and Spencer left for Troy.

*March 29th:* John home 2:30. Had lunch together and took long walk. Left for Philadelphia 5 o'clock. Concert same evening. Had supper after with Michael Francis Doyle and friends.

*March 30th:* Left for New York. Saw Constance Collier in *Oliver Twist* and had supper together.

*March 31st:* Mass 10 o'clock, breakfast 11:30. Left for Boston 12:15. Concert same evening. Supper at Dr. and Mrs. John Bottomly's. Left by midnight train for New York.

This timetable account of a concert tour is a fair example of what John was to go through months on end for many years. I do not see how he ever stood the physical and nervous strain. Some of the tours lasted eight and ten weeks, at *least* three con-

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certs a week, with long journeys in between. We soon decided that the traveling was too hard for me, so for the most part I stayed in New York with the children unless the concerts were as near as Boston, Philadelphia, or Washington, with a few special trips to Chicago. John sang sixty-seven concerts between November, 1912, and May, 1913, and twelve operas, traveling between each one.

One of the best things Charlie Wagner ever did for John was to bring him and Teddy Schneider together. As Spencer Clay, who had been John's accompanist for three years, wanted to go back to London to teach, Wagner was confronted with the problem of finding someone to fill his place. He couldn't have handled the whole matter better. On our arrival at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, on March 12, 1912, John found a message from Charlie that Clarence Whitehill, the well-known baritone, wanted him to go to his rooms for a cocktail. When he went in, Teddy Schneider was at the piano going through some songs of Schubert with Clarence. John was immediately taken by Teddy's personality and his sympathetic accompanying and he told Wagner at once, "That's the man I want. Grab him for me if you can."

Charlie, who, as John said, "never let the grass grow under his feet," could and did. During the twenty-seven years John and Edwin Schneider were together there was never a misunderstanding between them. I never saw two artists work so unfailingly hard. They would start at the piano right after breakfast and in bad weather would stay there for the entire day, paying no attention to meals. To this day our beloved Teddy is as close to us as if he were one of the family. The children adored him on sight and it was obvious to everyone who heard him play for John that a perfect musical understanding existed between them, each bringing out the best in the other. In 1948 Teddy wrote me from Hollywood, where he now lives:

Shortly after that first meeting, I played my first concert with John in Syracuse, New York. I had just finished a tour with the Wagnerian soprano, Mme. Johanna Gadske, and John's

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program was a somewhat popular affair in comparison. However, I soon realized that I had to do with an innate natural musician who had a tremendous capacity for work, and our programs soon took shape and improved in quality. Handel soon made his appearance in the list of classics, in fact was seldom absent from John's programs. His voice and marvelous breath control were admirably suited to the long sustained phrases of Handel, Mozart and Bach. "O, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" by Handel was a particular favorite of John's, and no one sang it better in my estimation.

When John and I went back to England that spring for the Grand Season at Covent Garden we were happy in the knowledge that Teddy would be waiting for us in New York in the fall. There was much to do getting the family ready to move to America. I recall that when I shopped for the children's winter clothes I made the mistake of buying a lot of English woolens, much too heavy for them with our steam heat. John said I was all wrong; that they should be lightly dressed indoors and warmly clad outside, so as soon as we were ensconced at the old Netherland Hotel, he had a grand excuse to take them out and buy each of them a little white rabbit coat and cap. It was in these outfits that they made their unexpected public appearance with him at a concert in Carnegie Hall. One day Cyril asked, "When are we going to one of Pop's concerts?" "Perhaps I'll let you and Gwen come next Sunday afternoon," said John, for which he was nearly smothered with kisses. When Sunday came they were in a state of wild excitement, thoroughly enjoying the concert and having a good view of "Pop," as my box was fourth from the stage. We had decided that half the program would be long enough for them at their age and arranged to have Nurse take them home at the intermission. Charlie Wagner took them backstage to see their father on their way out. The applause was still going on, and the next thing I knew John was walking out on the stage with Cyril holding one hand and Gwen the other. They pranced out beside him, smiling up at him, and every time he bowed they bowed too. I have never seen a more spontaneous reception at Carnegie Hall.

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We had crossed over from London in de luxe style on the old *Mauretania* and were indeed what Melba had scornfully termed "a retinue." The first day out John caught a cold and by the next day he couldn't speak. The ship's doctor ordered a steam kettle, which John insisted on having beside him at the piano in our sitting room, as he flatly refused to stay in bed. The nurse and maid were poor sailors and promptly took to their berths, so Auntie and I were left to cope with the children, who were in perpetual hilarious motion. In revenge for being shut in, John pounded the piano as hard as he could! Between that, the steaming eucalyptus kettle, and the shrieking children, that trip was one of my nightmares.

Elsie Janis, then the darling of Europe, and her mother had the same suite on the other side of the ship, and some time later at a party Elsie did a skit which she had made up herself on the horrors of the McCormack's crossing, which at the time amused John more than it did me.

Almost at once I began to find out that being the wife of a concert singer was quite different from being the wife of an opera singer. The children had reached the age where they wanted to play games and rush all over the place, and I'm afraid that "concert days" were dreary for them, although John didn't take too much notice of an occasional bump or shout, especially if the weather was bad and he knew they couldn't go out.

John was a much sterner disciplinarian of himself than he was of others, even the children. The only time in my recollection that he ever actually punished one of them was when Cyril was about two years old. Cyril had followed him into the bathroom to watch him shave, and without John's knowledge he picked up a glass and dropped it. John heard the crash and turned to see the baby stooping toward the broken pieces. He caught the child's hand before it reached the glass and smacked it hard. I came along just then and saw the frightened little face, but Cyril, ignoring my outstretched arms, ran sobbing to his father. I know John would have been brokenhearted if the baby

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had run to me because he had been slapped by his father. Cyril seemed to understand that he'd been hurt to save him from worse hurt. After that, John held the children in check by "looks," which they respected. Although he had to be away from them so much, he kept in the closest touch with them; and I can truthfully say we brought them up together.

In addition to his ironclad resolution to stay at home the night before singing, John set himself another rule — not to smoke during his opera and concert seasons. Out of a clear sky he would announce, "Here goes my last cigarette for a while." His mind made up, he never wavered and the "while" was often nearly a year. At one point — this was about 1928 — he said, "I'm going on the water wagon." I said, "What for and how long?" "Because I feel like it," he said, "and I don't know how long. Maybe a week. Maybe a month." It was four years before he took another drink. On our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary we gave a large party. John served cocktails and champagne to everyone, including me, with a beaming smile, drinking water himself.

Punctuality in every way was a *must* to John. In his entire career I have never known him to miss a train or be late for a performance. Once he had to go into a concert hall by the front entrance as there was no stage door, and when he arrived, quite early, as usual, he found the foyer jammed with people trying to get to the box office. "Come on!" he said to Teddy, "our only hope is to push our way in." A man near him said truculently, "Cut out the shoving. There are others here just as anxious as you are to get in." John laughed and said, "That suits me fine. But if *we* don't get in, there'll be no concert!" Whereupon someone shouted, "Three cheers for John!" and they were in, he said, "before you could shake a stick."

These were strenuous concert seasons for all the artists, but when a few of them were in New York at the same time they took a busman's holiday, going to hear each other in concert, after which there was always a nice supper party to look forward to, given by the wife of the artist, often by friends. It was during these seasons the most interesting parties took place — when they

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really let themselves go and behaved like children. To mention a few: Paul Kohanski doing his hat trick; Fritz Kreisler and Toscanini doing coin tricks; Rachmaninov playing jazz; Zimbalist and Ernest Schelling their orange and hairbrush duet; John and Melchior weight lifting; Heifitz in cap and apron cooking bacon and eggs at 4 a.m.; in the earlier days Caruso doing his pencil caricatures. Then when the spirit moved them, we had music which no money could buy. These were some of the unforgettable evenings.

Going anywhere with John meant being on time! Once we were invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Urchs (Mr. Urchs was head of Steinway's and a great favorite in musical circles). The guest of honor was Paderewski. John had returned that afternoon from a long concert tour and was very tired. I told him that dinner was at eight and he proceeded to have a rest. On our way to the Urchs' (our new chauffeur was not sure of the way) John began to fuss and fume that we'd be five minutes late. I was not made any happier by his taking out his watch and glaring at it. We arrived at 8:08. In the dressing room I noticed a lot of wraps, and sensing something untoward, I said to the maid, "I hope we're not the last to arrive." "I'm sorry, Madame," she said, "but they waited half an hour for you and have just gone in to dinner." My cheeks were pink when I met John in the hall and I could tell from his expression that he, too, knew everything. Our hostess appeared and smilingly ushered us into the dining room. John had to take quite a ribbing about being "a temperamental artist" in spite of my trying to take all the blame; and I didn't feel any better as the dinner progressed to find it was a special "spring dinner" — brook trout, baby lamb, new peas, a May bowl which had taken our host forty-eight hours to prepare, and a special soufflé — mostly dishes which should not be delayed in service.

Knowing how bad I felt, John let me down lightly and didn't refer to it again until some years later, when I must admit he had reason. During a gay London season we had accepted an invitation to dine at the Embassy Club. We knew it was to be a



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brilliant gathering, so we were amazed when we got to the club to find it practically empty. When John told the headwaiter we were Mr. Claude Leigh's guests, the headwaiter said, "Mr. Leigh's party is tomorrow night, Sir." John took one look at me, arrayed in my best, and took pity on my stricken face. "Now that you've got me here," he said, "I'll give you dinner!" "What shall we do?" I cried when I could speak. "We can't come tomorrow night. We have a theater and supper after at the Carlton." I can plainly see John's face now as he said, "My dear girl, you accepted for this dinner weeks ago, and to this dinner we are coming tomorrow night. Get out of the other as best you can and the only way to do it is to tell the truth." After that we never started out of an evening without his saying to me, "Are you *sure* it's 8 o'clock? Are you *sure* it's *tonight*?"

John was at his happiest in concert work. He said that to him opera is inartistic, because at a vital moment the soprano will wrench herself from the arms of the poor tenor and leave him standing inanely while she rushes to the footlights "to tell her troubles — or her ecstasies — to the world," or it could be the other way around. Also he never forgot Maestro Sabatini's warning not to risk spoiling his voice by trying to sing over a too loud orchestra.

He was extremely fortunate in his two teachers. Dr. O'Brien, realizing his youth, just coaxed his voice along, never forcing it in any way, which later delighted Sabatini as he knew that much damage might have been done at the start to the delicate texture of John's vocal chords. He made him promise that he would never let his ambition carry him so far as trying to sing the heavier operas, and John kept his word to the end. He never sang anything that would put a strain on his voice, although there were many operas he would like to have tried.

In concert work he lost himself in each song as he sang it. In a letter to me after one concert, Teddy Schneider wrote: "John dramatized every song he sang. . . . He painted the picture vocally . . . words meant something to him, and the vocal line

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was oftentimes a secondary thing. His Irish folk songs were of the earth earthy and I grew to love them as my very own."

The reason he sang so often with his eyes closed is that one fidgety person in an audience could distract him. I heard him once conferring with his managers about having the words of songs printed in the program. "Isn't my diction clear enough for my audience to follow me?" he asked. "I can't bear the clatter when they turn the pages. If you must print the words, can't you give each song a page to itself?"

It was often mentioned that he never came on the platform without his little "book of words." There was a reason for this. One evening in Dublin in the very early days, he was singing an old favorite, *Once Again*, and when he came to the phrase "and back my memory slips" his memory *did* slip. Fortunately there was someone in the audience who prompted him, but the experience gave him a shock and he devised the book of words idea. He had a collection of these little loose-leaf books and Teddy would switch the pages to suit the programs for each concert.

So far as I know, John was the first artist ever to have a stage audience. When he began to draw such crowds that they had to turn people away, his managers decided to put chairs on the stage, and from then on it was quite the usual thing. One Irishman, when he was told that only seats on the stage were available, said, "I'd rather look at the back of John McCormack than at the face of a lot of them!" Soon the stages were so packed that John and Teddy could barely make their way through to the piano. At first John was a bit disconcerted to have his audience so close to him, but he grew to like the informality, and some people would take seats nowhere else. It was easy to make their special requests to him as he passed in and out. One night, coming out to give an encore, he said to the audience in front, "With your permission," and turned his back to the house and sang to the people on the stage. "A special one for themselves," as he put it. This was so much appreciated by everyone, he always did it after that.

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In spite of the torturing nervousness he felt all his life before going out to face an audience, once on the stage he was completely at ease. This was true even as long ago as the *Feis Ceoil* contest. Hamilton Harty, later Sir Hamilton, one of England's foremost composers and conductors, was the accompanist there. Having already played *Tell Fair Irene*, a most difficult aria from Handel's *Atlanta*, thirteen times, he had naturally lost some of his spontaneity. In later years when he had become a close friend, "Hale" said he got quite a shock when he saw a mere lad walk onto the platform to tackle such an intricate work. He gave him a nod and started the opening bars when "the mere lad" turned to him and said, "Oh, that's much too fast. I don't sing it as fast as that." Vastly amused at the naïveté of the boy, Hale said, "All right. Just show me how you like it." John hummed the beginning and they were off.

Just as John used his imagination in his interpretation of songs, so he used it in his daily life. I remember one morning a long time ago at breakfast — we always had breakfast together and exchanged the news in our letters — he came in looking glum and was not too cordial in his morning greeting. I said, "What's the matter, darling?" He said, "Oh, you! Don't you speak to me! You made me so mad last night. There you were, dancing and flirting with a young man I didn't even know, right in front of me. And what's more, I'm still mad at you!" As we had spent the evening happily together by our own fireside, I just smiled and said, "Well, you know dreams always go by contraries." Then I got a loving embrace.

On the other hand, he was such a forceful character it was difficult to keep up with him. His enthusiasm for people, places, music, art, and other forms of beauty was unbounded, but there was no pretense about him. I could never be quite sure what to expect, not knowing what he would say or do next. Sometimes, however, I was warned; then I did know what to do. I am thinking of the time we were sent a box by the author of a play for the opening night. At the end of the last act I said, "We really must go backstage and say what we think of it." "Not on your

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life!" John exploded. "If you take me back there, I *will* say what I think of it!" I hurried him home!

In 1912, not long after the signing of John's contract with Charlie Wagner a young man approached them both with quite big ideas. Before going on with this I will quote something John wrote in his *Memoirs* about his first season in New York: "One morning as I came out of the opera house after a rehearsal, a tall, finely set-up young man came up to me and said: 'Aren't you John McCormack?' 'I am,' said I. 'Well, I'm an Irishman from the Kingdom of Kerry who wants to welcome you to New York and to tell you that we are proud to have an Irishman singing in Italian opera in New York, and that we'll be there on the opening night to wish you luck and cheer you on your way.' That was a longish speech and I was deeply touched. I grasped his hand and thanked him, and then remembered he hadn't told me his name. I asked him what it was. His face broke into the smile I was to know so well in future years. 'Ah, sure, my name doesn't make any difference at all, but if it interests you, it is Denis McSweeney.'

"Although I was introduced to the American concert world, and splendidly introduced too, by my old friend, Charles L. Wagner, no one man had more to do with helping to whatever success I achieved in that field than that kindly, good-looking Kerry man, Denis McSweeney. For more than a quarter of a century, he managed my concert affairs. He was my friend and adviser till the day he died. His memory will ever remain green in my heart."

And now, four years after their first meeting, Denis McSweeney was around again, buying dates for concerts for the Knights of Columbus and other charity affairs. He would take over the house and run the concert himself, doing so well that Charlie, on John's advice, took him on as associate manager. The arrangement worked out very satisfactorily for several years, until Charlie became interested in producing plays. From then on Mac was John's sole manager.

Mac was fortunate in having a most efficient young woman,

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Miss Ethel Hughes, now Mrs. Sean Dillon, as his personal secretary. When John and Mac went on tour she carried on in the office, and they knew that things would be running smoothly when they got back.

Charlie and Mac were devoted to Gwen and Cyril and showered them with toys and books on birthdays and Christmas. Each year when the circus came to New York they borrowed the children for the day, starting off before noon and returning around five, *all* looking a bit wilted but deliriously happy.

At John's first concert in the huge old Hippodrome, the house was sold out and the stage was so crowded that people had to push back their chairs to let John and Teddy through. Mac said to me as he looked over the gigantic crowd, "What are we going to do? There are long lines outside still clamoring to get in. I wish we could hang them from the chandeliers!"

I have never forgotten what Dr. duPont said to me that night: "This is an incredible sight. A boy in his twenties holding this vast audience, making them laugh or cry at will. But the sad part is that he will pay for this with ten years off the end of his life." How true that was.

In the beginning John was to give fifty concerts a season. I accepted that, even though it meant such strenuous traveling for him, but when the number crept up to ninety-five one year I "spoke up." That was not my popular season with anybody. John wouldn't give in to me. He said he was young and strong and that I was "a fuss pot." When I insisted that he was a human being and *not* a machine, he listened and did nothing about it. When he complained of being tired I did *not* say, "I told you so," although I'm sure I looked it. But later on he did say, "Lily, you're right. I must be in condition to give the best I have at every concert, and more than sixty a season is too many. You put your foot down and keep it there!"

During the summer of 1913 in England John sang three operas a week at Covent Garden and gave many concerts in the Provinces, and filled private engagements in London. However, we managed to fit in happy outings with the children and to

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have delightful dinners and musical evenings in the homes of friends or in our own. Some week ends we spent with the Scotts at Netherswell Manor in Gloucestershire or at Broadway, with the de Navarros. Dear Sir John Murray Scott was in failing health and there was nothing that gave him greater pleasure than to have John sing to him. This delighted John too. A few months later, on our way to Australia for the second time, we were grieved and shocked to receive word by cable of Sir John's death.

Week ends at the de Navarro's were memorable. There we met the great ones of the church, literature, art, music, and the stage. Among the many high lights for me was listening to novelist Robert Hichens' fascinating descriptions of Egypt.

One of John's most treasured possessions was a lovely photograph of Mamie de Navarro on which she had written: "He who hath the steerage of your course direct your sail." In his own unfinished *Memoirs* John said: "My barque is definitely launched on the musical sea and to Him who hath the steerage of my course I fervently pray and have never ceased to pray that He might direct my sail, always." Owing to illness, John was not allowed to sing that year, but he assisted Madame de Navarro at the presentation by the Rotary Clubs of America, of a portrait of Edwin Booth to the Shakespeare Theater at Stratford on Avon.

Teddy couldn't go with us to Australia on our second tour because his father was very ill and he would not leave his mother. John had the inspiration of asking Dr. Vincent O'Brien if he would like to be his accompanist. There couldn't have been a more fortunate choice, and if Vincent enjoyed that trip with us as much as we all enjoyed having him, then John repaid a part at least of the debt for all his help and encouragement when John needed it most.

Vincent hadn't traveled a lot, having been so busy with his choir at the Pro Cathedral in Dublin from the time he was a young man; so when he said he would like to go with us John warned him that he would have been almost around the world by the time he got back, and to plan his equipment accordingly. I can see Vincent now on our return trip standing in the station

Edwin Schneider



Sir John Murray Scott

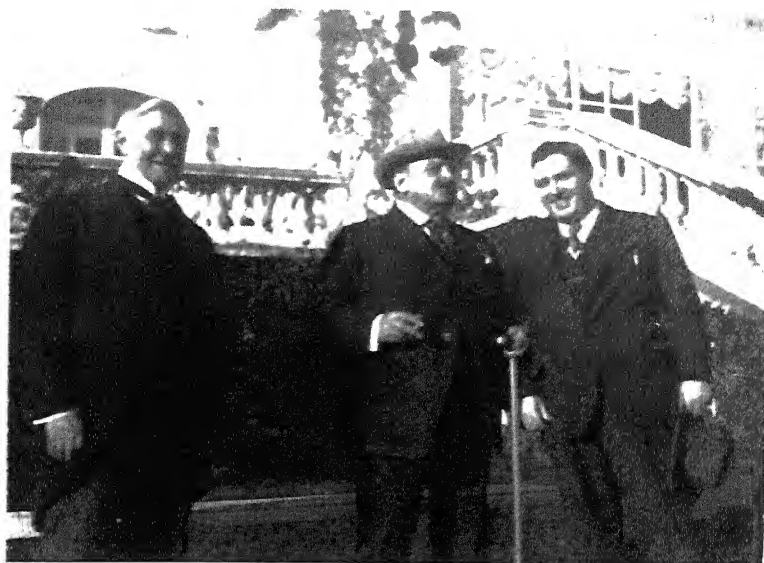


Cyril, Gwen, John, and I. Taken in San Francisco, 1912

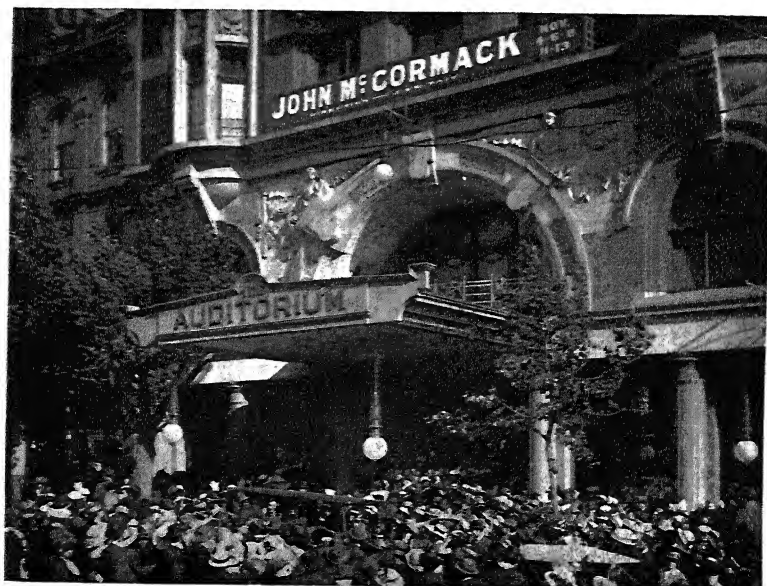


Portrait of Kevin  
by Harrington Mann,  
about 1923





John with Jean de Reszke and T. P. O'Connor, about 1912



Outside the Auditorium in Melbourne, 1913 (Photo: Sears' Studios)



John with his  
father and  
mother (Andrew  
and Hannah  
McCormack) at  
Greystones,  
near Dublin.  
1920 (Photo:  
Bain News  
Service)



My portrait done  
about 1917 by  
Walter Goldbeck

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in Vancouver surrounded by a small mountain of hand luggage. He was counting and checking and looking so harassed, John said, "Why on earth, Vincent, didn't you bring a trunk and one bag and save yourself all this bother?" Vincent, dear vague, artistic soul that he is, looked up and said, "Upon my word, John, if I'd known I was going so far, I would've."

We had a grand reunion with our Australian friends and also managed to see a good deal of the country, as we had our car and chauffeur, the faithful Wilkinson, who was with us for ten years. Driving out to Lewisham one day to call on Mother Xavier, and not too sure of the route, we were all astonished when Cyril spoke up and said, "This is the right way. Don't you remember that big red building, Pop?" He was only four when we were there last so we decided he had inherited his father's almost fantastic memory. By the time he was seven he knew the make of every car on the road. He never got over his interest in cars and is now in the motor car business in Dublin.

That tour was a huge success in every way. The climate suited John's voice and the audiences were wonderful — packed halls, crowds waiting in the street after each concert to cheer him on his way.

Another American tour began in October, 1913, and extended to March. Before we left for England John said to me, "I wonder if you feel as I do, Lily, that our home is *really* here in the United States." I said, "Darling, you know that wherever *you* are is home to me." "I *know* that my future is here," he went on, "and if you are sure it's all right with you, I'd like to become an American citizen." I was not surprised. From the beginning the American people had taken him right into their hearts and John was just the one to appreciate that. I said it was quite all right with me. We were really only in England for the brief Grand Season, and in Ireland for occasional visits with our families. So it was decided, and in April, 1914, John filed his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States and took out his first papers.

By now John had become quite a celebrity in London, but he

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had not experienced the same fuss and excitement which was made of him here. He often reminded me later of my remark as we got on board ship, "Now *we* go back to London and you go back to your place." He quite enjoyed that!

The previous summer, while we were still in Australia, John had received the following letter from Lilli Lehmann from Salzburg, Austria:

Dear Sir:

I do not know if you speak or understand German, and for this reason, I write you in French; not knowing very well English.

Have you ever heard of the Salzburg Mozart Festival?

I hope, yes. Since years, I am the Directress of a Union of Artists, the very best, when we give performances of *Don Giovanni*, other works as well as concerts.

These exclusive artists are masters, and unite for love of Mozart.

In 1914, the month of August, we shall celebrate the opening of a Mozart School, a fine house for which we shall restage *Don Giovanni*, with three performances.

Geraldine Farrar will sing Zerlina, I shall be Donna Anna, the Vienna Philharmonic has promised to cooperate, and other distinguished artists will be with us, as well as a fine public.

I come to ask you, would you care to sing Don Ottavio with us, on 13, 15 and 19 of August? These are the tentative dates, a sojourn of 10 to 11 days in all.

We are not rich, and to date, the artists have performed for the love of Mozart, without large fees; only expenses of travel and hotel.

This festival of Mozart is always superb. A distinguished public sustains an excellent committee. The Archduke Eugen is Patron, every one serves Art with Impresario; I arrange all, putting my hands under the feet of the artists.

Will you join us?

I do beg you sincerely, to answer as soon as possible, for we wish to announce the names of the artists.

Please accept my respects and sincere admiration,

Lilli Lehmann

Reply in whatever language you will, only let it be "YES!"

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In the winter of 1947-1948 this letter was translated for me by our friend Geraldine Farrar, snowbound in her Connecticut home. In sending me the translation, she wrote:

I have preserved the quaint wording of Lilli's letter, as she so fervently stresses Mozart. . . . She it was who laid the cornerstone of the *Mozartheim*, which figures in her letter as the Mozart School. The great ones of her era were responsible for the Salzburg Festivals; and what transpired there later (save for Toscanini) was more in the nature of a Broadway invitation to a new Spa. . . . Our festival performances were given in the sweet little rococo opera theater, not the reconstructed stables that functioned for the latter years; it was quaint and carried an air of the proper century; one dressed in odd corners, but it all went with the spirit of the indefatigable Lilli. . . . *Beautiful days!*

I have never known John to look forward to anything with more delight than he did to that 1914 Salzburg Festival.

By this time we had sold Rosaleen House and bought a much larger place, Alton House, in Hampstead also, as John wanted a *pied a terre* in England. He did not agree with me that Rosaleen House would have more than adequately answered this purpose! Then we went over to Paris again for some concerts and incidental shopping for me. There was a ritual about our Paris shopping. The first thing on arrival John would say, "I know what's on your mind. Let's get it over with tomorrow morning!" So off we'd go to whatever salon was in favor that year. John insisted on being shown everything and then we'd select—always much more than I wanted—and when we were through if he saw something else he thought looked like me, I must have that too. Then he'd say, "Now you do the rest. I've done my part. No fittings for me!" He didn't care so much for hat shopping because he said I'd take too long to make up my mind. One time he said, "I'll be hanged if you're going to drag me to the smartest hat shop in Paris and then order the same old things you could get anywhere! You're going to have the latest creations or none, and I don't care how extreme they are." I never had more becoming hats.

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John, Teddy, and I left Paris on August 2 for Salzburg. We went first to Ostend, where John sang a concert with piano and orchestra at the Kursaal. The next morning, August 4, we came down to breakfast to find people rushing in all directions trying to change money, catch trains, boats, or barges, anything to get away. We thought the world must have gone mad overnight, and indeed it had. Germany had declared war on England and had already invaded Belgium.

There seemed to be little hope of getting anywhere or finding out anything; no chance to use a telephone; no newspaper available, and of course there were no radios. We gave no thought to breakfast or luggage — I didn't care if I never saw my Paris finery again. All we wanted was to get back to our children. Everyone seemed to be headed for the docks, so we joined the throng. A few people were hysterical but mostly there was a dead calm. We waited our turn on the wharf and late in the afternoon John and Teddy managed to squeeze me between them onto a boat. We were only thankful to be there in the jammed mob; we were on our way home and nothing else mattered. John whispered to us when we were actually on board, "This standing room only is not as bad as it might seem." That broke the strain and we had a good laugh. To go through the English Channel with destroyers lined up on either side made us thrill to the strength of the British Navy as never before.

At Alton House we found a wire from Lilli Lehmann regretting that the Festival would have to be put off until after the war. Later we learned that the others in that wonderful cast of *Don Giovanni* had not fared so well as we. Geraldine was in Munich on that August 4; Gadski in Berlin; Scotti in Milan; and Mme. Lehmann, of course, was in Salzburg. Geraldine writes of that time: "What a shame we never did get to sing together in that proposed 1914 season; and more than tragic that the reason had to be a hideous war! Lilli was brokenhearted at the interruption, for she felt that she had an unusual cast of international eminence."

The summer was a sad one, watching the boys training on

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Hampstead Heath, waving good-by to them as they marched down Finchley Road, singing *Tipperary* as they started on their way to France. John was among the first to send cigarettes to them, 60,000 to the men at the Front and later 30,000 to the hospitals. The war had come so suddenly it had a quality of unreality, and everyone was laying bets that it would be over in three months.

As usual with our houses, we didn't stay in Alton House very long. Sir Edward Elgar, whom we later came to know well, had the house opposite us, and Mischa Elman the one behind. We saw a lot of Mischa in those days. Mischa longed to play tennis on our court but John did not encourage him because of his hands. So they spent happy hours making music instead. Alton House had a separate wing with ballroom and a billiards room, which pleased John, as he never cared much for dancing. While the rest of us danced he would have his game of billiards, taking a look in every now and then to see how we were getting along. Laurette Taylor was then the rage of London playing in *Peg of My Heart*. We gave many parties for her and for Constance Collier, one of John's favorite actresses. We had open house on Sunday evenings, when our artist friends were free, ending up with music — Mischa Elman with his violin, Billy Squire with his cello, Lionel Tertis with his viola, Mark Hambourg or Teddy at the piano, and John and others singing.

After this John's position in England was rather awkward, his intention to become an American citizen having already been filed. His native Ireland would naturally have resented his throwing in with England; and altogether it was difficult. Later when his papers had gone through and he became an American citizen, the press made a great deal of it. The publicity started criticism and he was quoted as having made statements which were impossible on the face of them. We discussed this often but there was nothing to do about it. One writer in a Canadian paper was vitriolic, and when John heard his name he said, "Why I remember him well. Before the war he sent me a rotten song he'd written which I couldn't possibly use." When a man not

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yet thirty leaps into fame as quickly as John did, he is bound to have a few enemies, and in his case they didn't spare him. I must admit that it came as a great surprise to me to learn after his death that some people in Ireland resented his having become an American citizen. I'm sure John never had a hint of this during his life.

If anyone should ask me what I consider the most memorable concert of John's career I would say without hesitation his first London concert *after* World War I. In October, 1914, we went back to New York for the winter's concert engagements. The children had outgrown a nurse and I had the good fortune to find an excellent governess for Gwen, as Cyril was to go to school at St. Loyola. We took Miss Nora Gayford with us from England. She stayed with us for many years and was married from our home, 270 Park Avenue. She now has two daughters of her own, one named after Gwen.

The winter of 1916 marked the beginning of John's picture-collecting craze. At a sale in the Plaza Hotel he saw a Corot — "Nymphs Bathing" — which he could not resist adding to the Cuyp "Landscape" he had already bought from the Collection of Sir John Murray Scott. We had met George Russell, the famous Irish writer, poet, and painter, better known as "A.E.," many times in Dublin at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Oliver Gogarty. When he came to America on a lecture tour I had a "tea" for him at 270 Park Avenue. Many of our friends wanted to meet him. Some of the ladies, having read his works, expected to see a very poetic-looking person instead of a heavy-set bearded man. On entering the hall where we had a "Corot" hanging facing the door, he remarked, "There's my dream. I dreamt last night I painted a Corot." In less than half an hour he had everyone in the room so fascinated by his stories of Ireland that most of the ladies, including Lucrezia Bori, were sitting on the floor at his feet. A.E. had high regard for John's art. He has said of John: "His singing now is conversation carried to a transcendental pitch, and recalls the description that writers give of the



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great virtuoso singer, Farrinelli, who learnt music earlier than speech."

I must admit it was some time before John broke the news to me about the cost of the Corot! Owning those pictures started him off on the second artistic love of his life and he kept on acquiring paintings and sculptures until shortly before his death. After the Corot came "Rembrandt's Sister," by himself; then a Gainsborough; a Raeburn; a Romney; a Lawrence; an exquisite little Greuze; and finally — a dream come true — a Franz Hals from the Zamoyski Palace in Warsaw. Duveen's had "The Man" and "The Woman," but John, even in those days, could not afford both, so he chose "The Man."

No matter how I felt about the money John was spending for these paintings, I shared his keen pleasure in them, loving to come home at tea time so that I could just sit quietly and enjoy them.

The next year John saw Rodin's "Romeo and Juliet." He could not rest until he owned it, and I could scarcely blame him. But to arrive home one day and find about ten men struggling to place what looked like a monument in the middle of a small French drawing room did not suit me at all. On close examination this mass of marble, with the head and shoulders of a woman rising from it, turned out to be a bust of Lady Warwick, also by Rodin. It would have been a magnificent piece for the Metropolitan Museum! But I felt that there was grave danger of Lady Warwick going through the floor and landing on the heads of the people in the apartment below us. The next day the Rodin, assisted by the ten men, went back to the gallery whence it had come! We had then taken a studio apartment for John and a smaller one for the children at 140 W. 57th Street right beside Carnegie Hall.

There was a red letter day when John received a small wooden box. It was meticulously wrapped and inside was much cotton wool. This intrigued him and he kept saying while unpacking it, "Who's sending me a what?" It proved to be an enchanting little wax mask of a woman's face and with it was a note: "A

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compliment from one artist to another, hoping this will give you pleasure in return for all the pleasure your singing has given me. — Gutzon Borglum." I wish Borglum could have seen John's face when he read this. We had the figure carefully mounted and John treasured it all his life.

We were in Monte Carlo when John heard there was to be a sale of pictures at Christie's in London, including the famous "Clavering Children" by Romney. I had some difficulty on talking him out of dashing right over to England. He wired a friend to go to the sale and bid for him, giving him a stop price and adding, "Don't lose it for a couple of hundred pounds extra." All that week end John went around saying, "Oh, my 'Clavering Children,' oh, my 'Clavering Children,'" until I was beside myself. The sale was on Monday and I don't know which of us was more relieved when the yellow envelope finally arrived. John threw it across to me saying, "You open it. I can't!" In fear and trembling I tore it open and read "Congratulations. You got it for half your price."

Then came violins. If he had had the spare time, I'm sure John would have studied the violin. It was his favorite instrument after the piano. He got as far as playing *Killarney* without a lesson and was so proud that he had achieved a tune. I was expected to listen and praise. That wasn't too easy but I tried not to disappoint him! He began collecting violins at this point. I can't remember all of them but there was a Stradivarius, a Guarnius, and a Paggini bow. One of these he gave to Fritz Kreisler and the others he sold during the war, saying, "They'll be more useful turned into war bonds."

Once he was confident of being on the road to success, his one thought was to give his mother and father financial security. He felt that they had earned a rest after so many years of hard work. He wrote to his father that if he wished to retire from his position as head foreman of the Athlone Woollen Mills he would make them an allowance each year which would keep them in comfort wherever they wanted to live. They were overjoyed, and this was done.

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At John's Dublin concerts his mother and father and sisters never sat with me in my box. They preferred, like my family, to be in the center of the house where they would be undisturbed and hear every note. One night when John had sung *Mother Machree* so movingly that there wasn't a dry eye in the house — everyone knew he was singing it to his own mother — his father, at our family party afterward, said testily, "John, but have you no songs at all about a poor father?" At his next concert John sang *A Father's Early Love* as an encore, to the delight of both his father and mother and the audience.

It is impossible to mention *Mother Machree* without speaking of the man who wrote it, Chauncey Olcott. At an opera matinee in 1910 in Washington, Chauncey and his charming wife, Rita, went backstage and introduced themselves to John during the first intermission. John showed them where I was sitting with Mrs. Lawrence Townsend and her son. After the second act Rita and Chauncey came to the box and invited us to see Chauncey in his play, *Ragged Robin*, the next night, with supper to follow. We both lost our hearts to Chauncey then and there, and never missed a play of his if we could help it. We four met many times on tour, in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere; and of course we always got together in New York.

Those winters had almost a routine pattern. John and Teddy going off on tour while the children and Auntie and I stayed in New York, with me going once in a while to join John for some special occasion. Charlie and Mac carefully planned his engagements so that he would be home for Christmas; and when he came, the children were always in a wild state of excitement over having a shopping tour with "Pop." Their lists were a conglomeration of family presents, gifts for their little friends, and novelties for the tree. I can see John now driving down Fifth Avenue with the two climbing all over him, singing at the top of their voices, popping their heads out the car windows to chat with their police officer friends at each crossing.

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In the years to come John and I often discussed these separations and we came to the conclusion that not being together all the time is a good way to keep two young people happy. We hated being parted even for a few weeks, but the parting was worth while in the joy of the homecoming. We wired each other every day and I tried to have a letter waiting for him in each place where he sang; and I must say the children were quite good about writing him, especially in French to show him how hard they were working.

When he came back I would have some new gowns as a surprise and tickets for the latest plays. John adored parties but often he'd say after a long trip, "I hope we aren't too booked up. I've been looking forward to some fine times just by ourselves, dining out and doing the theaters."

When Josie Collins and John Charles Thomas were in *The Maid of the Mountains*, I saw it the night before John was due home and was so enchanted I got two seats for us for the following evening. I raved so much about Josie, whom we knew quite well, and also had such a good bit to say about Thomas' glorious voice, that John asked if I was sure I could stand it two nights in succession. However, he was just as enthusiastic as I and afterward we went backstage to see Josie, and were introduced to the shy and charming John Charles. On the way home John said, "Now I know why you wanted to come again tonight. It was not for me at all. You've got your eye on that young baritone!" I finally managed to persuade him that the only person who would have been more surprised than I was at the idea of having my eye on John Charles would have been John Charles himself!

That summer we rented "Pope House" in Darien, Connecticut, a charming gray-stone house right on the edge of the rocks overlooking the water. I believe it had been built a few years before by Donald Bryan who was then the rage in *The Merry Widow*. We took it for two summers. It was there that we all, including John, learned to swim. It had a dock and this was a ready-made chance for John to have a new hobby — yachting. First he bought a forty-foot boat which he named *Macushla* — a song he was

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having an outstanding success with at the time. The task of decorating and furnishing the boat fell to me.

Teddy Schneider took Mrs. David Bispham's cottage near by. The writer and poet, Richard Le Gallienne; William A. Brady, the theatrical producer and his actress wife, Grace George; Hartley Manners and his wife, Laurette Taylor, were also neighbors.

At this point John was much interested in fishing. One day he persuaded Laurette, or "Peg" as we called her after *Peg of My Heart*, to go with him and the children for a day "with the rod and reel." They started off with a good substantial luncheon basket to which I had seen — all of John's favorites, chicken and ham and home-made Irish bread and lots of sweets for the children. On their return I couldn't help noticing that they all seemed subdued. Peg was pale and miserable. "Lily," she said, "it was lovely for an hour or so until John found what he thought was a fine spot for fishing. We anchored there and then we started to heave up and down. John and the kids insisted I wouldn't notice the motion in the excitement of catching fish, but it was no use. So I tried to sleep. Then, after simply ages, it turned out to be lunch time. Ugh . . ." she shuddered. "I couldn't touch a thing, and on top of everything the children offered me *chocolate cake* — large slabs of it! That was the last straw. Believe me, Lily, I never want to see another piece of chocolate cake as long as I live!"

Many times I have heard John say with a sly look in his eye: "What grand men came from Athlone! Bourke Cochrane, T. P. O'Connor, Archbishop Curley — and *me*." When the people of Athlone, during his lifetime, put a plaque on the house where John was born, he said, "What greater compliment could a living man have? God bless Athlone." While we were at Pope House he had the great pleasure of hearing from Father Timothy Shanley that his old friend, Michael Curley, then Bishop of Florida, was in New York and would like to see him. They had not met since they were schoolboys together in Athlone. John asked them both for luncheon, and I got busy ordering lobsters and planning a

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nice menu. Their train was due at 12. At 11 the cook came to tell me that the laundress had insulted her and she was leaving, adding, "If it weren't for the Bishop coming, I'd walk out right now." John, who had never interfered in household affairs in his life, came along at that moment and heard her remark. "But you *are* leaving right now," he told her. He went to the kitchen, called the servants together, listened briefly to their real or fancied feuds, dismissed three of them on the spot, called a taxi, and had them out of the house in half an hour.

Aunty, Teddy Schneider — who is a grand cook — Bessie, my personal maid, and I set to work. Leaving to meet the train, John said, "Take your time. I'll give Michael and Tim a drive around the countryside and keep them looking at scenery until 1 o'clock." By then we were ready for them. His Lordship and Father Tim were so complimentary about the lobsters we simply had to let them in on the story.

My memories of our Connecticut summers are all happy ones, and after twenty years, this one — among many — stands out. Richard Le Gallienne, coming along in his little sailboat, the *Jo-Ho-Ho*, and handing a book to John as he stepped ashore. "You said you'd like to read *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, John," he said in his usual languid fashion. "Here it is." "So I would like to read it," said John, "and I'd also like it signed by the author." Richard inscribed it to John and added a twenty-two line poem — addressed to me.

On our next visit to Ireland we went to see Bishop Curley, who was visiting his mother in Athlone. Mrs. Curley was nearly eighty and a darling. She told John how proud she was to have him in her home. With a twinkle in his eye the Bishop said, "But mother, what about me? Why all this fuss over John? Remember, your son is a bishop." "Ah, sure, and there's lots of bishops, Michael," she retorted, "but there's only one John McCormack."

We had two happy summers at Pope House and then on the advice of our friend, Mr. John D. Crimmins, bought "Rocklea" in Noroton. The children had many little friends and John had months on end of what were for him perfect days. Work all

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morning with Teddy; tennis, fishing, or yachting all afternoon; and music all evening. John thought it would be nice if I played tennis. I did take some lessons, but I'm afraid I never got beyond the "rabbit" class. We had one memorable match — my only part was the usual one of providing refreshments for the players — Ysaye and Mischa Elman against Jacques Thibault and John. I can see dear old Ysaye now, his long hair flying as he ran around the court. And after dinner, another evening of heavenly music.

Harriet and Fritz Kreisler and the Duc and Duchess de Richelieu came to visit us at Rocklea, and the men went off for a big fishing day in the *Macushla*. I believe Fritz was the first to get a strike on that trip, and from the length of the struggle he had reason to believe he had hooked a sea monster. John was worried that the violinist might be hurting his hands, but Fritz was much too absorbed to be worried. He was keenly disappointed after his expert handling to find he had only landed an enormous skate!

While we were at "Rocklea" John bought a much larger yacht, the *Pal O'Mine*. This may have seemed an appropriate name to him, but the boat was no "pal o'mine"! Cyril was old enough to aid and abet his father in choosing the boat and my protests against their extravagance were in vain. Once more I was called in to help with the decorations and furnishings.

I must admit that we had some delightful trips going up to New York on hot days, lunch on deck in the cool breeze, and afternoon tea on the way home. But except for these trips John cared very little for the water. One night Mario Korbell, Viva and Phil Merivale — who had a cottage close by — and some friends who lived across the sound came to dine. After dinner we all strolled out to look at the moon on the water and someone suggested that we take our guests home by boat. Everyone voted for it except Phil and John, Mario, and John's brother, Jim, who were buried in a deep neolithic discussion. So the rest of us left them to their Stone Age and went aboard. We had just dropped our friends at their home when we ran into a thick fog. Long

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after midnight, Auntie, Viva, Teddy, and I went into a huddle because Viva and I were positive our husbands would be so frantic with worry they had probably already called out the Coast Guard. There was nothing we could do about our situation until the fog lifted, which it did suddenly. As we neared the house we blew the horn vigorously to let them know we were safe. Hearing our signals, they sauntered down to the dock, quite unaware that we were so late. They had gone backward — or forward — to the Ice Age in their discussions and had completely forgotten us. Viva and I were a little icy about this, but Auntie and Teddy were so droll in their side remarks we had to laugh at ourselves.

"Rocklea" had everything John wanted: a bathing beach, a bigger and better dock for the bigger and better boat, a fine tennis court, and a delightful old barn where we had many parties for children and grown-ups. Somewhere along the line John decided that he needed more space for his own work — the big living room seemed to be overrun with children — so he built on a wing; a music room with two guest rooms and baths over it.

In rainy weather John and Teddy would shut themselves in the music room and work for hours on end in blissful privacy, going through the song literature of the German, French, Italian, and Russian masters besides many modern composers. John was very fond of Harry Burleigh and sang one of his songs on nearly every program. Another favorite was *Swans* by Walter Cramer.

Only Nellie, John's German police dog, his inseparable companion, was allowed in the room. She would lie under the piano in complete contentment while they practiced. Another pet of John's was Billy, a canary who, when John went away, refused to sing a note, but the minute he returned it became a competition as to which could sing the louder.

John and Teddy were meticulous about giving attention to songs sent for approval. They tried every one, making no quick judgments, always hoping for the best. Through the years they finally worked out a system. The good were marked "G" and put on the piano. The ones for retrial were marked "R" and laid to one side, and the "N.G.'s" were thrown into a large laundry



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basket to be taken away. Every composer received a letter, so he knew his song had been given a fair trial. One day Teddy, "fed up" with the type of thing he'd been playing, said, "Give me some words and I'll write you this kind of song in two hours." John immediately made a bet that he couldn't. Teddy found a little poem and wrote the song *Only You* in less than two hours. John not only paid up but he sang the song and liked it.

In those days the housekeeping was still in my hands. All his life John was generous to a fault; he also was a stickler for paying bills promptly. If he found an unpaid account, he'd come to me at once to know why it hadn't been paid. Life moved so fast for us I was relieved when he felt that he needed a secretary to take charge of details, and engaged his brother, Jim. As for himself, he always carried a small check book with him and paid on the spot for anything he bought.

True to his words when he gave me my engagement ring, he never made a present of jewelry that wasn't good. When Cyril was born he gave me a diamond star which could be worn as a brooch or a hair ornament. When Gwen was born he could afford more so he gave me a diamond necklace which could also be worn as a tiara. After that I often asked him not to buy expensive jewelry for me, but there was no stopping him. Any excuse was good enough for him — Christmas, Easter, birthdays, anniversaries, and he never forgot one.

John had a lot of pleasure with his gramophone check, which came twice a year. He would take me with him to select a pearl for my string which we had decided to make by degrees — the only thing he ever had the patience to do by degrees! It was quite a thrill when we finally selected the center one to complete it. In the shop John suddenly said, "Let's do something original. Let's put a black pearl in the middle of the string." It took months to find the right size and color.

While he was away on one of his tours I was walking up Fifth Avenue one day and happened to see in a famous jeweler's window a bracelet which made me catch my breath. It was the

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only piece displayed. Small pearls with a row of diamonds in the center, fastened by a diamond clasp from which hung a black pearl pendant. I said to myself, "There is something I'd *really* like to own, if John should happen to ask me what I wanted."

He came home about two weeks later and bustled in looking pleased and excited as he put a small box in my hand. "Here's your Easter present. A bit previous, I admit, but you know *me*!" I did. Whenever he bought anything for me, no matter what the occasion, he never could keep it until the day arrived. I opened the box and there was *the* bracelet. "Why, John!" I exclaimed, "how did you know?" "Know what?" said he. "Know that I wanted this bracelet." "Well, I'll be darned!" he said. "Where did you see it?" So I told him where I had seen it and how much I'd wanted to own it, but that having lectured him so many times about not buying any more jewelry for me, I had decided to forget all about it. Then he told me that he and Teddy were strolling up Fifth Avenue and had passed the same window. They stopped to look at it and he said, "Teddy, there's a bracelet I know Lily would love. I'm going to get it for her, for Easter."

The same sort of thing happened between us time and time again. Once a large package arrived from Denver where John had been singing. My heart sank. By its size I was sure he had bought another picture to add to his rapidly growing collection. I had it unpacked and to my surprise it was a new photograph of John in a beautiful frame. Just a short while before I had been looking at one of his photographs and said to myself, "He signs them for all our friends; I must get him to sign one to me. I know just what I'd like him to say." Now I could scarcely believe my eyes — there were the very words: "To *my* Lily from *her* John." That, to me, was one of the really thrilling moments in our life together. I would not wish to have missed one of them, *good or bad*.

This story would not be complete without some account of John's records. He writes in his *Memoirs*: "To one of my first opera performances in New York came the head of the Artists'

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Department of the Victor Talking Machine Company. He was pleased with my work and asked me to make a test record of an operatic aria and an Irish ballad. I made *Tu chea Dio Spiegasti* from *Lucia di Lammermour*, and *Killarney*. They were excellent and I think are still in the catalogue, after a quarter of a century.

"I was offered a contract immediately, but unfortunately I had two more years to sing for the Odeon Company in London. The Victor Company cabled to London and asked the Odeon Company how much they would accept to release me. They asked two thousand pounds. Then the Victor Company cabled the Gramophone Company in London asking them to pay half of the release — they had a working agreement about their artists. My old friend, the Gramophone Company, thought that the Victor Company had suddenly gone crazy.

"Well, perhaps they had. In any case, the Victor Company paid the two thousand pounds and on February 10, 1910, gave me a contract which does not lapse until February, 1938. I received ten thousand dollars in advance of royalties and 10 per cent of the list price of the records.

"I have left the name of my very dear friend who signed that contract on behalf of the Victor Company till the end. I want here to thank him, not only for the contract, but for the great gift of his friendship. Bless you, Calvin G. Child."

A year or so after the Victor Company had signed him up, Thomas Edison asked Charlie Wagner if he could arrange for a day at his studio. Edison was eager to make tests of John's voice. He thought he might discover something worthwhile because of John's wonderful diction and the unusual timbre of his voice. It was a great disappointment to John that the Victor Company would not give permission for this.

For years, every Easter we took the children to Atlantic City, for two weeks. They had a grand time riding the ponies on the sands and visiting all the fun places on the pier. John made records for the Victor Company in Camden during the week and he generally gave a concert in Atlantic City on Palm Sunday,

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rested during Holy Week; then back to New York in time for his Easter Sunday concert.

The high light of the children's visits to Atlantic City was roller skating. Teddy took them every morning to the rink in Atlantic City, and on the very day we were due to go to New York, Gwen begged him for one more round, lost her balance, and down the two of them went. In trying to save her fall, Teddy landed on his wrist and fractured a bone. Poor little Gwen was old enough to realize what this meant with the Easter concert the following day and feeling that it was all her fault, she was inconsolable. Charlie and Mac had quite a time finding someone to take Teddy's place at the last moment. Finally Teddy thought of his friend Ludwig Schwab, who had formerly been accompanist for Jan Kubelik. "Schwabby" was very nervous, but all went well. That was a rather special occasion as John sang a group of songs by Rudolph Ganz with "Rudy" himself at the piano.

At the end of Easter Week I always went with John to Camden to hear the records he had made during the week. He was a perfectionist about his work and would rather do a record over a dozen times than pass it, if he felt it had the slightest flaw. One year Harriet and Fritz Kreisler, Rachmaninov, Teddy Schneider, John, and I went to Mr. Child's office to hear the tests of the first records Fritz and John had made of Rachmaninov's songs. They did so hope that Rachmaninov would approve of them, especially as Fritz had been most enthusiastic to Sergei about John. I could scarcely breathe and kept stealing a glance at each one in turn. Fritz and John kept their eyes fixed on the floor while the records were being played and Rachmaninov kept his eyes closed. At the end he came over and put his arms around them both, saying, "Bravo! Bravo!" Mr. Child had us all to lunch to celebrate the occasion.

When Fritz Kreisler came back from overseas during World War I — he had been badly wounded — he and John had a royal reunion. Neither of them could forget their early days when they were unknown, and time had only deepened their friendship.

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The children were devoted to "Aunty" Harriet and "Uncle" Fritz, and Fritz said to John one day, "If Cyril wants to be a violinist, I wish to be the one to teach him." Few children have such an opportunity, but Cyril, like his father, had his own ideas about his life.

Before Cyril was seven, John thought it would be fun to have him make a record, and Gwen promptly announced she wanted to make one, too. This was in the days of the horn on the machine and the children were so small they had to stand on big packing cases to reach it. Cyril sang *Tipperary* and we were told his diction caused quite a bit of comment in the Victor offices. Little Gwen sang *Poor Butterfly*. They presented their records to Mme. Galli-Curci, one of their favorite friends. They often went to tea with her and she'd sit on the floor and put on paper hats and play all sorts of games with them. I believe she still has those records. She and John sang many operas together, always a pleasure for him.

Some years later John took Dorothy and Enrico Caruso's little daughter, Gloria, to make her first record. She was so overawed she started to cry and John said to her firmly, "Gloria, all of us great artists are nervous when we make a record." She blinked back her tears, smiled up at him, and said, "Are we, Johnny?" She started over again and sang adorably. She was a great pet of John's and when she knew that we were dining with her mother, she'd ask, "Mummy, what shall I sing for Johnny tonight?" And on her way to bed she'd come down in her little dressing gown and sing a song just for him.

In the spring of 1915 John consulted Cardinal Farley about Cyril's First Communion. His Eminence gave it to him personally in his own chapel, a compliment which deeply impressed us both. He presented Cyril with a gold medal of our Lady because Cyril, as a baby, had been dedicated to our Lady. John sent His Eminence a set of altar cruets, and Cardinal Spellman told me when I lunched with him on June 14, 1948, John's birthday, that he uses these cruets and gives John a special memento at each Mass.

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Among our closest friends were Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheney of Los Angeles, and many good times we had with them. They used to come East every summer in their yacht *The Cassiana*. One evening when they were dining with us at Rocklea, Mrs. Doheney suggested that any time we wanted to go to town we spend the night on the yacht. This was a delightful prospect for us in the midsummer heat. The first time we did it I was able to even my score with John for having made such fun of me when I had thought I was being drowned by the wave coming in the porthole on our trip to New Zealand. We came aboard the *Cassiana* very late, and the steward asked if we wouldn't like to sleep on deck. I said I'd sleep below, but John said, "What nonsense! On a glorious starry night like this! *I'm* sleeping on deck." A bed was prepared for him and I was just dozing off when I heard a clatter on the stairs. I switched on a light and saw John's head pop in my door. His red, swollen face told me at once what had happened. "Right again, as usual!" he said furiously. "What the hell do you put on mosquito bites?" I had a good laugh as I fixed him some soda and water.

Upon our entrance into the war John went immediately to President Wilson and offered himself in any capacity, although he knew he would make a poor soldier. The President said, "Mr. McCormack, we need people like you here at home to keep the fountains of sentiment flowing." Then John went to Mr. John D. Ryan, head of the American Red Cross, and asked him how best he could serve his adopted country. He told Mr. Ryan he had thought of a concert tour throughout the United States at his own expense, all proceeds to go to the American Red Cross. Mr. Ryan said that the Anaconda Copper Company, of which he was president, would send John's party on the tour in Anaconda's private car. The financial returns of that tour are history today in the annals of the American Red Cross.

Records entered into John's war efforts, too. Hundreds of servicemen wrote him that they were taking the records, *God Be With Our Boys Tonight* and *Mother Machree* overseas, and many mothers wrote of the comfort these records gave them. The

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proceeds from *God Be With Our Boys Tonight* and *Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Piccardy* went to war charities.

In March, 1919, shortly before Charlie Wagner and Mac Sweeney dissolved partnership as John's managers, Charlie received the following letter from the Naval Department of Training Camp Activities:

It may be of some interest to you to learn that in my program at League Island Navy Yard last night, my audience of fifteen hundred men "sang" a toast to John McCormack in honor of his becoming an American citizen.

I do not think that any of us will ever forget the great inspiration that came with this unusual incident. The men stood and we sang "Mother Machree" (as the boys are so familiar with it) and we followed this with "The Star Spangled Banner" and three healthy cheers for Mr. McCormack, who we all feel has been one of the greatest instruments for good that this country has ever known.

This little incident was opportune and spontaneous and breathed such an atmosphere of good fellowship, I thought both you and he would be glad to hear of it.

One summer in World War II we met General Victor Odlum (now Canadian Ambassador to Turkey) and Major General Jock McLean of the Canadian Army. We were living in Ascot then. John gave a concert for the Canadian soldiers who were stationed near us. General Odlum told John he had taken his records *Ave Maria* and *Mother Machree* everywhere with him during World War I; and neither John nor I had dry eyes when he described what these records had meant to him and to his men.

Of the many charity concerts given during the war period, John did more than his share of them. One in particular was outstanding, for the benefit of French tubercular soldiers at the Hippodrome in New York City sponsored by the Duc de Richelieu. John asked Mary Garden to appear on the program, which she gladly did, saying, "John, I've always had a keen desire to sing to one of your great audiences." John replied, "Well, I thought you needed a little notoriety, Mary!"

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John was invited by President Wilson to sing at the Fourth of July celebration at Mt. Vernon. Teddy and he made the trip down the Potomac in the presidential yacht, where John had a pleasant chat with Lord Reading, the English Ambassador, whom he had admired in his youth as one of the great criminal lawyers in England, then Sir Rufus Isaacs. The President asked John if he would pitch his voice differently singing out of doors. John said, "No. I'll sing just as if I were in a concert hall." When the concert was over, President Wilson said, "I never heard *The Star Spangled Banner* sung as you sang it, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart"; and Lord Reading said that he had "sat at his feet" many times but had never heard him in better voice. On many other auspicious occasions John sang our national anthem: at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on the eve of President Woodrow Wilson's departure for the Peace Conference in Paris, and again in Boston on the President's return. That evening in Boston Admiral Wood was master of ceremonies at a Navy ball and presented me to President Wilson, who said, "Mrs. McCormack, if I were king, I would make your husband my court singer."

During a trip to the west coast in 1918 John met Mme. Schumann-Heink for the first time. I have a card sent by her with a laurel wreath after she heard him sing: "To the great, dear, fine man, 'our' John, with my love and all best wishes for him and his dear family."

They were mutual admirers. John was quite hard to live with for a couple of days after he read how she had praised his "exquisite vocal production, marvelous breath control, perfection in coloring the tone, and inimitable manner of telling a story in song, with ease and spontaneity."

During luncheon one day at Rocklea in November, 1918, John was called to the telephone. He never spoke on the telephone if he could help it, but the maid said it was a cable from Ireland, so he went at once. He came back looking shocked and haggard and told Auntie and me that our brother Tom and his wife, Charlotte, had gone down with the mail boat *Leinster*, which had



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been torpedoed in Dublin Bay, on the way to Holyhead. Charlotte and Tom had received a wire that her only brother, Christopher Barrett, had been sent to a London hospital from France, so badly wounded that he could not recover. They had left immediately for London, Mother having promised to look after the children. Christy died the day after the *Leinster* was sunk. Mercifully he didn't know that his sister and her husband were lost.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. O'Farrell were our guests that week end and after John's announcement we all sat there in numb silence. Auntie and I could only think of their ten children, five boys and five girls, all under sixteen. Reading our faces, John came around and took me in his arms. "Lily," he said, "you are not to worry about those children. We can — and will — take care of them. God has been good to me and I'm going to do this as an act of thanksgiving. None need know a thing about it outside the family."

My mother and my oldest sister, Gretta, had already taken the children. John cabled them to get a larger house and leave the rest to him. He instructed his lawyer to make arrangements so that he, John, would have all financial responsibility for their upbringing and education. My mother looked after them until her death, and from then on Gretta was in charge until they grew up. The baby, Kevin, was only sixteen months old when the *Leinster* went down, and the following year Auntie went over to Ireland and brought him back to us. John and I legally adopted him and, somewhat to our surprise, but also to our joy, we started all over again with a nursery, a pram and a "Nanny."

I was never more proud of John than on that day when we received the heartbreaking word about my brother and his wife. He was already looking after his parents, and to assume the additional care of ten small children seemed a very large commitment. All of these children have turned out splendidly — not one failure in ten. They were a source of great happiness to John and they have proved themselves worthy of all he did for them.

## V

THERE was one extravagance of John's about which I hadn't much sense of humor from start to finish. Just as we had "Rocklea" going along nicely, some friend told him there was a fine little farm only a few miles from us that was for sale at a bargain. John was about ready for a new interest, so off he went with his friend to see it. How well I knew the phrase, "I'll just have a look at it." Well, he had a "look at it" and the Tenor became the Farmer! He came home walking on air. "Just think, Lily, we'll have our own milk, eggs, butter, chickens, fruit, and vegetables. We'll get some cows and the kidgers will have grand fun with the baby calves, choosing names for them. And, oh, what fine exercise it will be for you and me to walk all over the place!" As a climax to this rhapsodizing, it seemed that he was going to superintend it himself.

For a few weeks the car was at the door every morning and he set off after breakfast dragging Bob, who already had his hands full running Rocklea, along with him. I began to hear of a prize cow being bought today, two prize cows being bought the next day, and then, as naturally they were the most expensive cows in the world, modern barns fitted with the last word in deluxe equipment had to be built to house them and the calves. John named the farm "Lilydale" in memory of Melba's home in Australia and also, presumably, in honor of me!

In the midst of these dreamy plans Teddy reminded John that Mac had signed up for the third Australian concert tour, and programs had to be worked out; so the farm was handed over to Bob and John's brother Jim, who lived with us and took care of John's private affairs.

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Jim, going home on a holiday that summer, met and lost his heart to an Irish girl, Miss Gertrude Murphy. He had met her in a play at the Abbey Theater, Dublin. A few months later we had a wedding in the family. I was bridesmaid, Teddy Schneider best man, and John gave the bride away.

We went to Europe and on to Australia, and when we returned "Lilydale" was still there, producing nothing important so far as I could make out except enormous bills. When it was sold Bob continued to supply us with all the "milk, eggs, butter, chickens, fruit, and vegetables" we could consume. And the Farm Era was not mentioned in the family. It is now the Oxridge Hunt Club.

The fall and winter concerts over, we went to Paris for several concerts, chiefly charity affairs stemming from the war, and then made our first visit to Monte Carlo. Raoul Gansbourg, the manager of the Monte Carlo Opera, hearing that John was at the Hotel de Paris, came at once to call on us to ask John if he would sing a few performances at the opera. We had gone to Monte Carlo to rest after a hard concert season but John was so intrigued by the tiny opera house and said it should be a joy to sing in it and that he would like to try it. Costumes were hastily sent for from England, where they'd been stored; a wig expert was summoned from Paris, and a blue and gold sash was ripped off my best tea gown while it was still on me! I adored the familiar hustle, and Teddy and I were overjoyed that we would have the chance to hear John in opera again.

Nearly all our Sundays there were spent at "Casa del Mare," the home of Mr. Osborne O'Hagan to whom we were introduced by T. P. O'Connor. Mr. O'Hagan and his niece, Miss Greenwood, never missed a performance of John's at the opera. Sundays at Mr. O'Hagan's one met many famous people, and invitations to his luncheon parties were much sought after.

In London John had heard a lot of Jean de Reszke, the great Polish tenor, from Lady deGray — later Marchioness of Rippon. She had described him minutely in *Tristan*, *Lohengrin*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, etc., saying that in each role he was perfection. John was most anxious to meet him. He did, at a luncheon party

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given by Mrs. Barton French, who had a charming villa at Ville Franche. De Reszke, then about seventy, and John became friends at once. The following week and many times after, we lunched at his beautiful villa in Nice. One day he said to me, "If Giovanni sings a matinee at the opera, I'd like to come with you." When I told John he said, "How the devil could I sing if I knew *he* was out in front?" *The Barber of Seville* was announced the following week and I didn't say a word to John but telephoned the Maestro. He said, "We will come to lunch with you, and my wife can rest in your apartment while you and I go to the opera." Madame de Reszke was not strong and always had to rest in the afternoon. A more beautiful and cultured woman I have never met. Her favorite song was *O del mio amato bene*. John had to sing it for her every time we went to their home, and it always made her cry. She was a marvelous linguist and I have heard her speak Italian to John, French to her Jean, German to Teddy, and English to me almost in one breath. Among my cherished possessions is a photograph of her, which is a copy of a sketch done by her son shortly before he was killed in World War I.

The doormen and ushers at the little Monte Carlo Opera House had come to know me by this time, but when I appeared with the Maestro they were beside themselves with rapture at seeing him again. Worship is the only word for the demonstration they gave him. Gansbourg had made no announcement of his coming, so his arrival was the cause of a wild fluttering throughout the audience when they realized that their idol was there. He had not been seen at the opera in years. During the performance he was like a child, and when John finished certain phrases he specially liked, he would turn to me and hum them in my ear. He wrote John this message that evening: "Dearest Friend: Bravo, a thousand times Bravo for your *Alma Viva*. You are the true redeemer of Bel Canto. *Arividerci* and a thousand tender greetings to you and your adorable wife. From your most devoted Jean de Reszke."

During tea at the de Reszkes' villa one afternoon after John

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had sung for the Maestro's pupils, the old gentleman said to them, "This is how I'd like you all to sing." The students gathered around John and I thought they'd never let him go.

On one of John's free evenings we were invited by Sir Basil Zaharoff, the great financier, known as "The Mystery Man of Europe" to join his party at the opera. His other guests were Premier Venezelos and his wife and the Duchesse de Marchina, later Lady Zaharoff. In the first intermission Sir Basil turned to me and said, "My dear Mrs. McCormack, your gown is enchanting! Won't you stand up and let us all see it?" I was wearing an ivory taffeta *robe-de-style*, with a silver lace bertha and flounces of silver lace. I had to go on parade in the back of the box.

Sir Basil Zaharoff was one of the most interesting men I have ever met. Once, dining in his gorgeous home in Paris, he showed us a huge bookcase, the lower part of which was filled with handsomely bound volumes, all behind lock and key. He said, "Each one of these represents a year of my life since the age of sixteen. Now and then I take one out and read it over, with mixed emotions, as you can imagine!" John said, "What fascinating reading they will make later on!" Sir Basil was silent for a moment and then he said, "No, my dear McCormack. No one will ever see them any closer than you do now. They contain my private opinion of many interesting people I have met and also of my friends. You are in there on both counts. But I have put it in my will that these books are to be destroyed unread immediately upon my death." Not long after that we heard that an attempt had been made to steal these books, and he had destroyed them at once.

In the summer of 1920, in Paris again, one of our first callers was James Joyce. John and he had not seen each other for many years and they had a glorious time talking over old days in Dublin and the *Feis Ceoil* where John won the Gold Medal in the tenor competition and Joyce came out second in the bass. After hearing John sing, Joyce wrote him this letter:

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Dear McCormack: In the general confusion the other afternoon I had not an opportunity to tell you how delighted we were by your singing, especially the aria from *Don Giovanni*. I have lived in Italy practically ever since we last met but no Italian lyrical tenor that I know (Bonci possibly excepted) could do such a feat of breathing and phrasing—to say nothing of the beauty of tone in which I am glad to see. Roscommon can leave the peninsula a fair distance behind. We are all going to hear you again next Tuesday and I am sure you will have another big success. . . .

John became a great favorite in Paris, and in 1924 he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his services to French charities. Before one of these charity concerts the Marquise de Chambrun gave a dinner and, understanding that John could not dine before singing, she asked me to come. Just as we were going in to dinner one of the guests said to me, "I'm told we're to hear the great McCormack tonight. I wonder if he's as good as they say." I smiled and said, "I do hope you'll think so. You see, I'm his wife." My escort pulled himself together, bowed from the waist, and gallantly said, "Now I look forward more than ever to hearing him!"

When Marshall Foch attended a concert John was giving for some charity, he came in just as John was walking onto the stage. Taking no notice of anybody, the Marshall went straight up to the stage to shake hands with John. The audience appreciated this as much as John did! I had the honor of sitting beside the Marshall at the concert. Madame Foch was a delightful woman, and when John knew she was present he always sang her favorite song for her, *La Maison Grise*. Not long ago I came across a letter which she had written to him in her own hand, asking him to sing at a concert for the benefit of the widows of the military personnel of the Great War, a request John happily complied with.

It was in Paris that we first met Mario Korbell, a favorite pupil of Rodin; and a lifelong friendship was born. John and Mario had many tastes in common, one being an argument for argument's sake! We returned on the same ship and through

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the years Mario was frequently in our home and became almost like one of the family. He made a fine bust of John and an enchanting one of each of the children.

Not long ago Lucrezia Bori reminded me of dining with us one evening when Mario was also a guest. He was modeling a statue of St. Therese, "The Little Flower," at the time, for our chapel in Moore Abbey. He had been to Lisieux and brought back many photographs of St. Therese. The thing he noticed most in each of them was the delicate beauty of her hands. "I'll have a time finding a model for them," he remarked to John. During dinner John said suddenly, "Mario, look at Bori's hands!" Mario said, "I *have* been looking at them, John, but I didn't dare to speak." An unspoken message passed between them and then John explained to a somewhat mystified Bori what it was all about and she said she'd be honored to pose for the hands of "The Little Flower," to whom she was greatly devoted. This she did and the result is perfect. In nearly every statue of St. Therese she is standing with flowers in her hands, but in ours she is seated on a bench with her exquisite hands folded in her lap.

In June of 1921 we sailed from San Francisco for Australia. We happened to be in Pago Pago on July 4. All the natives foregathered and performed their ceremonial dances for us. John sang *The Star Spangled Banner* for them and we had a most interesting day. Since this was our third trip to Australia, we felt quite at home, having many happy reunions with the friends of former years. John sang about twenty concerts but cut his tour short owing to the fact that in Adelaide a few non-friendly young people, evidently resentful of his American citizenship, tried to embarrass him by calling for The National Anthem at the end of the concert. John, having already sung all over the country, and knowing that this was not the usual procedure, very much resented their trying to put him in a false position. With characteristic independence, he canceled the remaining tour and returned to Sydney and gave the concert he

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had promised Mother Xavier for Lewisham Hospital. We sailed the following week. The dock was a seething mass of people throwing flowers and paper streamers and calling, "Come back soon, John."

We returned by way of India, where I was especially looking forward to getting some lovely saris to make tea gowns. I had been promised these if we didn't do another thing in Bombay. The morning before we got there John was bowling at deck cricket when his foot slipped and down he went. His ankle was badly hurt and puffed up to a huge size in no time. The ship's doctor put it in splints but said he wanted an X ray to make sure that nothing was broken. A telegram was sent to the military hospital in Bombay and an answer came back that an ambulance would meet the boat.

John had quite a struggle getting dressed next morning but he was on deck when the ship dropped anchor and the steward announced that the ambulance was waiting. All we could see on the pier was something that looked like a small push cart with a canvas cover over it. John's face was a study as he gazed at this object. It developed that with the equipage went a doctor from the hospital as escort and two natives to push it. John restrained himself pretty well — for him — and said politely but firmly, "Nothing doing! They're not going to get me into that apple cart! They can bring the X-ray machine to me!" By afternoon all the paraphernalia arrived and the X rays were taken. Nothing was broken, but it was a bad sprain, and when we got home several weeks later, he was still using a cane. I never had another chance to get my saris.

This incident did nothing to dampen John's ardor for cricket. He played it at every opportunity, and next to tennis it was his favorite sport. We had met Maurice McLoughlin, "The Comet," in Australia just after his sensational victories at Wimbledon. He gave John a few lessons and many good tips which made John what is called, I believe, "a foxy tennis player." He got so he could hit "a mean ball" which was invariably a surprise to the younger players! His golf was not too successful.



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He had no patience with a golf ball. When he landed one in a bunker, sand and language would fly in all directions.

Back in New York the concerts began again. After one in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, John received this letter, which I quote in part:

My dear Mr. McCormack:

I must send you a note of appreciation for the way you sang "Little Mother of Mine" at the Ocean Grove concert last night. I wrote the words of the song twelve years ago, while I was in college and published it anonymously in the Wesleyan Lit. There was a change of editors shortly after and it was sent to The Literary Digest with Walter H. Brown, a classmate, given as the author. The Victor record which you made of the song, originally gave Brown as the author, but he wrote the Victor people about it and the record now appears under my name as author.

The song was, and is, a very real expression of my feelings for the Little Mother who inspired it and who was like one of the thoughts of God. I have only memories of her now. She took great pride in the poem and I think that her pride in it would have been complete if she could have heard you sing it. . . .

I send you my thanks as would the Little Mother if she were here.

Sincerely yours,  
George S. Brengle

John and I were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Regan in Ocean Grove for that concert. At their home we met Alice Joyce, the motion-picture actress, who had just married their son, Jack Regan. We would have been genuinely surprised if we had known then that one day not so far off Alice and John would be making a picture together — *Song of My Heart!*

The children were growing rapidly. It seemed to us that one day John was teaching them the words of *Little Boy Blue* from the original manuscript in Eugene Field's handwriting, which he had bought at the England and Wales Unit of the Allied Bazaar in Chicago for \$3,750, and the next day that Gwen was

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visualizing herself as a future opera star and Cyril was writing from Dr. Hume's school in Canterbury, Connecticut: "I've got the measles but please don't tell Pop. If he knew about it, he'd never sing another note."

Of course, the children were exposed to a lot of music. When they were still small John took them to a matinee at the Metropolitan to hear Caruso in *I Pagliacci*. We sat in the front row and Caruso made funny faces at them and put in a lot of extra little tricks for their benefit. As she grew older Gwen became a devotee of the opera; and the stars were kind to her and let her visit them in their dressing rooms and listen from the wings. I noticed that she was spending a lot of time studying opera scores. She finally asked her father if he thought she could ever be a success as an opera singer. She said she didn't care how hard she had to work. Seeing how serious she was, he gave her his honest opinion: "Darling, you'd never get beyond the first act. Your voice is too small." "Well, in that case, Pop," she said, "I'm not going to bore my friends," and we heard no more about it from her.

Kevin, as a baby, had no ear for music, but hearing Gwen singing so much about the house, he soon began to copy her. She taught him to sing the first part of *Che Gelida Manina* from *La Boheme* in Italian as a surprise for John. He was only about five then and a great fuss was made of him when he sang for our guests at tea time. One afternoon, finding he was not being sent for, he said to his nurse, "Can't I go in there and sing them my opera?"

Harrington Mann, the eminent English artist, came to tea one afternoon at our apartment at 270 Park Avenue, our New York winter home from 1917 to 1930 — the longest time we ever kept one place. When he saw Kevin with his dark curly hair and large brown eyes in the little red velvet suit I had brought from Paris, he said, "You *must* let me paint him for my exhibition." "When is it?" I asked. "In two weeks," he replied. I thought the time impossibly short but he insisted. Toward the finish of the sittings poor little Kevin had to pose before and



Denis McSweeney, John, Edwin Schneider,  
accompanist, "The Three Musketeers,"  
about 1915

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## PHILHARMONIE

Mittwoch den 2. Mai 1923 - abends 8 Uhr

### Lieder-Abend

# John McCormack

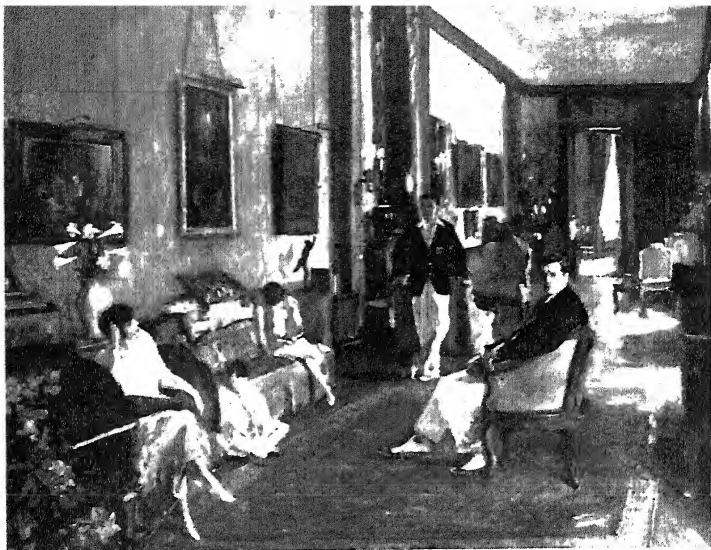
Am Flügel: Edwin Schneider

- |          |      |   |                                      |
|----------|------|---|--------------------------------------|
| I.       | a)   | Gioite al canto mio . . . . .             | Peri                                 |
|          | b)   | Fur, dicesti . . . . .                    | Lotti                                |
|          | c)   | O sleep, why dost thou leave me? (Semele) | Händel                               |
|          | d)   | Enjoy the sweet Elysian Groves (Alceste)  |                                      |
|          | II.  | a)  | Du bist die Ruh . . . . .            |
| 1st time |      | b)  | Der Jüngling an der Quelle . . . . . |
|          |      | c)  | Die Liebe hat gelogen . . . . .      |
|          |      | d)  | Dass sie hier gewesen . . . . .      |
| 1st time |      | e)  | Entzückung an Laura . . . . .        |
|          | III. | a)  | Verborgenheit . . . . .              |
|          |      | b)  | Im Malen . . . . .                   |
|          |      | c)  | Schlafendes Jesuskind . . . . .      |
|          |      | d)  | Wo find' ich Trost . . . . .         |
|          |      |   | Hugo Wolf                            |
|          |      |   | <b>Irische Volkslieder.</b>          |
|          | IV.  | a)  | Norah O'Neale . . . . .              |
|          |      | b)  | The Ballynure Ballad . . . . .       |
|          |      | c)  | My Lagan Love . . . . .              |
|          |      | d)  | Una Waun . . . . .                   |
|          |      |   | Arr. by Herbert Hughes               |
|          |      |   | Arr. by Hamilton Hart                |
|          |      |   | Arr. by Karl Hardebeck               |
|          | V.   | a)  | How fair this spot . . . . .         |
|          |      | b)  | To the Children . . . . .            |
|          |      | c)  | The white Peace . . . . .            |
|          |      | d)  | A Christmas Carol . . . . .          |
|          |      |   | Rachmaninoff                         |
|          |      |   | Arnold Bax                           |

Konzertflügel: STEINWAY & SONS, Budapest Strasse 6

Während der Vorträge bleiben die Saaltüren geschlossen

Berlin  
Concert,  
1923



Family portrait by Sir John Lavery at Esher Place, Surrey, 1924. By kind permission of the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin.



The Sir William Orpen portrait of John, 1923  
(Photo: Paul Laib)

## *I HEAR YOU CALLING ME*

after luncheon, and sometimes he would be so sleepy and cross. The portrait caused quite a sensation; and Lord Duveen said, "You can hang this picture with the best you have." This was high praise indeed, since he well knew our "best" included a Franz Hals.

Looking back, it seems to me that one or the other of us was always sitting for a portrait or having a photograph taken! Artists were constantly wanting to do John, and some of the pictures "came off" and some didn't. There was one that didn't and we never ceased to regret it.

It was in Boston the night following a McCormack concert. Our dinner hostess, Mrs. Guy Lowell, sent her car to the Copley-Plaza to fetch us and the portrait painter, John Sargent, whom we had not met. In the motor I sat helplessly between the two Johns. My John was so excited at the chance to talk pictures with Sargent that he was on fire with questions; and Sargent, who had a good knowledge of music, was just as anxious to talk singing with John.

At dinner Sargent said to me, "I sat at your husband's feet last night and listened to his glorious voice. Studying that magnificent head and sensitive mouth, I felt I *must* do a portrait of him." Before the evening was over it was agreed that John would sit for him when we came back from England in the fall, but before fall Sargent had died.

Another disappointment was when John said to Augustus John at a garden party in Dublin, "How about painting me?" and Augustus said, "I will, if you'll let me paint this little lady, too," patting me on the shoulder. We were sailing for New York in a few days and so lost the chance to add two more Augustus John's to our collection. We already had, and I still have, a fine self-portrait and a landscape.

John's first portrait was done by Walter Goldbeck, a talented young painter who died before he reached the peak of his power. It was an excellent likeness and John presented it to Holy Cross College, where he sang many times. Father Dinand, the president, and Father Earls, a gifted poet, had done much to

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encourage John from early days. Walter did a sketch of me as a surprise for John one Christmas and John liked it so much he commissioned Walter to do a life-size portrait. I am not photogenic and I am indebted to Walter for a portrait everyone likes.

In 1913 in Paris Simon Elwes, then a young student, did a black and white drawing of John. John said to me, "This lad has remarkable talent and will do big things, mark my words." Time has proved how right he was.

The Ambrose McEvoy portrait of John is a charming study but we all thought it a bit boyish and lacking in strength. In the summer of 1922 Ambrose painted Gwen and me sitting by the lake, at Pigotts Manor, Herts, England, which we had rented for the summer, the first outdoor portrait he had ever attempted. He also did a sweet picture of Gwen and gave it to her for her fourteenth birthday.

The only family group of John and me and the three children was done by Sir John Lavery the following summer when he and his wife were staying with us at Esher Place in Surrey, a house we rented two summers in succession. Sir John loved to paint interiors and he admired this music room so much that he suggested a family group there, catching each of us in turn as we came in. He presented this picture to the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin, where it now hangs. Much later at Moore Abbey, he did an excellent portrait of Cyril in hunting kit.

In Dublin John sat for Leo Whalen, one of the leading Irish portrait painters. Leo still has this picture, and Gwen is hoping to add it to her collection when he makes the minor changes he was working on before John's death.

The Sir William Orpen's portrait of John is, of course, the finest one ever done of him, though, to me; it doesn't bring out John's spiritual side. John thoroughly enjoyed his sittings with "Billy," and as far as I could make out the artist and subject never stopped arguing about anything and everything. Among John's papers I find a note from Orpen from Paris:

My dear John McCormack:

(A little less of your Sir William, please.) Thanks for your

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letter — that's fine about dates — evening clothes would also be excellent, but it would have to be a soft shirt. Is this possible with the order of St. Gregory? A stiff white shirt is almost impossible unless the picture is full length, and I do not think that either you or I would like that. I would like to get you all "hunched up" with a soft white shirt and a large black tie. I may be all wrong, but that's in my mind at present. I want to make the head the main thing and big (as yours)! . . . I'll be in London from the 24th till the 30th. If you happen to be there between those dates we might lunch or meet and talk things over a glass (large or small).

Billy decided he wanted John in some unusual attire. They tried evening dress with decorations, but that was ruled out. An elaborate dressing gown was tried and thought too informal; and then one day at tea time, John came in from the tennis court, picked up a piece of music and went to the piano, saying to Laurie Kennedy, the cellist, who was there, "I've been keeping this for you." Orpen decided then and there it would be tennis togs and a piece of music in his hand. When Gwen saw the finished portrait she said, "I don't like it. It's too cross. He looks as if he were going to spank me, and Pop *never* did that." I am inclined to agree with her, but I admit that it does show John as I saw him, sitting for Orpen talking politics.

The last time he sat for an artist was in 1943 at the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin, when Sean O'Sullivan made a pencil sketch of him at the request of Mr. John Burke, who is leaving his collection of famous Irishmen to the nation.

To return to the march of our years. Among John's many concerts at the Hippodrome the one scheduled for April, 1922, was a never-to-be-forgotten one to us. The house had been sold out for weeks in advance. As always on the day before an important engagement John took things easy. After a leisurely morning with the usual avalanche of newspapers about him, we took a walk through the park. We had lunch and John rested in the afternoon. During dinner he mentioned having a sharp pain in his throat and asked me to take a look at it. To my

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dismay I saw an angry red patch on one side. His throat specialist came immediately and the verdict was definite — no concert next day. I called Teddy and he got in touch with Mac, who notified the Hippodrome and the press.

By midnight John was running a high temperature and by morning a severe streptococcus infection had developed. In spite of the most expert medical care he grew steadily worse. During those anxious days we had thousands of letters from people all over the country, and special prayers for his recovery were said in churches of all denominations. On Holy Thursday he was sinking rapidly and I sent Cyril away with some young friends; and Miss Gayford took Kevin to the park. Our friend, Madam Frances Alda, begged me to let her take Gwen to the opera to get her out of the atmosphere of apprehension. On their way back, Alda caught sight of a special edition of an evening paper announcing John McCormack's death! Fortunately Gwen didn't see it. Alda told me afterward she almost fainted with relief when our doorman told her that John was still alive.

Good Friday afternoon His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, later Cardinal, and his secretary, now Bishop Donaghue, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, were unexpectedly announced. I was overwhelmed that His Grace should take the time on so busy a day as Good Friday to come to see John.

Although John was almost unconscious he seemed to understand that the Archbishop was there. His Grace gave him his blessing and placed a relic in his hand saying, "John, this is my own relic of the True Cross and I am leaving it with you until you are quite recovered. You are not to worry, for you are going to get better." John must have understood, as he wouldn't let the little relic out of his hand. That night he improved and in two days he was out of danger.

As soon as he was able to travel we went to England for the summer. He took the report of his illness from the New York doctors to Sir St. Clair Thompson, London's renowned throat specialist. After Sir St. Clair had read the report he said, "All I can say, John, is that you have experienced a miracle. I can't



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see *how* you got through this." As soon as John was well enough to go out we called on His Grace to return the relic. Smilingly, the Archbishop said, "John, I know you have become attached to this little relic. I want you to have it for your own." That day John decided to start the Nine First Fridays over again — a devotion which we succeeded in completing together a total of five times during his busy years.

We leased Netherswell Manor, the home of Miss Alicia and Miss Mary Scott, in Gloucestershire and John had a restful summer, not singing a note. Over the week ends we had house parties with lots of music, but he'd only hum softly. Someone, watching him, remarked that he was "straining at the leash inside." I knew how true that was and how much he longed to sing. By September he was quite strong again, and we went to Loch Ascent in Scotland for stag hunting as the guests of Major General and Mrs. John Stewart. John bagged two stags, but Cyril, who was only fourteen, got three in two days and this annoyed John, who didn't like to be beaten at anything, much less by his young son! Teddy Schneider got one, and all in all the "shoot" was a success for all three of them.

After a visit to Ireland so that our families could see for themselves that John was quite fit again, John and Cyril sailed for New York leaving me to follow later with Gwen and Kevin. Cyril's account of their rough crossing in his letter to me required a bit of explaining from John: "The night before we landed was the worst of all. At two o'clock in the morning the piano in Pop's sitting room came loose from the wall and two ladies got hurt!"

It was an odd coincidence that John's first concert after his illness took place on October 15. He won his first school exhibition on October 15; just sixteen years earlier he had made his debut at Covent Garden on October 15; and fourteen years before we had sailed for New York on the same date for his first opera season here. On October 15, 1922, he had to prove to himself and to his vast Hippodrome audience that all was well once again with his voice.

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He had his usual routine concert day: light breakfast (he would *not* have it in bed) and a long walk; luncheon about 2:00; rest until 5:30; a few scales to try out his voice; dress and glance over the program with Teddy; and a black coffee before leaving home. I always saw him to his stage dressing room to wish him good luck but never remained backstage. I can picture him now, as I closed the door, standing quietly with his rosary in his hands — always his custom before a concert.

That night he took one look at the packed house and the several hundred people on the stage, and sang as he had never sung before. I've never known him to give so many encores, some of which were especially for his stage audience. It was a "real McCormack concert."

In 1923, before John left for New York for his California concerts, I returned to London to find a suitable house for the summer. Gwen, who was at the convent there, had a very bad cold and the doctor advised me to take her away for a complete change. I decided to take her to the South of France to Monte Carlo, where John and Teddy were to join us later. The Blue Train being sold out for weeks, we succeeded in getting a room on the Riviera Express. Heather Thatcher, Leslie Henson, and several of the stars from the London theaters were on their way down for a rest. All this was quite exciting for Gwen. We left on Sunday morning and were to arrive on Monday afternoon, but at 4 a.m. I was awakened by the train rocking so badly I jumped out to see if Gwen was still in her berth over mine. That is all I remember. When I came to, I was being dragged out through a hole which had been made in the woodwork. Gwen was nowhere to be found. It was six o'clock before she finally appeared — a soldier carrying what looked to me like a sack of coal on his back came to the carriage where some kind passengers were taking care of me. She was badly shaken but no bones were broken.

John had a sold-out house in San Francisco that night, and his managers tried to keep the afternoon papers away from him. I cabled him immediately that we were both safe and well. He

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thought that was just to let him know we had arrived safely, but going up in the lift at the St. Francis Hotel he got a paper and read: "Wife and Daughter of Famous Tenor among Those Seriously Hurt in Riviera Express Wreck." He said he could never go through the concert. The news in other papers was worse — four killed and twenty-seven injured.

We had been taken to a hospital at Lyons. Knowing how his imagination worked, I cabled him again during the day. There was no way of letting his audience know, so he decided to make the effort, and Mr. Beeheimer made an announcement, asking the indulgence of the audience. He got through a splendid concert but he told me he'd never go through such an ordeal again.

John and Teddy were coming to Monte Carlo to join me and Gwen. They sailed as soon as they could get passage. Heifitz was on the same ship and the night before they reached France he brought his violin to John's suite where they had a festival of music. Suddenly they realized it was dawn; and Heifitz said, "My God! We're in Cherbourg and I haven't even packed!" There was a frantic scramble but Jascha and his accompanist and all appurtenances got onto the tender somehow. Later the room steward confided to John's valet that the man in the next cabin was in a rage. "What the devil was going on all night long?" he asked. "One gent caterwauling and another gent scraping a fiddle. I never got a wink of sleep." "Sir," said the steward haughtily, "that was Jascha Heifitz and John McCormack." "The hell it was!" said the irate man. "Well, when I get home I'm going to smash every damn record I own of either one of them! I never got a wink of sleep!"

John was so worried thinking that Gwen and I might have been more seriously hurt than I had told him, that all his friends on board had been trying to keep him cheered up. By the time they arrived in Monte Carlo, Gwen and I, a still somewhat shaken pair, were able to meet them at the station.

John's manager, Mr. McSweeney had arranged a tour of middle Europe for him, and the three went off. John wrote from Prague on April 27, 1923:

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My Darling:

As I wired you, I had a splendid success here last night. The hall is beautiful and very easy to sing in. They gave me a warm welcome when I walked out, and I don't think I ever sang any better anywhere. After *Pur Dicesti* they became most enthusiastic and I could have repeated it, but I just bowed and bowed till they let me go on. I could feel however that I had the audience and I lost all my nervousness. The second group was all French and I had to repeat the Psyche song after a great ovation. The third group went splendidly, especially *Oh, Cease Thy Singing*, and in the last group I had to repeat *Go Not Happy Day*.

At the end the people rushed down to the platform and I had to sing three encores. It was funny to hear the people of Prague applauding the opening bars of *The Last Rose of Summer*, but needless to tell you every American in Prague was there.

I don't think I told you the first thing handed to me in the artist's room in Berlin was a card asking wouldn't I *please* sing *Mother Machree*? I really laughed picturing to myself the expression on Bruno Walter's face if after Beethoven I had started *Mother Machree*.

The Impresario here wants me to sing two recitals and one performance with the orchestra next year. We will talk it over when I see you. He has another great scheme for some special performances of *Don Giovanni* in the theater here where it was first performed with Mozart conducting. Destinn, who lives near here, would be Donna Anna and Weingartner would conduct. The orchestra would be the same size as in Mozart's time and dressed in the costume of the period, and I think it would be most interesting, don't you?

It will be a joy to come back if things get straightened out and then also we could go from here to Budapest and Vienna. We will talk this all over when I see you.

I have not got your letters yet but hope to get them before I leave. You have all the news now, my sweetheart. I love you very dearly and am just dying to see you. Kiss the kids. . . . The plans for the following year never materialized. The situ-

ation did not improve in Germany and poor Czechoslovakia was having its own troubles. So Mac made other commitments for John.

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On this same occasion Mac wrote me from Prague:

I feel I must add another word to the cable message sent by Teddy and myself from Berlin. I know John himself has told you all about the successes in Berlin and Prague but I think his modesty, even to his wife, might have prevented his using the proper adjectives. The whole business seems like a dream. We have witnessed great demonstrations at the Hippodrome, Symphony Hall in Boston, Sydney and elsewhere, but I can truthfully say that the ovations in both Berlin and Prague were greater. Had the crowd here in Prague been as large as a Hippodrome audience they would have been heard in Paris almost. It was a different kind of enthusiasm. In New York they usually wait for the favorites before they get going; here they started after the first number, sung in Italian, a language which perhaps not a dozen people in the hall understood.

The ovation following the Beethoven Aria in Berlin was simply colossal. I don't think I have ever seen our tenor so deeply touched.

I am very happy and very proud and very glad that I got over on time to witness it all, but the joint regret of the Three Musketeers is that you are not here.

I still regret having missed that trip. Teddy Schneider told us, on their return, what fun he had listening to John practicing his German on the hotel valet. "Wollen sie meine trunk in die corner geputzen?" and "Wollen sie meine wasche in die laundry gesenden?" "Ja, mein Herr," was the valet's reply, but Teddy said, the morning after the concert the valet addressed John as "Mein Herr Kammersaenger!" John was proud of that.

John also told us of a dinner he gave at the Adlon Hotel for some American "friends of the press" and their wives — about 20 people altogether. He said, "My bill was over a million and a half marks." I opened my eyes at that. "Seventy-five dollars," he added with a smile.

Among the many celebrities in his audience were Lilli Lehmann, Madame Gadski, Jan Kubelik, and Richard Tauber. John met Tauber for the first time and they became good friends. At a party in Hollywood some years later, given by the director, Eddy Goulding, Eddy had two pianos. Tauber got at one, John the

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other. They played the same "rhapsody" in two different keys, each insisting that his was the right key and neither giving in. I missed that party through illness so I can't tell who did win in the end.

One of the outstanding days in John's career came in September, 1923, when he received the freedom of the City of Dublin. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Alfred Byrne, in his introduction said: "This is the first time within living memory that this honor has been unanimously accorded to anyone."

In my black velvet dress with little cloche hat worn so much over the ears in those days, I could scarcely hear a word of the speeches, but it was sufficient that I could see John's face as he signed his name to that distinguished roll.

In 1927 the degree of Doctor of Music was given him by the National University of Dublin for eminence in the world of music. He never forgot these honors accorded him and a few years later he gave the city his bronze replica of the St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln, of which Chicago is so justly proud. John was in America at the time of the presentation to Mr. DeValera, and Cyril represented his father at the ceremony.

One of John's prized possessions was a collection of some 200 volumes of music, including the works of Bach and Handel, which were originally bound for the Empress Eugenie of Austria; and each one bears her royal crest. He bequeathed these volumes of music to the University College, Dublin, and only recently Auntie sent me the press clippings of the presentation in the Council Chamber. After Cyril's speech (which, I am told, was good), Dr. Larchet, president of the university — John's friend of many years — spoke, and then a number of John's gramophone records were played. How I should like to have been there!

After another strenuous concert season in America we rented "Esher Place" in Surrey for two summers. Of all the houses we had through the years I liked Esher Place best, next to Moore Abbey. It had a music room with a stage for John's full-size concert-grand Steinway and altogether was a perfect house for entertaining. Too perfect, from my point of view occasionally,

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because John wanted to entertain *all* the time! Every week end we had a house party and when that was over he'd say, "Who's coming for dinner tonight?" I knew that what he longed for was music; and we generally managed, even on the spur of the moment, to collect just the musical friends he wanted.

One Sunday, some luncheon guests coming down from London brought their dogs with them because they thought it would be so delightful for the dogs to have a run in our spacious grounds. Lady Ravensdale, who was staying with us, suggested that it might be wise if she kept her dog, a wire-haired terrier, beside her under the table, as he was a fighter. Lady Lavery had a Pekingese and a Kerry Blue. In the middle of luncheon, through some oversight, the Kerry Blue got into the dining room, discovered the wire hair under the table, and the fight was on, right at John's feet. Sir John Lavery and Major "Fruity" Metcalf did their best to separate the snarling animals, but fighting dogs under a table with a cloth hanging down are not easy to separate! Cyril suddenly grabbed a pitcher of ice water and, crawling under the table, threw it over the dogs. Startled, they backed away and each was grabbed by a shaken owner. Fruity had his hand badly torn, everyone's nerves were shattered, and the dogs were a sorry-looking pair. From then on, in giving invitations, I felt like saying "Kindly omit dogs!"

About this time, Hazel Lavery invited us to luncheon to meet Bernard Shaw. I was somewhat overcome when I found myself seated beside him, and his first speech to me didn't make me any more comfortable: "I don't like that husband of yours much." I said "Oh, Mr. Shaw, why don't you like my John?" He glanced over at Mrs. Shaw and John, who were deep in conversation. "Ah," he said, "since my wife met him in Ireland last year, she's always out buying his records, and speaks of him as 'that angel man!'" John was delighted to hear this. We had both quite lost our hearts to Mrs. Shaw the moment we met her.

I have said that in my opinion the concert John gave in Queen's Hall in London in October, 1924, was the most memorable one of his career. It was his first public appearance in

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England since Covent Garden closed in 1914. The world was a different world and John was ten years older. The occasion was a milestone of more importance than just marking the passing of a decade. When the concert was announced he had received all manner of menacing letters warning him that he would not be welcome in London. We could only assume that the cause of this animosity was the fact that he had chosen to become an American citizen. But it was not pleasant to have these vitriolic communications up to the hour of the concert, the tone of most of them being that if he dared to set foot on the platform he would be booed and hissed off, and worse. John was not one to be intimidated by threats; the house was sold out and it never occurred to him to let down the people who had paid to hear him.

Henri Deering, the eminent pianist who was with us that season, came out first and quite calmly went to the piano. He was well received and played superbly as always. From his quiet manner no one would have dreamed of the tension behind the scenes. Then John and Teddy appeared, and the house rose. From that moment the day was John's. The press pronounced the concert a triumphant return and, between what the critics said and the way the audience responded, John knew he was once again in the hearts of the British public. We heard nothing more from the writers of the letters and telegrams and never found out who had instigated the "war of nerves" or what exactly was the cause of it.



## VI

MEMORIES of our many New York winters crowd around me now. Priceless musical evenings at our apartment at 270 Park Avenue, which we had for thirteen years. Such persons as these graced that home: the Paderewskis, the Kreislers, Alma Gluck and Zimbalist, Horowitz, Sacha and Paul Cohanski, the Heifitzes, Frieda Hempel, Mischa Elman, the Chotzinoffs, Geraldine Farrar, Lucrezia Bori, Charlie Foley, the Ernest Schellings, Lilla and Ray Dennis, Deems Taylor, Eddie Johnson, Rosa Ponselle, Professor and Mrs. Auer, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, the Koussevitzkys, the Toscaninis, Grace Moore, Ernest and Vera Newman, the Rachmaninovs, the Walter Damrosches, Yolando Mero, Italo and Mme. Montemezzi, Henri Deering, the Granados, Frances Alda and Gatti, Joseph Stransky, Tony Scotti, Giuseppi De Luca, Cobina Wright, Zigetti, the Henry Hadleys, Ethel and John Barrymore, Giovanni Martinelli, the Walter Rosens, Lauri and Dot Kennedy, the Bill Thorners, and many, many others.

In 1948, in talking over a broadcast which I did with Deems Taylor, Deems reminded me of one party we gave. He said, "Lily, don't you remember that evening at your apartment when John sang straight through two volumes of Hugo Wolf's songs, with Rachmaninov at the piano and Ernest Newman turning the pages? That's one evening *I'll* never forget." I said, "Oh, Deems, I had forgotten! May I use it in my book?" He said, "Of course, you may, Lily, as long as you be sure to say that *I* was in the audience!" He generally was!

As a student in Milan, John had seen Toscanini conduct at

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the Scala and fell so completely under his spell that he always longed to sing with him. As it happened I met the Maestro before John did, at a dinner given by the Ernest Schellings, while John was on tour in the west. They gave most amusing parties and that night they had an entertainer who did wonderful things with coins. Toscanini and Fritz Kreisler were like small boys trying to figure out the tricks. Ernest and Zimbalist did their party stunt, a piano duet with a hairbrush and an orange, handling themselves with the utmost gravity in spite of the hilarity of their audience. Going down in the elevator Toscanini asked me where John was, how he was, and all about him. When I told this to John, he said I was making it up just to please him: why should the Maestro be interested in him? I finally convinced him, and the next time Toscanini conducted, John had our friend Marguerite de Vecchi take us backstage.

From then on there were many meetings and one of our last gay New York evenings was at the Chotzinoffs', at a birthday party for the Maestro. Quite a program had been arranged, all given by the guests, as a surprise. The high light was a sketch being done by Wanda Toscanini, now Madame Horowitz, who gave an imitation of her father, dressed exactly like him, even to the little hat perched on top of her head. Her mimicry of his mannerisms was perfection and no one enjoyed it more than the Maestro after he had recovered from his first blank amazement.

When entertaining the great artists I always tried to find out a favorite dish of each one and have it. My cook took professional pride in preparing these specialties, and she was as gratified as I to have Toscanini ask for a second serving of *ministrioni*. On that night the Maestro went to the piano after dinner and played for nearly an hour. We were all so entranced we hardly breathed. Once somebody coughed, and if withering looks could have killed, John's look would have done it.

Another of John's hobbies — though this was not an expensive one — was conducting. I have often heard him say that if he hadn't been a singer, or a violinist, he would have liked to be a conductor. At a party Messmore Kendall gave for us at his

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apartment on top of the Capitol Theater Building, the orchestra played *The Londonderry Air* as we came in. John complimented them, but said it should be a little faster. The conductor put his baton in John's hand, insisting that he conduct it to please "the boys" and show them the *right* tempo. John was a little startled but he went through with it and had a grand time. Just as he finished, a friend whispered to him the name of a stock he should not fail to buy the next day. Later, when the friend asked him how much he had made on the stock, John realized he had been so thrilled actually conducting an orchestra that he'd never given the good information another thought! Whenever he put an orchestral record on the gramophone, he would conduct à la Toscanini whom he had watched and admired so many times. One evening in Hollywood sometime later someone started a game of imitations. The first prize was won by Ronald Colman for *his* imitation of *John's* imitation of Toscanini!

A short while before his retirement John had just finished a broadcast when he received word that Mr. Toscanini wanted to speak to him on the telephone. John grinned and said, "I'm not having any" and went on gathering up his music. Another messenger came along to see what was causing the delay, so John, still convinced that it was a hoax, went to the telephone. It *was* the Maestro, calling the studio to tell him how much he had enjoyed his broadcast and to ask the name of an Irish song which had caught his fancy. It was *Padrick the Fiddler* by Dr. Larchet of Dublin.

John was always eager to get Toscanini to conduct in Dublin, and he nearly succeeded. He asked the Maestro if he would come one day, and the Maestro said "I will, Giovanni, if you'll see that I meet James Stephens, the man who wrote that wonderful book *The Crock of Gold*. Had it not been for World War II this might have come off.

About 1917 when Sir Thomas Lipton was in New York with his *Shamrock II* for the yacht race, he came to dine with us at 270 Park Avenue. We were going to one of Geraldine Farrar's glamorous parties later, and knowing how Sir Thomas admired

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beautiful women, I telephoned Jerry to ask if we might bring him along. I have never seen anybody enjoy a party more. Sometime in the wee small hours of the morning before we drove him to his hotel, it was apparent he had quite lost his heart to Jerry.

Shortly after Paderewski returned from Poland, having been president, Julia Steinway gave one of her wonderful dinners in his honor. He was tired and depressed and Julia made a special effort to plan an amusing, lighthearted evening. After dinner when they were having an intimate chat in a corner by themselves, John asked the Maestro if he was going to play again. Without answering the question, Paderewski recited the number of years, months, weeks, and days since he had touched a piano, making it only too pitifully evident to John how much he had been missing his music.

When Cobina Wright gave a party it was certain to be original. One year she transformed her ballroom into a circus tent and filled the long corridor with oyster booths, hot-dog stands, and so on. John, away on tour missed that one. When I sent him my picture which appeared in the paper the next day as Columbine, with an attractive Harlequin beside me, he wired, "Think I'd better come home. How about it?"

At one dinner for Rachmaninov, while we were having our coffee in the music room Mme. Alda — John and she had sung many times in opera together — went to the piano and started to play. When the men joined us, Rachmaninov said, "John, I want to play piano." Without a word, John picked Alda up and deposited her beside me on a couch. She opened her mouth to protest, but when she saw who had taken her place, she smiled and settled back to listen with the rest of us, enraptured.

That evening cured me of ever again planning a dinner of fourteen. Rachmaninov had telephoned in the afternoon that his wife had the grippe but that he would come. This left me with thirteen. I tried my friend, Olga Witthaus, at once; she was out of town. However, I succeeded in filling the place. Then at 6:30 another guest rang up to say she had been packing all day for a trip to Europe and that she was *looking* much too weary to come

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to such a brilliant party! Even John, whose aid I enlisted, couldn't persuade her to have pity on a hostess left at the last minute with thirteen. I was really distracted when the telephone rang again. I must admit I hoped it might be someone else saying they looked too tired to venture out. To my relief, it was Olga. "I'll be there!" she said. I still don't see how she managed it. As the clock struck seven-thirty, the hour Rachmaninov liked to dine, she walked in, calm and collected and stunningly gowned as always. We had *Borsch* that night and Rachmaninov said he never tasted better. I was thrilled; so was my cook.

One night the Rachmaninovs and John and I were at a dinner dance where the dancing started about one o'clock. Rachmaninov, their daughters, and I chatted, Sergei and John "made music." Suddenly he said, "John, have you made new records? If so, I want to hear them." John put on *None but the Lonely Heart*, and Sergei gave it his entire attention. At the end he said, "Is too slow." John insisted he was right in his interpretation. Sergei insisted he was not, and the fur flew. At length Madame Rachmaninov went over to her husband and whispered to him in Russian. He nodded and said to John with that beneficent smile we all knew so well, "John, my wife tells me you have a perfect right to your opinion—but you are *wrong!*"

Among John's papers I find this note dated October 25, 1931:

Dear Friend:

I have just listened to your singing over the radio. Let me please, to sincerely thank you for including my song in your program, for your touching reference to myself, and for your splendid interpretation.

Yours,

S. Rachmaninov.

Herbert Hughes, who was musical critic on the *Daily Telegraph* in London for many years, came to New York on a lecture tour in 1922. He had compiled a book of original Irish

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melodies, having traveled through Ireland and taken down the notes as the old people in the cottages all over the country sang them to him. John sang a number of these, and when Herbert was here John insisted that he accompany a group of his own songs himself at John's Hippodrome concert. Herbert was a mass of nerves that night and Teddy, so accustomed to it, was trying to make light of it to him. When the ordeal was over and he had received a grand reception, he came off stage mopping his brow and said, "John, I'll never write another unkind word about an accompanist!"

One evening when Ernest Newman, the famous music critic of the *London Times*, and his wife, Vera, were visiting us in New York, John was teasing him saying, "You gave me a couple of good swats in my early days." Ernest smiled and said, "If I did, John, you deserved them." To which John replied, "I believe you're right, Ernest. I'd rather have a knock from you any day than a boost from a dozen others I could mention." John considered Newman a musical genius and had the greatest respect for his opinion.

How pleased he would have been at Newman's tribute in "The London Times" a week after John's death, a paragraph of which I should like to include here:

He was a supreme example of the art that conceals art, the sheer hard work that becomes manifest only in its results, not in the revolving of the machinery that has produced them. He never stooped to small and modest things; he invariably raised them, and with them the most unsophisticated listener, to his own high level. I never knew him in his public or his private singing, to be guilty of a lapse of taste, of making an effect for mere effect's sake. He was a patrician artist, dignified even in apparent undress, with a respect for art that is rarely met with among tenors. There is no one to take his place.

During their visit we had many wonderful musical evenings. All the musicians on this side were, to be sure, anxious to meet Ernest Newman, whose *Life of Wagner* in three volumes has recently been published. At another of our evenings given for

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the Newmans, after hours of serious music, Dr. Damrosch sat down and played a Viennese waltz. That shook all of us out of our mood and in no time we were dancing. Then he played a polka, Koussevitsky led off with Vera Newman, and we all joined in like a lot of children at a party.

In 1924, after our second summer at Esher Place we decided to have a house in Ireland. The children were in school in England, Gwen at Kensington Convent, and Cyril and Kevin at Downside in Somerset; and we felt it was time for them to know something of the country in which they were born. We had sold Rocklea and felt foot loose until we leased Moore Abbey from Lord Drogheda. The lease was for fifteen years, but we occupied the house on and off for only twelve.

Moore Abbey is situated in the County of Kildare about 28 miles from Dublin and only 15 minutes from the famous Curragh racecourse, which was just right for John, not to mention the historic beauty of the place itself, which enchanted us both. The main entrance to the grounds is on the Kildare Road; the other entrance in the town of Monasteveran, a name, I believe, derived from the monastery founded there by St. Evin, or Embin, in the sixth century. The present building, which, until 1780, was called the House of Monasteveran, was built on the site of the ancient Abbey. On the east wall there is the date 1607, which is said to be the date of the building. It was, however, repaired again in 1767, 1828, and 1864. In the spacious hall of the present building the Lord Chancellor Loftus held Court of Chancery in Ireland in 1614. The Monks' Walk, which is in the gardens where the monks made their meditations, still retains its name.

When we took over Moore Abbey Lord Drogheda left us all the family portraits and the wonderful collection of books in the library, which gave John many happy hours of browsing. Where the old chapel had been we made an oratory and had Mass said frequently.

When John, who never did things by halves, decided he wanted a stable of race horses, he went the whole way. Not long

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after we took Moore Abbey we were invited over to Kildangan, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dominic More-O'Farrall only a few miles from us. Their three sons, Roderick, who ran a racing stable there, Frankie, and Rory, were keen on tennis, which delighted John. He had just put down two *en-tout-cas* courts at Moore Abbey where there already was a grass court to which I had been relegated. I was glad we were prepared for fast play later on when we had the tournaments for the benefit of the District Nursing Fund.

After tea at Kildangan, we were taken around the stables. John, always having been interested in horses although no rider himself, began to ask a lot of questions. When we left the stables I didn't like "the look in his eye" as they say of horses, and I wasn't in the least surprised coming home when he casually mentioned what a grand interest it would be for *us* to have just a couple of race horses. With Roderick to train them and Kildangan being so near, we could run over every morning to see them out exercising. Knowing full well that he had made up *our* minds, I said how nice that would be, although I couldn't refrain from suggesting that it might be a sound idea if he didn't get in too deep. My few words might just as well not have been spoken. But the day came when I did say something about the time being near when *we* would be eating grass along with the horses!

John soon afterward sold out his stable. "I don't mind singing for unemployed musicians," he told a reporter, "but I do mind singing for unemployed race horses, so I'm looking for a buyer."

I must admit, however, to be up there on the grandstand the day we won the Turf Club Cup, with Gwen, Cyril, Kevin, Tommy, the More-O'Farrall boys, and *John*, and see our horse come romping home First to the accompaniment of their screams and yells was a thrilling moment. But we didn't have enough of them. While the craze lasted we had lots of fun and plenty of disappointments. For the owners to lose money on their horses is one thing, but when their house guests insist on backing their horses, it can be embarrassing. Sometimes when we thought



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we were sure to win and said so to our friends, we lost. If we had no hope, and said so to our friends, we won.

In August, 1924, the Tailtean Games were held in Dublin, the first revival, I believe, since 1169. This caused great excitement in Ireland; in fact visitors came from all parts of the world.

During the week of the games John gave a recital at the Theatre Royal, presenting the proceeds to the funds of the Tailtean Games. Of the event *The Irish Independent* said: "Not since the memorable night when King Edward's Command Performance took place was the Theatre Royal so brilliantly attended as last night when John McCormack gave his recital for the Tailtean Games. The theatre was crowded, and not only was it necessary to provide the fullest accommodation on the stage, but over 60 people were content to sit in the orchestra, practically under the stage. It was a wonderful testimony, not merely to McCormack's merits as an artist, but to his personal popularity amongst his own people."

Gene Tunney, then champion, came over for the Tailtean Games, and was our guest at Moore Abbey the following week. One night during a dinner party which we gave for Gene, a discussion arose concerning his fight with Dempsey. John and he got up and gave a demonstration — in evening dress — John taking the part of Dempsey. We had quite a time getting Gene around during his stay because he was practically mobbed everywhere we went. One night he was invited to referee some amateur boxing bouts in the Phoenix Park in Dublin. We had dined with the American Minister and Mrs. Frederick Sterling before going to the grounds. We sat in a special ringside box. At the finish we found ourselves engulfed by a mob of Gene's admirers. I don't think any of us ever knew just how we got back to the Legation. John and Gene planted themselves on either side of me, literally swinging me along on tiptoes through the milling crowd, and the last I saw of the Sterlings, Cyril was helping His Excellency to escape with Mrs. Sterling. We took Gene to Leopardstown, where we had a horse running. Our luck was in that day. One London paper said of this victory: "Considering

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Mr. Tunney's proclivity for putting people to sleep for large sums of money and Mr. McCormack's golden and profitable voice, it was appropriate that the winning filly's name should have been what it was — Golden Lullaby."

We closed Moore Abbey in the late fall and spent Christmas in New York. Lucrezia Bori and John sang the first celebrity broadcast on January 1, 1925. It came over the air perfectly and caused quite a sensation. The next day the stock of the radio company went up 14 points. Lucrezia, John, and Teddy were furious that they hadn't thought of buying some stock. Friends kept calling up to congratulate them, saying what a nice penny they must have made out of it.

That summer Lucrezia came over to Ireland to visit us at Moore Abbey. I think Lucrezia lost a little bit of her heart to Ireland. She was with us for the Dublin Horse Show. We had many gay parties that week; and the following week we took her motoring through the country, spending a day in Athlone, John's home town, and visiting Archbishop Curley at his mother's farm, where Lucrezia — good sport that she is — spent quite some time playing games with the children in the hayloft. She sang with John at Sunday Mass in the Monasterevan Church, and Archbishop Curley preached the sermon in compliment to our pastor, Father Patrick Gorry.

In 1926 we went to Japan and China, a trip which Fritz Kreisler was largely responsible for. He had recently finished a tour of the Orient under the management of Mr. Strock, with whom John went there later, and told us so much about it that John said, "Let's go and take Gwen with us. A trip like that will teach her a lot more than she's learning from books." We were fortunate to be in Japan for the cherry blossom season and also to see Fujiyama quite clearly in all her glory on the morning of our arrival in Yokohama. A passenger told me that this was his ninth visit to Japan and it was the first time he had ever seen Fujiyama unveiled.

At the hotel in Tokyo we found a basket of lovely flowers

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with a letter from the Marchioness Tokengawa welcoming us to her country. She and the Marquis had heard John sing many times at Covent Garden. Through them we met many diplomats from other countries and also Prince Kuni, Jr., brother-in-law of the Crown Prince. Prince Kuni knew John through his records and brought a number of them to be signed, giving John a pair of imperial cuff links in appreciation.

We met a number of interesting Japanese, among them Countess Watanabe, who as a girl had gone to Vassar while her father was Ambassador to Washington. She entertained us many times in her home. Gwen became friendly with her three daughters, who seemed to us like little butterflies. The youngest had a sweet voice and was studying Italian as well as music.

Japanese audiences were most appreciative. It was enlightening to us to find that with the wide gulf between their conception of melody and ours, they wanted so many classical selections. This was gratifying to John and Teddy. The radio and press speak for themselves.

*Radio Shimbun:* We must thank to Mr. K. Yamamoto, Managing-Director of the Imperial Theatre for that he is engaging the world famous musicians one by one to Japan every year, and he gives great shock to our music field.

*Tokio Maiyu Shimbun:* Mr. K. Sonoike, a member of the Literary Department of the Imperial Theatre, says "Ireland is a country of revolution, and as I can smell the soil of Ireland through the drama of the Irish playwrights such as Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory and the others, I can also smell the soil of Ireland through the Irish Folksongs of Mr. McCormack. I like the spirit of Ireland very much."

*Hochi Shimbun:* We much announce that he sang "Last Rose of Summer" or "Home Sweet Home" as extra programme at our request specially to the Japanese people. We cannot forget that there exists the accompanist Mr. Schneider behind the success of Mr. McCormack. I think there are not so many accompanists even in Western Europe who are so skillful and artistic as he is. At least he is the most extraordinary good Accompanist among them who have visited Japan.

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Mr. R. Mikimoto, who signed himself "son of K. Mikimoto, M.P.," sent John and Teddy and me the only "fan" letter ever written to us together:

In my surprise and delight on receiving your kindly visiting Japan, I hardly know how to thank you enough for it. How kind of you to sing for such a poor Japanese Audiences comparing London or New-York.

Believe in my earnest gratitude for all your good wishes.

I was staying London last year with my wife, and we had honour to attend your Special Sunday concerts at Royal Albert Hall.

Among my several experiments as audience, there is none, please excuse me to say so, I shall value more than yours. I was moved, excited too much, 3 nights in Tokio, again we were so much excited that I have the courage to write down here again.

Mr. Yamamoto, the manager of Imperial Theatre, kindly invited us for the dinner at his home on next Sunday eve where we shall be able to have honour to meet you again.

With my most hearty wishes for your kind visiting to my country. Please accept a little souvenir which you will like, and I shall have the pleasure of showing my feelings.

The souvenir was a charming little pin of black and white pearls for me.

In Kyoto, as John and Teddy passed a gramophone shop they heard a record being played. John said, "Listen! That sounds like me. Let's go in and see." It was John's recording of *O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me*, whirling around at the speed of an Irish jig. John said to the shopkeeper, "You're playing that much too fast. That's why it sounds so shrill." The man said, "No, sir. Is good. Is great singer John Comic." Teddy said, "This is the singer, John McCormack." The little man seemed dazed and humbly adjusted the tempo of the record. As if out of the blue an awestruck crowd collected to meet "John Comic."

The trip from Japan to China was incredibly impressive. On reaching Shanghai, we found word from Lady Irene Ravensdale that she was on her way from India to join us, a meeting she and I had planned earlier in London. Notes from her diary, which

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she sent me recently about all the fascinating things we saw and did together, have been of the greatest help to me.

China seemed outsized in comparison with toylike Japan and, the reserve and dignity of the people was a contrast to the effusiveness of most of the Japanese.

Lady Ravensdale and I were invited to a luncheon at the British Consulate. Twelve women were present. We were given a choice between knives and forks or chopsticks, and I couldn't resist trying the chopsticks. I was getting along beautifully until Madame Wellington Koo, who was sitting opposite to me, said, "It is easy to see that this is not the first time you have used chopsticks." Then I was like the centipede who couldn't walk any more after someone asked it which leg it put before which!

In Shanghai Lady Irene and I were the guests of honor at a banquet given by General Lu Yao. There were fifty guests, all Chinese but ourselves. It was rather a difficult evening, as our host spoke only a few words of English and the other guests none. Even Irene, good linguist that she is, resorted to polite party smiles. We managed better when we danced.

Chinese audiences were also discriminating and informed about classical music. (Only this winter I heard a young Chinese bass-baritone, Yi-Kwei Sze, in his first American recital at the Town Hall in New York. He sang not only in Chinese but in English, Italian, German, and his pronunciation and diction in each language was excellent. He was ably and sympathetically accompanied by his wife, who made a colorful picture in her native costume. I was quite carried away by the quality of his voice, its range, and the masterly way in which he handled his program.

Some random impressions of Shanghai come back to me: the streets at night ablaze with neon signs, just like Broadway; men on Sundays decorously taking their pet birds in cages for an airing; a colorful Chinese wedding; and the rather fishy smelling bazaars where we bought jade and carved ivories. Mr. Sidney Barton, now Sir Sidney Barton and one-time Minister to Abyss-

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sinia, was the British Consul in Shanghai. We had some good tennis afternoons at his home in which Lord and Lady Willingdon joined. Lord Willingdon was there on the Border Indemnity Commission. Sir Victor Sassoon was visiting his uncle, and through him we met Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Meyer and their four attractive daughters. We had some gay times on the Meyer yacht, and Irene, Mrs. Meyer, and I made a train trip to Hangchow, leaving at dawn to take advantage of the famous view from the top of the Five Clouds Mountain with the temple at the summit. We were carried in chairs and I have never forgotten how the backs of the chairs hung over the precipices when the coolies swung us around the steep mountain curves. I was in front and I could hear Irene behind me saying, "Oh, Lily, isn't this too heavenly?" and so on and so on, as glorious vistas apparently began to open up. After one terrified look down — some 3000 feet — I turned my face to the wall and said a few fervent prayers. So far as scenery was concerned, I might as well have stayed at the hotel.

Gwen had been laid up with a cold when we started from Shanghai and on my return John told me that he'd gone to her room that morning to find her sitting up in bed singing *Show Me the Way to Go Home!* "I'll be damned!" he said. "We spend all this money to improve our daughter's education and give her a good time and she has the nerve to sing *Show Me the Way to Go Home.*" Between that and Irene's hilarious account of me with my face to the wall mumbling prayers, I think he was ready to ship both Gwen and me home!

John had his birthday in Kobi, cake and all, and Teddy had his on board ship. Gwen and I took the Captain into our confidence and Teddy had a cake, too. John supplied the champagne!

That summer we paid only a short visit to Moore Abbey while John and Teddy toured England. In the fall Gwen made her debut in New York. We gave a dinner first at 270 Park Avenue for about thirty of her friends and some of ours, which was followed by a ball in the Ritz Crystal Room. It was a real

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"coming out" for her, as up to this time she had never been to a late party or a night club. Cyril came over from Cambridge for the occasion but Kevin was still too young to attend.

Gwen wore a white taffeta frock, the bouffant skirt faced with silver and caught up with tiny pink rosebuds at each side, and a posy to match in her hair. At first she carried an old-fashioned bouquet from her father and later a similar one from Calvin Child and for the later hours an imposing sheaf of orchids, sent her by Mr. Clarence Mackay. Nat Schilkrit and his orchestra which had accompanied John in many of his recordings and in compliment to John, played the dance music that night. Nat later admitted to John that when Rachmaninov came and stood over him at the piano as he played, he wished himself under it. But Nat felt better after Rachmaninov told him later how much he enjoyed the playing. It was an unusual debutante's ball because of the presence of the many stars of opera, stage, and screen.

That winter I gave a series of Sunday afternoon "at homes" for Gwen, and at one of them I had an unexpected caller, the much publicized Elinor Glynn. She listened to the tantalizing dance music with her foot tapping and suddenly asked, "Is there anyone here who can dance the tango?" I presented Hans Weagen, a young Viennese, who was the favorite partner of all the girls, and they were off. Almost immediately they had the floor to themselves. Then Elinor said to the musicians, "Let's have the *Merry Widow Waltz*." I have never on any stage seen it more gracefully done. The last time I met her was a number of years later in London at the home of Mrs. George De Long. Edna May Lewisohn was there, too, and while she and John were reminiscing about their early Brighton Pier concert days, Elinor and I reminisced about her spectacular dancing.

From the beginning of his success John could never say "no" to a request to sing in aid of a hospital, church, or school. He was quite a trial to his managers at times. They would no sooner have a tour arranged than he would tell them about some

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commitments he had made on his own for this or that charity. I'm quite sure no artist ever gave his services more generously than John did, and all artists are generous in giving their services. He gave little thought to how much he did in this way, and he was genuinely surprised when he was informed by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, that he had been created a Papal Count (hereditary) by our Holy Father in recognition of his service to Catholic charities.

We at once made plans to take Gwen and Cyril to Rome to be presented to His Holiness Pius XI. That was an unforgettable audience, lasting at least a half an hour and was most informal. The Holy Father had us sit around his desk while he asked John all about the children. He seemed particularly interested in Cyril's career and when John told him Cyril was planning to be an engineer, His Holiness said, "Ah, the career of the future. I give him my special blessing." He also sent a blessing to Kevin, who was then in school at Downside.

In June, 1928, John gave a concert at the Albert Hall for Queen Charlotte's Hospital. We were a hectic household that day between John, who as usual was nervous, wanting to be at his best, and Gwen, who had been asked to present a bouquet to Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of York. She practiced her curtsy all over the house. Being very like her father in temperament, she wanted to do her best! Nobody need to have worried. John sang his best and Gwen made her presentation gracefully and the Queen Charlotte Hospital was the richer by two thousand five hundred pounds. Afterward, Lady Howard de Walden gave a supper at her home and the high light of that evening for John was meeting Amelia Earhart. He was always completely engrossed in talking with anyone who, as he put it, had made "the most of the gifts God gave them."

Another young woman whom he admired for her achievements was Amy Mollison. The Irish officers came over to New York one year for the horse show and Amy came to a cocktail party we gave for them. As people began to leave, the Irish boys gathered around Amy asking about her lone flight to Australia.



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The next thing we knew she had a map spread out on the floor with the officers all around her seeing everything through her eyes, even to the alligators below.

After closing out his stable John never felt quite the same about Moore Abbey. Perhaps this was because country life never had much appeal for him without excitement. He did put down a lot of pheasants, as he was a fine shot, and he loved the combination of ruggedness and gaiety of a successful shooting party. Both children were keen on hunting, and Ireland is an excellent place for that kind of sports.

Among the names in our Moore Abbey visitors' book I find that of James Farley, who stopped for lunch on a visit to his own home town; Monsignor Fulton Sheen, who spent a week with us when he spoke at Maynorth College; Vincent Sheehan, the novelist, and his wife, Diane, the daughter of Sir Johnson and Lady Forbes-Robertson; Col. and Mrs. Hugh Owen from Canada; Sir Hamilton Harty; Gene Tunney; Lucrezia Bori, who came completely equipped for rain and never saw a drop during her three weeks' visit; Miss Mabel Choate, who was visiting her cousin Fred Sterling; and oh, so many more.

We always tried to get back to Moore Abbey for Christmas. John was never happier than when the house was filled with young people, and the three children always brought some young school friends home for the holidays. One memorable year Father Trafford, the Headmaster, later Abbot, of Downside, came with Kevin and Kevin's brother Tommy, who was like another son to us. For the duration of the holidays the boys tagged at Father Trafford's heels like young puppies, even when he and John were deep in discussions.

I love to remember those Christmases now. The youngsters generally got up a band among themselves and John had the time of his life playing first one instrument and then another — as I recall he was particularly attracted to the drum! Some winter evenings when they felt more like relaxing than dancing after a day's hunting, he'd gather them around the piano to sing — the

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old Gilbert and Sullivan favorites, musical comedy hits and even grand opera. On Christmas Eve we had Midnight Mass in our chapel for the family and staff and a few friends. We joined in the *Adeste Fidelis*, led by John. Immediately after Mass, John would go to the piano in the truly "baronial" hall where there was a huge Christmas tree with presents for everyone, and we'd all sing the *Adeste Fidelis* again. I can see the great hall now, lighted by the candles on the tree and in the sconces, with John playing heavenly music. Christmas, and all that it means, was indeed with us and we were blessed.

After the gifts were distributed, we'd have champagne and sandwiches. And as our guests were leaving, we'd all stand on the front steps singing Christmas carols to wish them Godspeed. On Christmas Day John's family and mine would come down early from Dublin. Then there were more presents and more singing and much family chatter before the blazing Yuletide logs. Murphy, our devoted butler of many years, was a host in himself on these occasions, invariably appearing at the right moment with a glass-laden tray of Christmas cheer. No matter how large the crowd, he'd say, "Ah, the more the merrier, Madam!"

To me, Moore Abbey was a dream place. The Emerald Isle has to take a lot of abuse for its climate, but that same rain makes it what it is, and there is no green in the world to compare with it. I have seen many lovely yew walks but none to equal the one at Moore Abbey. I hadn't known that yews could grow so tall and in their growing meet overhead in a Gothic arch. Entering the long, winding walk, one felt a hush just as one does in going into a cathedral. And there was also report of a family ghost! A headless warrior on horseback was supposed to haunt the Monks' Walk near the house. Many a night we took the young people down there to lie in wait for him, but even moonlight nights failed to produce either the ghost or the sound of hoofs, which we were assured had often been heard in the past.

While we were at Moore Abbey in the summer of 1929 Monsignor Innocent Ryan of Tipperary asked John to sing at a Mass

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to be held out of doors at the ruins of Cormack's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel. It was awe inspiring. First the voices of the choir and then John's voice singing *Panis Angelicus* floated out over the hills and over the people kneeling in prayer as far around as the eye could reach. A few months later he received a replica of the chapel, carved in wood, about twelve inches high, done exactly to scale. It had been carved with a penknife by a man of eighty-six for John, as an appreciation of that occasion. This little model is being kept for small John McCormack II.

Every year at Moore Abbey we gave a fancy dress ball. At the one in 1929 we had a real romance. The American flag ship *Detroit* came to Dublin. We invited the commander in charge, Admiral Guy H. Barrage, and his officers. Professor and Mrs. Walter Starkie being among our invited guests, Mrs. Starkie wrote me that she had her young sister on a visit from Italy and would love to bring her. I was delighted as I'd invited all the pretty Irish girls I could think of to dance with my American officer guests.

We had Billy Werner's band down from Dublin. The dancing was going with a great swing when someone remarked to me that the young Italian girl seemed to be making quite a hit with the young American flag lieutenant, Duke Busack. They danced together all evening and met a few times during the next couple of days in Dublin. Later in the summer the *Detroit* called in at Genoa, where the girl lived with her father. This gave the young lieutenant his chance to call. They were married a year later.

The following year as we passed through the Panama Canal as soon as the ship docked in Panama we were told that a young American naval officer was calling on us. As he came running up the stairs I recognized our young friend from the *Detroit*. He had come to tell us the good news of their marriage and to thank us for the happiness that ball at Moore Abbey had brought to them both.

For a long time Winnie Sheehan, then head of the Fox Motion

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Picture Company, had been after John to make a musical picture. Once John decided to do it, Frank Borzage, who had done fine work directing Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in *Seventh Heaven*, came over to Ireland to find Irish talent. He was so taken by the scenery around Moore Abbey that he had a tiny cabin built at the edge of the river which runs through the grounds, and gathered a lot of small Irish children around John. The scene in *Song of My Heart* where John sings *The Fairy Story by the Fire* was made there.

At a party in Dublin, Frank saw Maureen O'Sullivan, who had just finished school. Before Maureen quite realized what was happening, she was in Hollywood with her mother. Her mother couldn't stay long as there were younger children at home, but Maureen with her winning smile and charm had already made many friends. Our home was always open to her, and she and Gwen were devoted to each other.

In California, in 1929, we took a house in Brentwood during the making of the picture. Being in motion pictures was quite different from opera or concert work, but the new medium didn't ruffle John. I was the one who was ruffled. In *Song of My Heart* he was supposed to be a dashing Irishman, and I didn't think he was looking the part! Before the picture was started I tried to get him to lose some weight, but he said it was far more important for him to sing well than to look well. Naturally I wanted him to do both. In his own good time he lost weight and, as the picture was then in production, I think Frank Borzage lost weight, too!

At one point, John decided his hair was too long so he announced he was going to have it cut. Frank gave strict orders as to how much was to be taken off, but John had his own ideas. On John's return to the set, Frank threw up his hands and dismissed the cast for the day. It was nearly two weeks, while John's hair grew, before the scene could be continued.

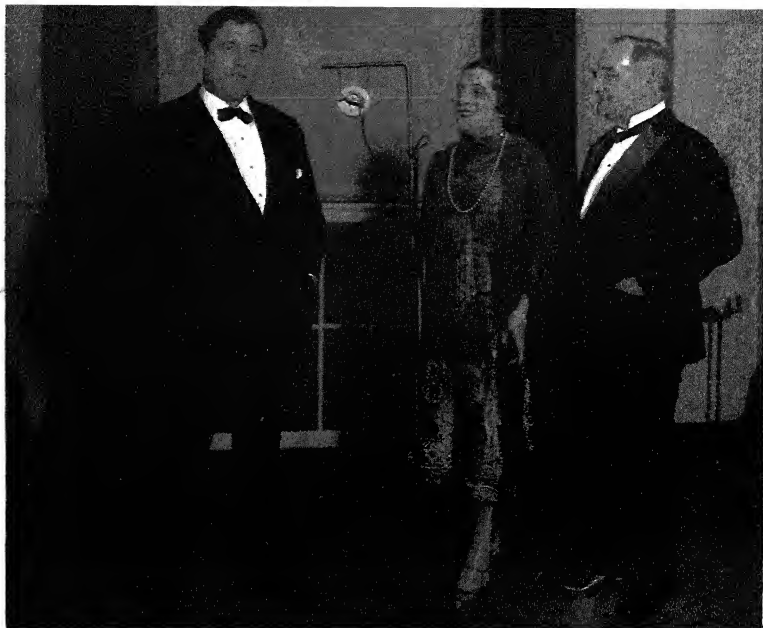
The Fox Company built a thatched cottage on the lot as a dressing room for John. On the adjoining lot Will Rogers had a western shack for his dressing room. These two had great fun



Moore Abbey, Monasterevan, County Kildare, which we leased  
from 1925 to 1937



Gene Tunney  
and John on  
Gene's visit to  
Moore Abbey



John and Lucrezia Bori broadcasting from WJZ to London, for the Victor Talking Machine Company, January 1, 1925. Calvin Childs of the Victor Company on the right. (Photo: Bain News Service)

[illegible]

Announcement of above concert

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together exchanging Irish and cowboy stories. One day as we were having tea in the thatched cottage Will, whom we had not met, put his head in the door saying, "Since these Irish moved in here, there's no standing the place with all this afternoon tea." We offered him some, but he said with his broad shy grin, "Never tasted the stuff!" So we made him a cup of coffee. We learned to know well this grand, lovable character.

Finding a story to suit John was difficult. He hated love scenes, and if one was written into the scenario, he'd have it cut out. So the script was changed from day to day. Frank Borzage was the soul of patience and did a masterly job of directing with one hand, and keeping the peace between John and the script writers with the other. As long as there were no love scenes there was peace, and John thoroughly enjoyed working with Alice Joyce and Maureen. "I had to do too much lovemaking for too many years in opera," he said flatly, and that was that.

During the filming, Gwen and I had to take turns in the recording room so that we could tell him just how his voice was coming over. In singing Blanche Seaver's little song, *Just for Today*, in the church choir scene, he suddenly turned his back to the "mike" to give the effect of distance. The recording engineers objected strenuously, but John said, "Leave this to me. I have it all worked out in my mind and I'm expecting to get a fine result." He got it and I believe the same method is being used today. Two summers ago when I visited Blanche and Frank Seaver in Los Angeles, Blanche told me about the time they drove from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara to hear John sing her song, *Just for Today*, for the first time. She said, "On the way we had two blowouts. After the second one I decided that we wouldn't have a minute to stop at the hotel to change, so we took turns driving at a breakneck speed, changing our clothes as we went. Finally, all done up in evening dress, we got to the Labord Theater and rushed in breathlessly, just as Teddy was starting the opening chords of *Just for Today*. I thought I was going to faint but a nudge from Frank brought me to my senses, and when John finished I was crying for joy instead."

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*Song of My Heart* completed, we were just about to leave Hollywood when John heard a rumor that the Runyan property of about 163 acres was for sale. Gwen had a threatened appendix operation and we were held up for a week. A week was more than plenty of time for John, even with his solicitude for Gwen, to confirm the rumor, "take a look" at the place, and close the deal. The *Song of My Heart* money, a not inconsiderable sum, remained in Hollywood, with a lot more following it. John tore down the cottage on the new place and built the house he had always longed to build. "San Patrizio" was not large but it had an enormous music room, acoustically perfect. This was the first, and last, house that John built. During the seven years we owned it we considered it our real home.



## VII

OUR life in Hollywood was happy and busy and gay in the nicest sense of the word.

Among our many good times were two Christmases we were lucky enough to have with Elsie and Ernest Torrance, whose Christmas parties were famous. Elsie collected her gifts for months ahead, giving much thought to the most suitable gift for each person. Ronald Colman and Montague Love were Father Christmas in turn the years we were there. Ouida and Basil Rathbone's wedding anniversary party was another delightful occasion, a party at which all couples had to come as bride and groom. The costumes were a sight to behold, representing all nations and periods. That, combined with a grand dance orchestra, a magnificent supper served at midnight — Ouida and Basil being untiringly attentive as host and hostess — made a perfect evening.

We were in Hollywood when Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery were making the picture *Min and Bill* with Maureen O'Sullivan in the cast. Marie was such a lovable, kind character all her friends rejoiced when she made her well-deserved success in pictures. We had first met her some years before with Harriet and Fritz Kreisler. She was our close friend to the end of her days.

One morning John got a telephone call from Michael Beery, our favorite jockey of the race-horse era, saying he would like to call and bring someone with him who was eager to meet John. They had both just arrived from England. The "someone" turned out to be Edgar Wallace whom John and I had been wanting

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to meet for years. John admired his thrillers as bedtime stories. They came to "San Patrizio" that afternoon for tea, and while John played tennis, Wallace and I chatted. He spoke so enthusiastically of John I became his friend for life. Before leaving he said, "I don't know when I have enjoyed a talk more than the one I just had with your John. I'll be back in a week and will phone you both immediately." By the end of that week he caught a chill and developed pneumonia, and we never saw him again.

At a supper party given by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale to celebrate their long run in *Mary of Scotland*, John was having a chat with a young woman whose name he hadn't caught. Somehow they got into a discussion on poetry and John, for argument's sake, was holding strong views on the subject, quite contrary to the young woman's. Phil appeared on the scene and broke up the conversation. John asked, "Who is the charming young woman who so nearly lost her patience with me?" Phil replied, "John, you *would* choose her to argue on poetry! She's Edna St. Vincent Millay!"

Paderewski was the guest of honor one evening at Mr. and Mrs. Doheney's in Los Angeles. During dinner, John told him about a bird he had heard that morning singing the same phrase over and over. Paderewski said, "Whistle it, John." John did. The Maestro said, "Again, John." After the third time John said, "What's the big idea, Maestro?" "Oh, John," said the Maestro with his gentle smile, "I like to hear you whistle."

At Jack Barrymore's one night shortly after he and Dolores Costello were married, Jack, on the wagon and the perfect host, was wearing a Vandyke beard he had just grown for a picture he was making. He could not keep his eyes off the beautiful Dolores. "Isn't she lovely?" he said. "She looks like a Romney portrait," I answered. And then he said, "Lily, I don't know what I did to deserve her, but I think some time when I was drinking I could have killed a fellow and didn't, so this is my reward." He lifted his glass and we drank to Dolores.

Someone always wanted to rent "San Patrizio" when we went

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to New York or England. Janet Gaynor had it the first year, when we left for Christmas at Moore Abbey, and the next year Charles Boyer took it. He had just been married to Pat Patterson, and I believe they called it their honeymoon house. In 1937, when we came back it was rented again and we took Fay Ray's house while waiting for our own. Our next-door neighbor was Frances Marion, the novelist, whom we grew to love dearly. She started John writing his *Memoirs*, but after a while the task became irksome to him; and on meeting Leonard Strong in London, he decided he was just the man to do it for him. Dining with Frances, we met Dr. A. J. Cronin for the first time. He and John liked each other immediately. Another neighbor was Hedda Hopper, whom we found great fun; and our friend Louella Parsons; also Andreas de Seguarole. "Seggy" and John sang in many operas together and also in the picture, *Song of My Heart*.

While we were there, Sir Hamilton Harty came over to conduct the first performance of his Irish symphony, *The Wild Geese* at the Hollywood Bowl; and not long after Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochrane arrived from London. They were our guests at a concert in the Hollywood Bowl with Hale conducting. The night was superb, full moon and stars—the brightest I have ever seen. All this and the exquisite music was almost more beauty than we could bear. C. B. admitted that he had never expected anything on this earth to be so majestic.

The summer of 1932 is one which will never be forgotten in Ireland. It was the year of the thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress, held in Dublin fifteen centuries after the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland. People came from all parts of the world to Dublin. John, being a Papal Chamberlain, was on duty all week attending one or another of the visiting cardinals. The Governor General and Mrs. McNeill invited us to stay with them at the Vice Regal Lodge for the week of the Congress. Anyone who knew His Excellency, James McNeill, would agree with me that there never was a more delightful host. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Chesterton, who had visited us the year before

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in Hollywood; Sir Sean Leslie; and our long-time friend, Compton MacKenzie.

It was a strenuous week for John. Each morning there was a special Mass at a different church; then luncheons, receptions, and dinners. This meant that he practically lived in his uniform during his waking hours. One day when there were no extra guests for lunch, Mrs. McNeill suggested that he wear a lounging robe to lunch and relax a bit before putting on his uniform again to sing at some function in the afternoon. When Sean Leslie walked into the room and saw John in a brocaded velvet gown and white silk muffler, he remarked, "John, I love your pontifical mufti!"

On Thursday night of that week, Midnight Mass was said in every church in Dublin. All the houses, even the poorest cottages, had lighted candles in the windows; the churches were so packed, people were kneeling far out into the streets. The Congress closed with Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lauri, in the Phoenix Park. Half a million people attended. The special choir of five hundred men and boys was trained and conducted by Dr. Vincent O'Brien. John sang the *Panis Angelicus*. The bell used during the Consecration was the original St. Patrick's Bell, from the Room of Antiquities in the National Museum of Dublin.

At the end of the festivities each evening, we would all go back to the Vice Regal Lodge, tired but so excited, wanting to talk over the happenings of the day. His Excellency, Mr. James McNeill would start things off; G. K. Chesterton, Compton MacKenzie, and Sean Leslie would toss the conversational ball, often an argumentative one, back and forth. John, almost too fascinated to speak, would get a word in here and there.

"Monty" MacKenzie had been our close friend from the early years of his editorship of *The Gramophone*. He had a passion for living on little islands, and as I reread his letters to John — all of which John kept — I find such headings as "Isle of Jethou, C.I." or "Isle of Barra, Outer Hebrides." From Barra he wrote, "I have settled myself down here in this small Catholic island and

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am building a house. I wish I could persuade you to visit me here some day." We were sorry that we never could.

Another of my regrets was not having been with John when he and Teddy visited our friends Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Kelly at their camp in Montana. We had long promised ourselves that we would do this. John, being somewhere not too far from them on one of his concert tours, said, "I'm not going to miss it this time" and wired them he was on the way. They wired me to join him, but I had a house full of guests at "San Patrizio" and couldn't leave.

It has often been said that John's life was made up of three fundamentals: his faith, his work, and his family; but I think a fourth should be added — his devotion to his friends. It could be that some of them didn't quite realize how much they meant to him, but *I* know.

One of his most valued friends in later years was Sir Edward Elgar. Their paths first crossed when John was hardly more than a boy, but it wasn't until the Musicians Benevolent Fund concert at the Albert Hall a quarter of a century later that they really got to know each other. We saw a lot of him at the de Navarros, and one evening John told Sir Edward how much he liked his *Dream of Gerontius*. Sir Edward propelled him to the piano where they went through the whole score. Everyone was so utterly entranced, no attention whatever was paid to the announcement of dinner.

John and Sir Edward corresponded for years after that. Among the letters I find this: "The pleasantest memories of our meeting at Broadway are round me very warmly and will ever remain. You sang like an Angel. Here are the two ragged little old books. I should have had them bound for your acceptance. But I will not wait for that. You can throw them away after they have amused you. Thank you indeed for your generous letter. I should *love* you to record *Gerontius*. I made a mild suggestion to 'His Master's Voice,' but the expense of it — orchestra and chorus — seems to be too much to think of until times mend. However, things are bound to be better, so I must hope that

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your offer of artistic brotherhood in *Gerontius* will become a real event. It gives me a warm feeling inside of joy that an artist like you should like my music and refer in such wonderful words to the First Symphony. I wish you could hear it at the festival here in the Cathedral in September. . . .”

On our return to Hollywood in May, 1933, we left Gwen in London to manage a flat for Cyril, who was studying engineering. John and I were a bit surprised to find ourselves the parents of two quite grownup young people, but we thoroughly approved of their independence. We would have loved to take Kevin to California, but he was getting on well at Downside and we had to consider his education. Having become interested in cooking, Gwen was taking lessons from a famous chef in London. She often wrote us about the success of her “Ritz” dinners for Cyril and his friends. Cyril wrote: “I was being cooked all out of shape by Gwen, but last night I came home to find two lamb chops with a note stuck on top. ‘Note: This is how you cook them. . . . I’m dining out with Teddy.’”

Teddy Pyke’s name appeared with more and more regularity in Gwen’s letters; and one day John was summoned from the tennis court in Hollywood to the telephone—a call from London. It was Gwen asking our consent to her engagement to Edward Pyke. John said to hold on until he got me. Cyril wanted to speak to us, too. Cyril assured us that Teddy was an intimate friend of his and “one of the best,” and his judgment, which we trusted, has proved to be right. Gwen came back on the wire and said, “Please come home soon. Teddy and I would like to be married in September.”

For John who adored excitement this was on the superlative side. “Our Gwen” wanting to get married, and to a man we didn’t even know! Once more I closed a house in a rush and off we started for London as requested. A blissful Gwen presented her Teddy the night we arrived. We liked him immediately. At breakfast the next morning Gwen said, “Pop, Teddy doesn’t know what to call you and Mom—you both seem so young.” John said, “I’ll be damned if he’s going to call me ‘father.’ He

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can call me John." So John and Lily it was. The more we saw of Teddy Pyke, the more we felt that the wish we had so often heard Gwen express had been answered: "I hope the Lord will send me a good husband, because when I marry I'll have to *stay* married."

I found that my efficient daughter had ordered her gown, selected her bridesmaids, and planned every detail. The only thing left for me to think about was what the mother of the bride would wear. The day before the wedding John and Cyril came along with me to do a little shopping. As we returned to our hotel I saw a stunning Rolls Royce, painted cream and black with a chromium bonnet, in front of the entrance. It caught my eye at once and I couldn't help exclaiming about it. A smile passed between father and son as John said, "It's yours, Lily. It's my present to you for our daughter's wedding."

Gwen designed her own wedding gown — ivory satin with long sleeves and a cowl neck. Her veil of rare old Irish lace was from my collection. When all final details had been attended to, John said, "Gwen, I've got an idea! I'll wear my uniform! Think how grand me scarlet coat and gold lace and me cocked hat and feathers, and even me sword, would go with your finery!" Smiling sweetly up at him, she said, "You'll do no such thing, Pop. This is going to be *my* day and you're *not* stealing the limelight."

His Grace, Archbishop Downey, a friend of both families, came from Liverpool to perform the ceremony at the Brompton Oratory; and even though John didn't wear his uniform, he *did* steal the limelight when he sang *Panis Angelicus*, in spite of the radiant bride and handsome groom, two tiny pages in white satin, and eight pretty bridesmaids in pale blue with velvet caps, carrying sheafs of pink flowers.

While we were in London Harold Holt, the impresario, asked John if he would like to make a tour of South Africa. South Africa was one of the places we had always wanted to visit; and John turned to me quickly, saying, "How about it, Lily?" I just nodded; and he burst out laughing. "You'd just like to be going somewhere!" he said.

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We sailed the following spring. We had a letter to Mr. John Martin of Johannesburg who, with his wife, was also sailing on the *Carnarvon Castle*. John wasn't too keen about it, as he'd always hated letters of introduction, but I thought to myself that one more personal contact in a continent the size of Africa would do us no harm. After a few days Mr. Martin was pointed out to us, a serious looking man sitting in a deck chair, obviously engrossed in a book. John said, "I'm presenting no letter. He doesn't want to be disturbed." Then I found myself in the lounge talking to a charming woman whom I soon discovered to be Mrs. Martin. When I told her about the letter, she said they knew we had it, but her husband had said, "John McCormack wants to rest on this trip. He can't be bothered with us." The four of us had many good times together, and much of the pleasure of our only visit to South Africa was due to Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Later on, when Kevin decided he wanted to be a mining engineer, Mr. Martin suggested that he come out to Johannesburg. It is thanks to his interest that Kevin is doing so well — happily married — in Johannesburg today.

Upon landing in Capetown, John heard that his first concert was scheduled for that evening. He declared that nothing on earth would make him appear in public on the same day he arrived. The manager, a local man, explained that the ship was late and that the house was sold out and that many people had come a long way just to hear him; that some very important people would be there, among them Mrs. Smuts and her daughter. Teddy Schneider and I added our word; and John, who had never let down an audience in his life, finally gave in, having had no chance to try out the piano or the acoustics of the auditorium or to "warm up" his voice. He was more nervous before that concert than I have ever seen him; but during the program he was at his best, had a wonderful reception, and sang many encores. During another concert, after one encore, a young man sitting next to me whispered, "I'm praying for *I Hear you Calling Me*." I said, "I'm afraid there's not a chance. He hasn't sung it in a long time." Just then Teddy came out with a piece of music



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and started *I Hear You Calling Me*. I could scarcely believe my ears, and the audience all but rose to their feet.

I didn't go with John to Pietermaritzburg, so I missed meeting Mrs. Botha and her daughter. Mrs. Botha told John of the intense pleasure his singing of *The Irish Emigrant* had given her husband at the Imperial Conference of the Colonial Premiers in London many years before, and John, although he had not sung *The Irish Emigrant* in years, gave it as a special encore for her.

While John and Teddy were on tour, I stayed in Capetown with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Schlasenger, and I never had a better time anywhere. General Hertzog, South Africa's Prime Minister, invited us to tea at his home, *Groote Schuur*. He was a courtly man, with an old-world look about him, as if he had just stepped out of the frame of an old master. After tea we were having a chat about John, when some of the guests asked to be shown over the house to see the Cecil Rhodes maps and other souvenirs. I started to join them but the Prime Minister said, "Stay here and tell me some more about this wonderful voice. I'll show you around myself later."

On his return, John told me that General and Mrs. Smuts were giving a luncheon for us at the House of Assembly the following week. I'd heard that none could be more charming than the General but that he did not suffer fools easily. I felt some consternation knowing that I would be seated beside him at lunch. The entrance to the House of Assembly was impressive—a huge square hall with many people standing about, evidently waiting to welcome us. Almost at once the General appeared. After greeting us in the most delightful manner and presenting us to Mrs. Smuts and his daughter, Louie, and all the guests, he took both my hands in his and said, "Now, this party is for *you*! The rest can look after themselves. Come along," and we went in to lunch. General Smuts was a powerful figure with snow-white hair and Vandyke beard. His searching eyes exactly fitted an old Irish saying: "They go through you and button at the back."

He invited us to come back to South Africa and take a caravan

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trip with him, really to see the country. John said he hoped to return in two years. But when the time came we had to go to California instead. I am hoping to go back some day, especially to see Kevin and his young wife, whom I have never met.

On our return to Europe, we left the ship at Marseilles and made the traditional Rhine trip, which John and I had never done. We were fascinated by the fairy-story castles on the mountainsides, and although John complained that they were "too much like picture post cards," I noticed he didn't overlook one Schloss with his binoculars. Teddy was an invaluable guide, as he knew all that country intimately as well as the fairy-story legends. He reminded me not long ago of an incident in Heidelberg which John and Teddy always referred to as "Lily's Grand Departure!" After a long day of sight-seeing, we were dining in the hotel garden, listening to an excellent band in the grounds of a Schloss high above us. It was like a musical-comedy setting, and the food and Rhine wine were perfection. At the end of the dinner a bowl of delicious large strawberries was produced and I proceeded to drop some into my wine to soak. John kept one eye on me saying, "If you eat many of those, Lily, you'll soon be under the table." I laughed at him and continued to pick out the largest berries. Presently a small child, who should have been in bed, came up behind me to admire a red balloon tied to the back of my chair. Wanting to give it to her, I turned suddenly to untie it, overbalanced the light chair, and landed on my back in an enormous ice bucket. John and Teddy were so convulsed with laughter they could hardly extricate me.

The day we arrived in Cologne, Field Marshall Goering was expected for one of his famous "triumphal entries." We found the streets lined with school children who had been standing since early morning. We saw many of them faint from sheer exhaustion and then, restored by iron-willed teachers, propped up to stand in line again. John said, "It's hell to treat those poor little mites like this, and for *what?*" It seemed less than "what" to us when Goering appeared at last, looking fat and smug and fancily dressed, bowing in every direction.

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In Lucerne we visited *Triebchen*, the house that Wagner had lived in. When Teddy told the attendant who John was, he unfastened the cord in front of the piano which Wagner had always used and allowed John to run his fingers over the keys. We lunched at the little inn where Wagner was wont to go for a glass of wine or a stein of beer and a chat with his cronies.

Rachmaninov's house was also there, high up in the hills, overlooking the lake opposite Wagner's house. We dined there one evening. John had been fishing during the day and he brought his "catch" — one good-sized fish — and presented it ceremoniously to Mme. Rachmaninov. Sergei, coming in at that moment said, "John, you know you caught that fish in the market." That night he played for us in his study on his little practice piano.

We didn't open Moore Abbey that summer. As Cyril was still in London and Gwen and Teddy Pyke were at their home in Lancashire, we took a house in Kent for a few months, having Auntie and Kevin and Tommy with us, the others coming for week ends.

Denis McSweeney had not been well for some months — his doctors had not allowed him to make the South African trip with us — and John was worried about him and anxious to get back to New York to see him. It was a great loss to John when Mac died, and after that things were never the same. John grew restless and moody and couldn't settle down to anything, even life in "San Patrizio." He had always said he was going to retire at fifty, an age which he had now reached, but he decided to make one more tour, taking his brother Jim as manager. Jim did well, even though he had had so little experience; but suddenly John felt he couldn't go on any longer. He missed Mac terribly, both Mac's business sense and his companionship. I think most of all he missed their heated arguments on the long train trips, in which they settled the affairs of the nation and of the nation's baseball teams to the satisfaction of one *or* the other, with Teddy sitting quietly by, saying nothing but enjoying it all!

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At the close of a concert at the Consistory Auditorium in Buffalo on March 16, 1937, John announced to the audience that this was his last appearance in this country. Although I hadn't known he was going to make this statement, I wasn't surprised. It was his way and, while it wasn't my way, I'd lived with it long enough to be used to it. I don't know if he ever got used to my way! Once he said to me in exasperation at some change of mind I'd had for some reason which seemed logical to me, "Can't you ever make up your mind to one thing and stick to it?" I replied, "I've stuck to *you*, haven't I?" He looked so taken aback I started to giggle and he laughed too. No further reference was ever made to my lack of stick-to-itiveness!

In 1935 we opened Moore Abbey once again for the summer and filled it with the children and their friends. John had to go to Rome for a week's duty at the Vatican and Teddy went with him for company. The list of those who were to be received in private audience by our Holy Father, Pius XI, was handed to John each morning, as it was his duty to present them. One morning he saw on his list the names of the Marchese and Marchesa Marconi and their small daughter. He and Marconi had not met for a number of years. They had a joyous reunion. Another day the young Irish officers who had come to Rome to ride in the horse show were having a private audience. When they arrived at the Vatican and found who was going to present them, they were overjoyed. After John had interpreted their mission, the Holy Father said, "I give my blessing not only to them but also to their horses, as without their horses they cannot win."

Back once more in "San Patrizio" in the spring, a letter came from Gwen telling us that she was expecting a baby in the summer. From then on there was no holding John in America! We took another place in Surrey that summer. Later on I went up to Liverpool to be with Gwen. Before I left, John made me promise that I would telephone to him the minute the baby was born, no matter what hour of the day or night it might be. Little Patricia Pyke arrived just before midnight, August 5, and, of course, I called John at once. When I got home he informed

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me that he was so excited he sat on the side of his bed in his pajamas for the rest of the night, ringing up all our friends to tell them the good news. I said, "I can just imagine how pleased they were to be roused from their sleep to hear about your grandchild!" He didn't see it my way at all, and said stiffly, "You're all wrong! They were just as thrilled as I was."

Our plan for John's retirement had been to settle down in California and live in "San Patrizio" for the rest of our lives, making it our real home, with yearly trips to Ireland and England. But now with the children all on the other side and the arrival of our first grandchild, John felt — and I agreed with him — that we were too far away from them. We had been either picking them up and moving them around, or parking them with Auntie or in schools for so long, it seemed to us almost too good to be true that we could just relax and enjoy them. No one was even thinking then about another World War, so we sold "San Patrizio," and left a lot of things in storage in Hollywood, expecting to return.

After John retired Teddy bought an attractive adobe house in Arizona. On our way to England we stopped off to see him and to invite him to come with us. He said he'd rather not leave just then; it meant a lot to him to have his own little home, and he felt that he'd done enough traveling for a while. I can never forget how sad John was when we left Teddy standing at the station. I am glad that neither of them knew they would not be seeing each other again.

Only recently I came across something Teddy said in an interview about John in their early days together: "To play for him in both rehearsal and public performance is an inspiration. He develops in the accompanist the spirit of all that is best in art. I have learned much and expect to learn more from him. John will make his name world famous. Such an artist is born only once in a century." So often I have heard John say that if it hadn't been for Teddy's encouragement and sympathetic accompaniment he would never have become the enthusiastic student of the classics that he was. I do know that each year the press

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commented on his programs and the judicious way in which he improved them, musically educating, as they put it, his audiences and bringing them to the point of requesting the better things he was so anxious to sing to them.

To an interviewer who asked John to what he attributed his success, John replied: "To some little voice, some little brains, some *very* hard work, some stick-to-itiveness, and a very great deal of sincerity. I sing music, which for real artistic value, goes from one extreme to another — from the glories of Bach, Mozart, and Schubert and Hugo Wolf to the most simple ballad. The popular ballad is as vital today as it ever was, for the hearts of men and women do not change. Little by little the masses who came to hear them learned to love the higher things of music; and I have been able gradually to increase the number of these at my concerts. I have realized with genuine emotion the ever increasing response Mozart, Schubert, Hugo Wolf, and Rachmaninov have aroused among my hearers, hearers who would never have accepted them if their ears had not grown accustomed to them by my offering them only sparingly at first. I for one, however much I love and however well I may sing the songs of the classic repertory, will never be ashamed of the fact that I made my first success as a ballad singer. I may not sing them all equally well — that, of course, is a matter of opinion, but I can lay my hand on my heart and say I have sung them all with equal sincerity."

On our return to London John's concert manager, Mr. Frank Cooper, suggested that he do a tour of the Provinces, finishing up with a farewell concert in London and one in Dublin. At a reception given by the Countess de Limure in London we met a young pianist, Gerald Moore, who accompanied the other artists that afternoon. John expressed the opinion that Gerald Moore is one of the greatest accompanists England has ever produced. They had a chat, and from then on Gerald was John's accompanist up to the last time he sang.

The tour opened in September, 1938, in Folkestone. Success followed success — the houses were sold out before they reached

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the towns. In October they went to Dublin. John's farewell concert there was unforgettable. It was at this concert in Dublin that Mr. William Cosgrove, then President, presented John with a gold cigarette case, inscribed "To Ireland's Ambassador of Song." His audience greeted him with smiles, cheers and tears, a touching and beautiful "Hail and Farewell." More concerts in the English provinces and finally, in November, John's last concert at the Albert Hall, the scene of so many of his triumphs. This exceeded anything which had gone before. Hundreds of people were turned away and mounted police had to patrol in front of the hall to keep the crowd from storming the doors. When we came out at the end, the last I saw of John the buttons were being torn off his coat by souvenir hunters, and the next thing I knew a husky policeman had grabbed me and lifted me over the heads of the milling throng into our car. If it hadn't been for him, I would have been a very late and crushed hostess at the cocktail party we were giving for the Joseph Kennedys — then American Ambassador — and their guests, Mr. Fredrick Sterling and Mr. John Cudahy. John who had sung 27 songs at the concert, was exhausted; but after a hasty shower and change of clothes, he was the life of the party, reveling in every minute.

John and I had talked many times of wanting to visit South America. In the early years when John was singing in Covent Garden, he had been invited to appear in opera in Buenos Aires, but like that of Russia, the season conflicted with London's opera season so he couldn't go. Now, after seeing the children and our families in Ireland, we decided we'd make the trip. But just before we were to sail John said, "How about switching to Egypt? We can do the other later." Nothing could have pleased me more, as I'd been longing to go there ever since I met Robert Hichens.

We arrived at the Samiramis Hotel in Cairo at two o'clock in the morning. Our suite had a balcony and, as we stepped out, there was the Nile at our feet, a gilded ribbon in the moonlight, the immortal pyramids in the distance. I don't know how long

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John and I remained outside drinking in the timeless beauty that lay before us.

John couldn't wait to get started the next morning. He knew just the places he wanted to see, having, it now appeared, been reading up on Egypt for years. He even bought a copy of the Koran, but I noticed he didn't go far with that. He also bought a little diary for this trip, but there is not much in it. One of the few entries is: "Lily looked very funny on a camel!"

Several attempts were made to get John to sing in Cairo — the city has a fine opera house — but he stood firm in his refusals, and I wasn't sorry. Time and time again he'd say to me, like a schoolboy on holiday, "Do you realize, Lily, that I don't *have* to sing tonight, tomorrow night, or *any* night — that I can do just as I please?" More than ever before I understood how grueling the demands of his work had been, and I made a silent vow that I would do everything in my power to help him retain this hard-won freedom.

We ran across many old friends in Cairo: Julia Marlowe, whom we had not seen for years; Mrs. Otto Kahn and her daughter and son-in-law, Col. and Mrs. John Marriott; Major and Mrs. Byass; Lady Bain; Mrs. Philip Snowden; and Col. and Mrs. Hughes, whom we had known in Australia. We dined one evening with Sidi Bey, a distinguished Egyptian, and afterward heard *Aida* at the Kadevalis Theater, where it was first produced. Another night we heard Jan Kubelik's son, Raphael, conduct the Czech orchestra. We lunched at the British Embassy with Sir Miles and Lady Lampson; attended the races at Gazira, and took sight-seeing trips all over the place, including the famous trip up the Nile.

On our arrival in Assawan we were shocked to read of the death of our Holy Father, and John immediately made arrangements to get to Rome as quickly as possible. We were not in time for the funeral, but we did arrive the day before the Conclave and were among those privileged to see the cardinals go in. They passed right in front of us on their way to the Conclave. When Cardinal Pacelli, our present Holy Father, walked by,



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John whispered to me, "This is the last time we shall see *him* as cardinal. I feel sure he is going to be the next pope."

On Thursday during the week of the Conclave we visited St. Peter's in the early morning, and again late in the afternoon, joining the vast crowd outside to watch the smoke going up from a narrow chimney. Black smoke means that the selection of a cardinal for pope is still going on; white smoke means that the choice has been made. All day the piazza in front of St. Peter's was packed with people as far as the eye could see. Toward evening, when the white smoke appeared, the crowd went wild. The breathless waiting to find out who had been elected seemed like hours. In reality in less than half an hour, Cardinal Caccia Duminioni stepped onto the balcony, and the square was silent as he announced that the next pope would be Eugenio Pacelli. At the mention of "Eugenio" John threw his hat in the air. Brother Clancy, who was with us, and Father Sydney McEwin, then a student in Rome, reminded him there were two Eugenios. Then they heard "Pacelli," and all joined in the cheers, which could no doubt be heard for miles. No more popular announcement could have been made. A gold banner was laid on the balcony and the new Pope came out, followed by all the cardinals, to give his Benediction to the throng, who had been singing hymns while waiting for His Holiness to appear.

John's duty at the coronation ceremony was to help seat the cardinals. Teddy Pyke's father, Mr. Cuthbert Pyke, also a Papal Chamberlain, came on from England; so little "Titia" Pyke had the unusual distinction of having two grandfathers serving at the coronation of a pope.

When John gave up singing he also gave up a valet; and Miss Margaret Grace, my personal maid and companion, who has been with me for more than eighteen years, kept an eye to his clothes with the help of the hotel valets. In unpacking John's papal uniform, she noticed that the white lawn ruff was not fresh. On making inquiries, I learned that the nuns in a near-by convent laundered and repleated them, so the ruff was sent out at once. To my dismay, the next afternoon when all his things were laid

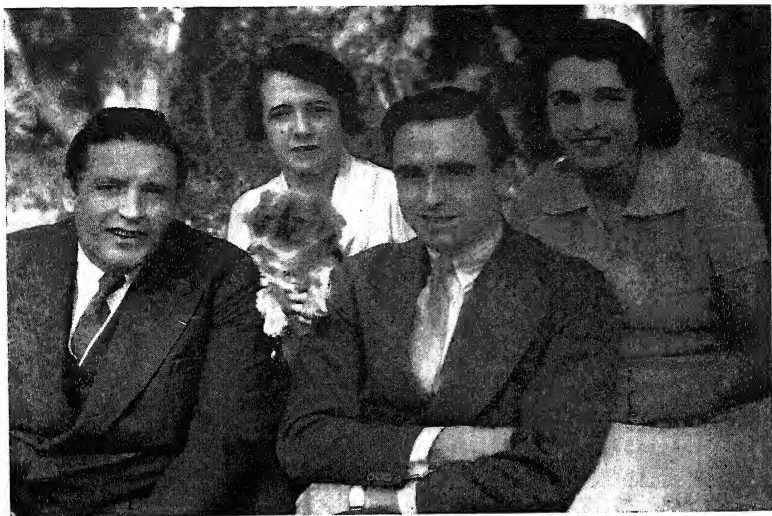
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out for inspection, I saw a very small ruff, one John could more easily have worn on his wrist than his neck. Margaret and I were in despair, when I suddenly thought of a Mr. Bruno Benziger, another Chamberlain who was staying in our hotel. He was an extremely slim man and I knew he was wearing the same medieval costume at the coronation. I flew to the telephone and got Mrs. Benziger, who apparently at that moment was gazing at a ruff which her husband could almost have worn twice around his neck! She was just as distracted as I was, so a happy exchange was effected.

The morning of the coronation Margaret and I were up at 3:30 to get John into his uniform, complete with his decorations. The Vatican carriage came at five o'clock and off he went, looking I thought, very handsome. He had secured a good seat for Margaret, and I fixed her up in a lace veil of my own. My escort was a charming young diplomat. We arrived at our box right over the high altar at 7 o'clock to find St. Peter's already filled. At nine the choir started; and the procession, led by Italy's Crown Prince Umberto and his Princess, followed by the special representatives of the various countries, was a magnificent spectacle. Only the Crown Princess wore white—a beautiful satin gown and a white lace mantilla. All the other women were in black with black lace mantillas and jewels.

At precisely 11 o'clock the Holy Father was carried in on his throne to the cries of "*Viva Papa.*" Then there was silence and the Mass began. At the end he was carried from the high altar to the door of St. Peter's, the procession following. A little later His Holiness again appeared on the balcony and again gave his benediction. Everything was over by 1:30.

We stayed on in Rome for another week, and we were presented to the Holy Father by the late Cardinal Hindsley. We did a lot of sight-seeing and met many old friends. We spent a delightful day with Prince and Princess Orsini at the Villa Orsini; attended a reception at the Irish College for Mr. DeValera and a dinner at the American Embassy, given by the Ambassador and Mrs. Phillips for the Cianos, who were then at



John and I with Cyril and Gwen at "San Patrizio" in 1931  
(Photo: Alexander Kahle)



John and  
Gwen (now Mrs.  
Edward Pyke)  
leaving for her  
wedding at  
Brompton  
Oratory,  
London,  
September 16,  
1933



In the party of Cardinal Hindsley, who presented us to Pius XII  
the week of his coronation.



John on duty  
at the Vatican

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the height of their power. Edda was arrogantly striking in a black gown and elaborate jewels, and he was quite imposing with his many decorations. They apparently rated, and received, a reception which in England would only have been given to royalty. Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador to Britain, and Mrs. Kennedy were present and Princess Marie of Greece, who told me she had never failed to hear John whenever she could, from his first Covent Garden days. At her request, John sang several songs after dinner, but Ciano seemed more interested in the young ladies who fluttered around him all evening than he was in the music.

We also visited the nuns of "The Little Company of Mary," as we had known the Reverend Mother in Australia. These nuns were kindness itself to Kevin and our son-in-law, Colonel Edward Pyke later, when they were in Rome on leave during the war.

## VIII

JOHN was still exalted by all that the coronation of the Holy Father had meant to him when we got back to England; but it wasn't long before I saw that he hardly knew what to do with himself, now that he was the master of his own time. In retiring when he did, he had hoped to do a lot more traveling for pleasure, but having achieved leisure, he was somewhat bewildered with it. We had given up Moore Abbey the year before; "San Patrizio" was sold; and for the first time in our married life, since John had furnished the first little house in Streatham, we were without a home of our own. I must admit that having opened and closed so many houses during my married life I didn't mind! The children were all on their own: Gwen and Teddy in Lancashire, Cyril settled in Dublin, Kevin studying engineering at the Rand mines in Johannesburg. We took a flat in Lansdown House in Berkeley Square, London.

On Easter Sunday John and I had what we called one of our special days. Just the two of us heard *The Messiah* in the afternoon and a splendid performance of *Gerontius* in the evening.

While we were visiting Gwen, John decided that he would like some salmon fishing in Ireland. He wired Cyril to fix us up. Cyril found a charming place, Sheen Lodge in Galway, which we took for two months, but only stayed six weeks. The weather was good but the fishing was not. In the six weeks John caught only one salmon. In spite of the fact that we struck a poor season, we liked the place. The house was all on one floor, and the first morning we were there, we woke up to find sheep staring curiously at us through the bedroom windows. Monsignor Arthur

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Ryan, a friend of many years, and an expert fisherman, came down from Belfast for a few days. His first day's catch was one tiny trout. Much ado was made over his prowess! The little fish was served to him, with ceremony, for breakfast next morning in the center of an enormous silver platter, garnished with water cress and slices of lemon. Dr. Arthur ate it with solemnity, and said he regretted not being able to share it with us, but that to the victor belong the spoils!

Cyril brought friends from Dublin each week end, and we did a lot of motoring through the countryside. Nearly every day we went over to Achill Island shopping for supplies. When John was along, as he often was, we were sure to come home loaded down with lengths of tweed, hanks of wool for knitting, and bits of amethyst — there was lots of it on the island — to say nothing of all manner of flies and equipment for fishing.

After this John was so restless having nothing to do, he finally went to see Frank Cooper, his former manager, and had a long talk with him. Between them they decided that it would be a good idea if John gave a certain amount of his time to hearing and advising young singers. He had tried teaching once in Hollywood to see how he would like it, but it didn't work out. He couldn't resist singing with a pupil and by the end of the lesson he was exhausted. But he did have superb critical ability and the most tremendous interest in helping young people who were ambitious and showed promise, and were willing to *work*, so the plan seemed feasible and constructive. We took a house in Kensington with a large studio. Gerald Moore agreed to help out at the piano. Just as this venture was getting under way, we went for a visit to Gwen. Rumors of war were increasingly prevalent and one Sunday while we were there listening to the radio we heard Neville Chamberlain announce that war had been declared.

After a moment of stricken silence, which was more like a moment of silent prayer, the house came alive with preparations for getting Teddy Pyke off to join his regiment. Then, before we had actually grasped what was happening to the world, he was gone. We stayed on with Gwen for a while and by the time we

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arrived back in London it was too late to secure passage for the United States. War had come in grim earnest. John conferred with Frank Cooper about offering his services to the Red Cross, an offer which was accepted immediately. We gave up the house in Kensington, taking a place in Ascot "for the duration." Gwen and her small daughter joined us there.

Ascot was bombed many times. One night twenty-seven incendiary bombs were dropped in our grounds, some even on the tennis court, but the house was not touched. One Sunday evening John, Aunty, and I were sitting in front of the fire when the alert came, followed by the whining sound we knew only too well. John said, "Get down! We're in for it." Just as we threw ourselves flat on the floor, there was a terrific crash, windows were shattered, bolts flew off, and doors burst open. Hardly daring to look at each other, not knowing what we might see, we picked ourselves up and found that we were all unscratched. We heard hysterical laughter and our little housemaid came running downstairs followed by Lena, the parlor maid. John saw that she was not hurt so he took her by the shoulders and gave her a gentle shake. "Don't let down now, Hilda," he said. "That's over and we're going to have some nice hot tea." We trooped into the kitchen. Lena made tea and we chatted together until the bombardment subsided. In the morning a large piece of shrapnel was found caught in the bricks just outside the window close to where John had been sitting when we had the warning.

Assisting John in his Red Cross tour—managed by Frank Cooper—were Miss Sarah Buckley, soprano, Mr. Robert Irwin, baritone, Gerald Moore, accompanist, and Joseph Saxby, who accompanied when Gerald was busy. They started on Armistice Day, 1939, giving 39 concerts between then and May 5, 1940. Then Frank was commissioned in the Air Force, and John sang for various other war charities on his own and made many broadcasts to troops all over the world. John also did some excerpts from the life of Thomas Moore with L. A. G. Strong on the B.B.C. program called "Irish Half Hour." He was broadcasting on a B.B.C. program once with Paddy Finuchane, the



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young Irish aviator, who was later shot down. Paddy was a fearless flyer, but he quaked in front of the microphone. "Are you scared, Paddy?" said John. "Faith, and I am, John." said Paddy. "I'd much rather be *in* the air than *on* it!"

During that summer we saw a good deal of Sir William Jowitt, now Lord Chancellor of England, and Lady Jowitt. They were our neighbors and John used to tease Sir William, who is very musical, saying that with his lovely speaking voice and good looks he should have been an actor. It was a pleasant surprise when, in the midst of wartime conditions, Sir Francis Evans, now British Consul General in New York, arrived in England from California, and he and Lady Evans came down to Ascot to visit us, in spite of the bombings.

In December, 1939, John wrote to Teddy Schneider:

I am trying to do my bit, giving concerts at popular prices and any profits to the Red Cross. Already five hundred guineas have gone there. With the price of advertising in the press and printing programs and window cards, I am amazed we make anything. However, the people like to hear a good song, and even though the streets are dark as a pocket they turn up smiling.

It only seems like yesterday that Lily and you and I came down the Rhine on our return from South Africa and saw Goering arrive in Cologne.

God love you, Teddy. The McCormacks do.

In one of his letters to me from wartime Bristol I find this:

The train arrived in a total blackout. No porters and not a taxi to be had. Bombers overhead dropping them everywhere. At the entrance to the station was an army lorry and some soldiers in it waiting to move on. Suddenly one said. "Aren't you John McCormack?" I said, "Yes, God help me, I am." The boys jumped down, took my bag and music bag, a good heavy one, helped me up into the lorry and drove me to my hotel. When I got to my room I dropped a few tears and said a few prayers for those wonderful cheerful Tommies. I promised to sing for them every chance I get.

In Liverpool John sang for the dock workers at Port Sunlight

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during their lunch hour, accompanied by the band of the Irish Guards. These lunch hour concerts were held out of doors on the quayside. Luck was against them this day with the weather. John said he never saw heavier rain and he couldn't see how the band managed to play with water literally pouring into their instruments; but they carried on and so did he, and the rain apparently had little effect on the audience.

An alert was sounded at one concert just as John was about to walk onto the platform. Gerald was already at the piano. The manager asked John what they wanted to do, go to the shelter or give the concert. John said, "I'll do whatever the audience feels like doing." The manager told the audience it was up to them. They elected to stay. John said all he could think of, with the strafing going on overhead, was his first audition at Covent Garden when Harry Higgins said to Sir John Murray Scott, "Your tenor has a fine voice but it's too small for Covent Garden," and Sir John retorted, "If you'll keep your orchestra down, your singers will be heard." This time there was no director to keep the noise down but the audience seemed well satisfied with what they could hear!

John and his adored little granddaughter had splendid times together in Ascot, walking around the town. She would make him stop by all the prams to admire the babies, so it wasn't long before they had many friends. Titia saying, "This is my Johnny." One young mother asked, "Does your Johnny love you very much?" "Oh, yes," said Titia, "he worships me." Later on, Gwen took a cottage in Ascot near us, and our first grandson, Edward Pyke, Jr., was born there.

Following one evening's bombing we had a telephone call from Cyril in Dublin. He was bubbling over with excitement, as he informed us that he had just become engaged to "the loveliest girl in Ireland," Patricia Eccles, and furthermore, she was right there beside him waiting to talk to us. She was much more composed than Cyril had been, and after we had talked with her, Cyril came on the wire again saying — just as Gwen had done — that they wanted to be married soon, and would we please make

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our plans to come over so that Pop could sing at their wedding?

We flew to Dublin from Manchester. We'd just finished dinner at the hotel when the alert sounded. Mindful of the night before us — our plane was not leaving until eight in the morning — we took a look at the well-equipped shelter below. John said, "I don't know how it strikes you, Lily, but it's too much like the last act of *Aida* for me. Let's chance it upstairs." The bombing went on most of the night but nothing hit us, and we made our plane next morning.

John thrived on suspense and our one topic of conversation since Cyril's call had been, would we like our new daughter-in-law and would she like us? Cyril brought his "Paddy" and her mother, Mrs. William Eccles, and her grandmother, Mrs. John Locke, for luncheon. John and I fell in love with the three of them. Paddy is such a quiet, reserved person that it took John some time to feel that he really knew her; but he got on at once with her mother and grandmother. Mrs. Locke was nearing her eightieth birthday and only recently had given up hunting because of an illness, but she was full of plans to start again.

The wedding took place at the University Church on St. Stephen's Green. Father Ellis, then a chaplain in the British army, who had married Paddy's mother and father and christened Paddy, came from England to perform the ceremony. He was assisted by Monsignor Arthur Ryan, who had traveled from Belfast for the occasion, bringing his sweet mother with him. Paddy was a lovely bride in white satin, and Cyril, in uniform, a stunning bridegroom. John's song, *The Prayer Perfect*, was a benediction.

We remained in Dublin long enough to give a cocktail party for Paddy and Cyril on their return from a honeymoon in Galway. When we went back to Ireland in 1943 John and Paddy became fast friends. They read a lot together and if he wanted a special book she always found it for him.

In February, 1941, John wrote to Teddy Schneider from Ascot:

It was a cure for sore eyes to see your handwriting on the letter which Lily got yesterday. We had come to the con-

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clusion that you had forgotten your old friends and *personally* I was *mad as hell*. We've never had a word from you for more than 18 months. Your cable to me never arrived and I am sure your letters went with many more to the bottom through the kindness of the Madman of Bergtesgarden. I sent you a couple of letters, and while on tour for the Red Cross Frank Cooper, Gerald Moore, Bob Irwin and I signed a program and sent it to you, as your own song "Far Apart" was on it. We thought that though all "far apart," old pals stick together in spirit. I don't suppose you ever got it.

I have broadcast many times and twice to the United States direct on the special short wave series. I wonder if you heard any of them? I've had letters from as far away as Birmingham, Alabama.

The people here are wonderful. They can't be beaten. I have been in Bristol and Manchester (the old Free Trade Hall is gone), and I have been in Birmingham and, of course, in London every week, and it is impossible to imagine the smiling courage of the people. You would have to see it for yourself to believe it.

Gwen is fine and Patricia beautiful. Her Teddy is with his regiment. Thanks for sympathy on Dad's death. He was 86 and passed very happily. God rest him.

God love you, old friend. I think you know the McCormack family does.

That year we had a long hard winter. Each time John came back from a tour he seemed more tired. When I protested that he was going beyond his strength, he'd say, "This is the only thing I can do to help the British people. It's up to me to show them how much I appreciate what they have meant to me." After one bitterly raw night in Bedford he caught a chill. When I tried to make him rest, he laughed and started off to London to broadcast to the South African troops. The B.B.C., in asking him to make the broadcast, had given him permission to say a few words of greeting to Kevin, who was fighting with the South African artillery somewhere in the desert. He had cabled Kevin to listen if he could, and chill or no chill he wasn't going to run the risk of disappointing him. Kevin didn't hear him, but his fiancée, Miss Erwin Law, did. She wrote Kevin all about

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it, having taken it down word for word at it came over the air.

John could not seem to pull up after this. He never made another broadcast or gave another concert.

John's cold didn't get better. He developed a cough that was as deep and spasmodic as whooping cough. When Paddy's and Cyril's first daughter, Carol Anne, was born we couldn't go to her christening because of war conditions; but when their second daughter, Patricia, came a year later, Cyril wrote such importunate letters that John said, "Let's go." His doctor, Dr. Stiven Halley, and I were secretly pleased, as in this way John would have a rest and change. While he was still in the mood, I packed and we were off.

The family were shocked to see how thin he had grown. Not long after Patricia's christening, he had a return attack of streptococcus infection of the throat, from which he had almost died twenty years before, and for six weeks had day and night nurses. Then the doctors said he should not attempt to travel for at least a year. I returned to England and gave up the Ascot house.

We lived at the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin for a year and a half. John's greatest joy during his convalescence was little Carol Anne. I can see her now, taking her first few steps alone like a wobbly lamb, with John urging her on from his bed.

Our first winter in Ireland Irving Berlin and his soldier boys came to Belfast with *This Is the Army* for a fortnight's engagement after a successful run in London. John was eager to see Irving's show, but he was not well enough to make the trip to Belfast. Irving, hearing this, said, "I'm not going home without seeing John McCormack," and he came down to Dublin. He was his most engaging self, giving John all the latest news of New York and the war zone, from which he had just come. We had a cocktail party for him and he dined with us in the evening, which cheered John up no end. The morning Irving was leaving, John was up early to see him off. They had some pictures taken together, and I can hear John laugh now as they made

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their parting jokes. I hope Irving realizes what a good deed he did by making that trip.

Earlier on, John had made a record of Irving's *God Bless America*. One evening when our American Minister to Ireland, Mr. David Gray, and his wife were dining with us, John played it for them. Mrs. Gray remarked how much the President would enjoy it and John said he would like to send it to him. Mr. Gray said, "Give it to me. I'll see that he gets it." Shortly after Christmas John received this letter from the White House:

Dear John McCormack:

Our Minister to Ireland, Mr. David Gray has sent to me a gift from you which I prize very highly. To have a recording of your own voice in those two compositions so dear to all Americans — "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "God Bless America" is something for which I am deeply grateful. This personal remembrance will always be treasured by me and will serve as a happy reminder of the joy which you have brought to many millions through song.

Kindest regards and my very best wishes to you and yours for the New Year.

Always sincerely,  
Franklin D. Roosevelt

John's doctors had warned me that he should get away from the city and have sea air; so once again we went house hunting. I wanted a place that was small and modern. While I was in Ascot, John himself did some looking around. When I got back he told me he'd found just the house. He'd made arrangements for me to see it the next day, feeling sure I would like it. I'm afraid my verdict disappointed him. In normal times it would have been ideal, but these were not normal times. To run it would have taken a staff of at least eight indoor servants and four outdoor men. Also, there was no hope of getting the fuel to heat it.

Then I heard that "Glena" at Booterstown, about half an hour from Dublin, on the sea, was in the market. I saw it and felt that with some changes, it would do nicely. It had a little chapel, which I knew would appeal to John; two large rooms

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that could be thrown together for a music room; and the hall, the depth of the house, would be ideal for our pictures. There was a large dining room; and minor alterations would make a suite of rooms at the end of the hall for ourselves — everything on one floor so John would not have to go up and down stairs.

Saying a fervent prayer to myself that he would like "Glena" and think it worth doing over, I took him to see it. He did like it, saying it would suffice for a temporary home. He never stopped talking about what we were going to do "next year," thinking up new plans every day. We were going to California to see all our friends; to South Africa to see Kevin and his bride; and we were going to visit all the corners of the earth where we had never been; and then we were going back to California's sunshine.

The work on "Glena" took some months more than we had planned and we eventually moved into it in the spring of 1944. John took the greatest interest in arranging his pictures and his concert grand piano, on which so many of his famous friends had played. He would sit by the hour and play himself, although he never had a piano lesson in his life. When the little granddaughters, aged two and three, got on each side of him to help him out, a superb time was had by all. When they tired of that, he'd play records for them, to which they'd pay the most serious attention.

Birthday celebrations were always gala events in our family and in spite of all the separations, we had many happy fetes for John, but none that gave him more pleasure than the one on his sixtieth birthday. A week or so before, he received a letter from Mr. Williams of the British Broadcasting Company telling him they were having a half-hour program in his honor at 9 o'clock on the evening of June 14, enclosing the script and list of records they proposed to play, for his approval. This was like a tonic to John, though I was afraid the excitement would be too much for his heart, which was now not strong. He had a man come out from town to check the radio, and he could scarcely wait for the day to arrive. I planned a small dinner party and John insisted

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that everyone *must* be prompt, as he, for one, wasn't going to miss a moment of *his* broadcast. To complete his birthday celebration, Radio Erin announced that they were following the London half hour with a tribute of their own.

Our guests arrived on time and John went through dinner with his watch beside him. Just as his cake was placed in front of him, he said, "I can't wait another minute; it's nearly nine. Let's take this to the music room." I hung on to him long enough to make him cut the first piece of cake and blow out the candles and then he bolted, champagne in hand, calling back, "anyone not in before the program starts stays out!" We all followed suit, taking our glasses along and tucking ourselves in corners, hardly daring to breathe. The programs were heart warming, lovingly and beautifully done, and John was like a child in his happiness.

For his last birthday a year later I asked him what he would like for a present. He said quickly, "More than anything, I'd like to see Gwen." He hadn't seen her for two years owing to the war; and reading her wire with the hour of her arrival at the airport he remarked, "Now, it will be a perfect day for me." Besides the family, we had Mr. and Mrs. David Gray, Roderic More-O'Farrall, and Christopher Lynch, in whom John had become much interested. We had met Christopher that winter at the home of Miss Jean Nolan, one of Dublin's leading singers and a fine teacher. After hearing Christopher sing, John said, "That's a fine voice and the lad's a fine upstanding young Irishman. Let's have him out to 'Glenal' I'll see what I might do to help him along." He was particularly pleased that Christopher was studying with Dr. Vincent O'Brien. Christopher came often to the house, and John loved running over songs with him, even putting him through the exercises he had used himself as a student.

The other day Micheal MacLiammoir and Hilton Edwards of the Dublin Gate Players, came to see me here in New York. We talked over the New Year's Eve of 1944, which we had spent together — John's last New Year. We'd had a lovely Christmas



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Day with the family, but as John had not suggested anything for New Year's Eve, I was waiting to see what he felt like doing. Then Micheal rang up to ask if we'd come and see the New Year in with them. John said, "I don't feel like going out. Ask the boys to dine here and celebrate with us." They came, and I shall always be grateful to them. We dined and sat around a big turf fire — no coal was to be had — in the music room, talking theater, music, and travel. Just before twelve, John left the room and presently returned triumphantly bearing a magnum of champagne, announcing that he'd been saving it for a very special occasion, and that he couldn't imagine a better one than this.

He was the picture of contentment as he turned on the radio to hear the bells of all the churches ringing in the New Year. We joined hands, singing *Auld Lang Syne*, and then settled down to our champagne and sandwiches, with a few good Irish ghost stories to finish off.

John was not easily upset, but when something hurt him, it went deep, particularly in those last years. I feel I cannot pass over one incident which has puzzled me ever since and which John felt so keenly at the time. It was well known that, as an Irishman, John's heart and soul were with the Irish people, but as an American citizen, he naturally could take no part in Ireland's politics. This, however, did not preclude him from having, or expressing, his opinion.

The presidential inaugural reception held in Dublin Castle in June, 1945. Invitations were issued; our friends were all discussing it, but no invitation came to us. This oversight, whether deliberate or not, was felt keenly by John as a slight, and it certainly did not help him on the road to recovery. The Holy Father had honored him; his beloved Dublin had unanimously made him its Freeman; he knew that he commanded the affection and admiration of the Irish people at home and abroad, and he could not refrain from interpreting his omission from a national and nonpolitical occasion as other than a rebuff.

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During his last years the treasure house of his mind gave him endless interests to take the place of the activities he had been forced to give up. The gramophone was, of course, a source of constant delight to him. He had all his favorites in his record collection: Bing Crosby — he admired his voice as well as the man; Maggie Teyte's French album; Rachmaninov; Horowitz; Fritz Kreisler; Toscanini; Stokowski; Sir Thomas Beecham; and many others. He would fill his evenings with radio orchestral concerts and records. Sometimes he would put on his own Hugo Wolf or Don Giovanni or Pur de Cesti; and he would exclaim impulsively, "I'm a damned good singer, Lily, and you know it!" If Christopher Lynch or some other young singer happened to be there, they'd get a serious lecture on how hard students had to work in *his* day and how easy they took it today.

My memories of the twilight of John's life are necessarily simple ones. He was never more contented, and I have often wondered if he didn't realize that the race was nearly run. We had lots of fun together in small ways, and many laughs — like the day he insisted on going to Dublin to his special barber at the Shelbourne to have his hair washed and trimmed. His doctors had impressed it upon me that he mustn't make the exertion of trips to town too often, so I told him about a marvelous shampoo I was longing to try, reminding him that once in Shanghai I had quite successfully *cut* his hair. The idea appealed to him as he really didn't feel up to the drive into Dublin. I can see him now, holding the big sponge over his face, mumbling through it that I was blinding him with soap. And he supposed I'd be holding him up for a fat sum for all this hard work. When I'd finished the shampoo and the trimming and he saw himself — the sides of his hair were like silver — he was really pleased, calling Auntie to come and admire him, saying with a chuckle, "It's a grand man you've made of me, Lily. Sure, it's back into the movies I'll be going."

On a Friday afternoon early in September little Carol Anne and Patricia came in for their usual tea party with their beloved

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grandfather. There was a ritual about these affairs. The children would be seated at the table in giggling expectancy. Then there'd be a loud knock on the door and they'd shout, "Come in, gangang!" And when he'd peek around the door they'd shriek with delight, begging him to have tea with them. On this Friday they were to leave the next day for a fortnight at the seaside. They weren't going far, only to Dalkey, an easy drive from us; but John was loathe to let them go. As they were leaving he kissed them good-by several times, saying to nurse Duane, "This is going to be the longest two weeks of my life."

Returning from Mass Sunday morning — John had driven home and Auntie and I walked — we found him happily entertaining guests in the music room. "Lily," he called out, with a ring in his voice, "come and meet Father Dunfey, a chaplain in the Canadian army, and Mr. Clifford McLelland of the Knights of Columbus, two sensible men who decided they'd like to meet John McCormack before going home to Canada."

The greetings over, John said proudly, "Father Dunfey is going to say Mass here at 8:30 tomorrow morning. I've been showing him around and he says his boys will be thrilled to know he said Mass in McCormack's chapel. And what's more, *I'm* going to serve the Mass for him."

Mr. Leonard Smyth of the London Gramophone Company and Christopher Lynch came to dinner that evening. John and Mr. Smyth had a grand time talking over the old days of the Gramophone Company and John's long ago records. John had Christopher sing some songs which he thought would be good for recording, and he even sang himself. "My top notes aren't so hot," he said with a rueful smile, "but the middle voice — oh boy! I think I'll come back as a baritone!"

About midnight he seemed tired and the evening ended when he said, "You fellows can go home now. I'm going to bed." I can see him now in his crimson velvet house coat, his eyes alight with friendship, standing at the door bidding them good night and saying, "May God keep you in the palm of His hand."

He wasn't supposed to get up before noon, but he had prom-

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ised Father Dunfey he'd have everything ready for him at 8:30, and he did. Like his singing, his responses in the Mass were clear and true. During breakfast he was in fine form, wanting to hear all Father Dunfey could tell him of the brave showing his Canadian boys had made at the front. About 10:30 he said, "Now, Lily, you carry on. I know you'll understand, Father Dunfey, I must rest. Doctor's orders." It wasn't like John to be so conscientious about "doctor's orders."

We had seats for the Abbey Theater in Dublin that evening. John loved those plays, and all the artists were his friends. I tried to dissuade him from going as he had been up so early, but he said it would do us both good. Generally we went around at the end to see the players, but during the last act he whispered to me, "Let's not go backstage tonight. I'm too tired."

During the day he had spent some time at his desk, did a bit of reading, and seemed glad to rest before going to the theater. Dr. Harold Quinlan came out to "Glena" on Tuesday morning and said that John had a touch of the prevalent "flu" and must have a few days of complete quiet. John was quite good about resting and seemed relaxed and cheerful.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. F. J. Kelly of the Dublin Gramophone Society called to collect some records which John had promised to lend him. John said to me, "Be sure to tell F. J. that I'll be seeing him next week for a long chat." He was delighted when he heard that his lifelong friend, Sean McKeown, now Minister for Justice, had also called and left a message that he was coming up in his car the following week to take him, by force if necessary, back to the country with him for a complete change of air. After dinner in bed, he said he'd rested long enough and wanted to make plans with me for a special dinner party to start the fall season. We made a list of the people he particularly wanted, and we talked until quite late.

Before morning he was obviously not so well, but he wouldn't let me call the doctor until a reasonable hour. After going over John thoroughly, Dr. Quinlan said there was no cause for alarm, although he thought it would be wise to have a nurse. John's

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greeting to the nurse was, "So you're here! In my opinion all women should be strangled at birth!" She agreed with him and they became the best of friends at once! He seemed to be getting along so well under her expert, sympathetic care that I urged Cyril to go right ahead with his plans for a yacht race on Saturday.

But Saturday afternoon pneumonia set in. We sent for Cyril and wired Gwen. Father Lucey administered the Last Sacrament, and John drifted from sleep into a coma, from which he never roused. On Sunday, September 16, 1945, just before midnight the end came.

There is little more to say. Remembering his father's wish, Cyril unpacked the scarlet and gold papal uniform. Dr. Vincent O'Brien sent a message that the members of the Pro Cathedral choir would like to sing at the graveside. A more moving or impressive service, presided over by the late Monsignor Wall, Bishop of Thasos, was never held in Dublin.

I could not write sadly about John's going. Life rewarded him in good measure for the zest and kindliness and effort he gave to life. To his children and grandchildren and to me he has left an inspiring heritage of love and faith and good works and only blessed memories.

To close my little story I use John's own words, which I found a few days after his death written on a page of a memorandum book lying on his desk —

I live again the days and evenings of my long career. I dream at night of operas and concerts in which I have had my share of success. Now, like the old Irish Minstrels, I have hung up my harp because my songs are all sung.

## A McCORMACK DISCOGRAPHY

By PHILIP F. RODEN

ALTHOUGH the great majority of the phonograph records which John McCormack made during his long professional career are no longer available at dealers; the very many inquiries which continue to be made about them, the vast interest shown in them by the increasing numbers of current and out-of-print record collectors and the importance of many of the recorded interpretations to students of the singing art have made it important that a full McCormack discography be presented, along with the record numbers under which each selection was offered at different times.

John McCormack's first records were made in 1904 when he was twenty. They were of both the disk and cylinder types. He made eight cylinders for the Edison Company, ten more for the Edison Bell Company and eighteen disks for the Gramophone and Typewriter Company, some of which were seven inches in diameter and some ten. These were all, or practically all, Irish ballads; they were made when he had received only a preliminary vocal training and just before he went to Italy for advanced study.

When he returned from Italy in 1906 he made a number of Sterling "Special" cylinders. His Pathé records date from about this time, for in 1906 he came under contract to the Odeon Company, which continued until he began making his first Victor records. In the years 1906 to 1909 he made over seventy records for the Odeon Company. In 1910 the Victor Company bought up the Odeon contract and from then on McCormack recorded only for Victor and its English affiliate, the Gramophone Company or "H.M.V."

In so far as extensive research can make it, the following discography is complete and accurate to date, although it is not impossible that the recording companies may have unpublished McCormack masters which might be issued at some future time

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and it is quite probable that the demands of collectors will inspire the issuance at various times of reprints and re-recordings of various connoisseurs' items among the currently out-of-print selections.

There are five columns of numbers following the record titles:

The first column contains the Victor single-faced number.

The second column contains the Victor double-faced number.

The third column contains the H.M.V. or Odeon single-faced number.

The fourth column contains the H.M.V. or Odeon double-faced number.

The last column contains the numbers of records which were issued by companies other than the foregoing.

In some cases, such as the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," where the record was issued with different numbers at different times, both numbers are given.

McCormack's first few Odeon records were issued in 1906 and 1907 and are so indicated. All of the other Odeons were recorded in 1908-09. All were made in London.

6928 — "The Hurdy Gurdy Man; Impatience; Farewell" was issued only in Victor Album, C3, "An Hour with Schubert."

DB1830 — "Beherzigung"—"Ganymed" was issued only in "Hugo Wolf Society Album No. 2."

In these records of Schubert compositions:

"The Hurdy Gurdy Man; Impatience; Farewell";

"Hark! Hark! the Lark; Hedge Roses; Who is Sylvia";

"Holy Night; The Trout; Impromptu; To the Lyre," the following items are not sung by McCormack, but are either choral or instrumental: "Impatience," "Hedge Roses," "The Trout," "Impromptu."

## SYMBOLS USED

Cyl. Cylinder record.  
E/ Electrical recording.  
Ed. or Edison; Edison Cylinder (made in 1904).  
Ed. Bell Edison Bell Cylinder (made in 1904).  
C.R.S. Record issued by Collectors' Record Shop, New York City.  
G. & T. Gramophone and Typewriter record, all Black Label, made in London, 1904.  
I.R. Record issued by International Record Collectors' Club, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Pathé Pathé record.  
Od. Odeon record.  
Sterling Sterling Special Cylinder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch longer than standard, made in 1906.

Many McCormack 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 12 inch records are found with various labels, such as American Odeon, Okeh, Fonotipia, Columbia, Regal, etc. As these are all repressings of the original Odeon issues, no attempt has been made to list them. The same applies to the few Victor, or H.M.V. numbers, that are found with Opera Disk labels.

10 $\frac{1}{2}$	Absent	Od. (1907)		57511	0382
12	Adeste Fidelis		74436	6208	2-052169 DB328
12	Adeste Fidelis	E/		6607	DB984
12	Aida—Celeste Aida	Od.			84326 X65 C.R.S.12
12	Aida—O terra addio, with Marsh		74398	8034	2-054059 DB579
10	All Alone			1067	
10	Allerseelen	E/		1660	DA932
10	All thro' the Night	E/			DA1756
10	Anacreon's Grab	E/		1568	DA1170
12	Angel's Serenade, with Kreisler		{ 88479		
10	Annie Laurie		{ 89103	8033	02540 DB578
10	Annie Laurie	E/	64138	740	4-2072 DA302
10	Any Place is Heaven if You are Near			1305	DA966
10	As I Sit Here	E/	64699	741	
12	Asthere		74299	6198	02401 DA1342
12	Atalanta—Come, My Beloved			10-1434	DA341
10	At Dawning		64302	742	4-2326 DA645 I.R.60
10	Auch Kleine Dinge Konnen	E/		1739	DA303
10	The Auld Scotch Sangs	E/		1305	DA1441
10	Automne	E/			DA966
12	Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod), with Kreisler		{ 88421		DA1286
			{ 89104	8032	02541 DB577

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10	Ave Maria (Cornelius)	E/				DA1177
10	Ave Maria (Mascagni), with Kreisler		87546	3021	4-2471	DA458
12	Ave Maria (Schubert), with Kreisler		{ 88484 89107	8033 6927	02543	DB578 DB1297
12	Ave Maria (Schubert)	E/				0468
10½	Avenging and Bright	Od.			57590	DA1828
10	Ave Verum	E/				13146
Cyl.	Avourneen	Edison	64431		4-2485	DA500
10½	Avourneen					
10½	The Awakening (The Perfect Spring)	Od. (1907)			57504	0390
10	Baby Aroon	E/				DA1425
10	A Ballynure Ballad (see "The Next Market Day")					
10	Bantry Bay	E/				DA1813
12	Barbiere—All' idea di quel metallo* with Sammarco				2-054021	DB608 I.R.96
10	The Bard of Armagh		983			
10	The Bard of Armagh	E/				DA1752
10	The Barefoot Trail		64878	741		
10	Battle Hymn of the Republic	E/				DA1808
10½	The Bay of Biscay	Od.			57648	0633
10	Beautiful Isle of Somewhere		64428	744	4-2483	DA497
10	Because		64430	745	4-2579	DA305
10	Because I Love You	E/		1215		
10	Before My Window, with Kreisler					DA644 DB1830
12	Beherzigung	E/				
7	Believe Me	G. & T.			3-2519	
10	Believe Me	G. & T.			3-2217	
10	Believe Me		64180	746	5-2107	DA306
10	Believe Me	E/		26569		DA1432
10	Ben Bolt		64433	747	4-2487	DA307
10	Beneath the Moon of Lombardy		64962	748		DA308 { DA973 DA1712 DA1175 DA1285 DA1712
10	Bird Songs at Eventide	E/	1303			
10	The Bitterness of Love	E/		1568		
10	Bless this House	E/		1625		
12	Bohème—Ah Mimi, tu piu, with Sammarco		89044	15-1009	2-054011	DB630
12	Bohème—Che gelida manina	Od.			84205	X3
10	Bohème—O soave fanciulla, with Bori		87512	{ 3029 10-1439	7-54003	DA379
12	Bohème—Racconto di Rodolfo		{ 88218 74222	6200	2-052021	DB343
10	Bohemian Girl—Then You'll Remember Me		64599	747	4-2488	DA307
10½	Bohemian Girl—When Other Lips	Od.			57522	{ 0381 0741
10	Bonnie Wee Thing		64427	895	4-2482	DA474
Cyl.	The Boys of Wexford	Sterling				613
10½	The Boys of Wexford	Od.			57555	0213
10	Bridal Dawn			1040		
10	A Brown Bird Singing	E/		1137		DA780
10	By the Short Cut to the Rosses	E/		1528		DA1234
10	Calling Me Back to You	E/		1197		DA840
10	Calling Me Home to You		64803	750	5-2108	DA309
10	Calm as the Night, with Kreisler		87550	3023	4-2699	DA460
10	Candle Light	E/				DA1404
10	Carme (Carmela), with Kreisler		{ 87231 87548	3018	7-52075	DA455

\*This record (Matrix No. 5205f) was issued by I.R.C.C. with the title "Numero quindici a mano manca."



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10½	Carmen—Flower Song	Od.			57582	R0454
12	Carmen—Flower Song	Od.			84226	X75
12	Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me		{ 88216 6200		2-052027	DB343
			{ 74218			
12	Carmen—Parle-moi de ma mere with Marsh		74345	8034	2-034019	DB579
10½	Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana	Od.			57523	R0217
10	Charm Me to Sleep	E/		1649		DA1287
10	Children's Prayer in War-time	E/				DA1817
10	A Child's Prayer	E/				DA1715
10½	A Child's Song	Od. (1907)			57503	0390
10½	A Child's Song		64253		4-2217	
12	Christ Went Up Into the Hills	E/			6708	
10	The Cloths of Heaven	E/			26705	DA1851
10	Come Back, My Love	E/				DA1809
7	Come Back to Erin	G. & T.			3-2516	
10	Come Back to Erin	G. & T.			3-2170	DA552
Cyl.	Come Back to Erin	Sterling				682
Cyl.	Come Back to Erin	Ed. Bell				6450
	Come Back to Erin	Pathé				8042
10½	Come Back to Erin	Od.			57560	0216
12	Come Back to Erin		74158	6201	02244	DB344
12	Come into the Garden, Maude		74434	6202	02629	DB421
10	Come where My Love Lies Dreaming		64423	751	4-2472	DA310
10	Cradle Song	E/			26705	
10	Cradle Song, 1915		64606	752	5-2109	DA286
10½	The Croppy Boy	Od.			57552	0212
10	Crucifix, with Werrenrath		64712	3024	3-4048	DA172
10	Dawning of the Day	E/				DA1396
Cyl.	Dear Little Shamrock	Ed. Bell				6442
Cyl.	Dear Little Shamrock	Sterling				683
	Dear Little Shamrock	Pathé				8042
10½	Dear Little Shamrock	Od. (1906)			44368	635
10½	Dear Little Shamrock	Od.			57558	0215
10	Dear Little Shamrock		64153	753	4-2074	DA287
10	Dear Love, Remember Me		64318	754	4-2396	DA288
10	Dear Old Pal of Mine		64785	755	5-2110	DA289
10	Dear Old Pal of Mine	E/			1321	DA965
10	Desolation	E/				DA917
10	Devotion	E/			1147	DA692
10	The Devout Lover	E/				DA1805
12	Don Giovanni—Il mio tesoro		74484	{ 6204 15-1015	2-052110	DB324
10	Down by the Sally Gardens	E/				DA1778
10	Down in the Forest		64331		4-2367	DA501
10	A Dream		64434	759	4-2489	DA293
10	Dream of Spring	E/				DA917
10	Dream Once Again			1059		
10	Dreams		64603	761	4-2950	DA291
12	Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes		74204	6197	02245	DB340
12	Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	E/				DB2849
12	Du bist die Ruh'					DB766
10	Du meines Herzens Kronelein	E/				DA932
10	Earl Bristol's Farewell	E/				DA1446
10	Echo	E/				DA1741
10	Eileen		64666	756	4-2884	DA290
7	Eileen Alanna	G. & T.			3-2521	
Cyl.	Eileen Alanna	Ed. Bell				6444
10	Eileen Alanna		64341	758	4-2371	DA292
10½	Eileen Aroon	Od.			57641	0538
10	Eileen Aroon		64256		4-2214	DA500
Cyl.	Eileen Mavourneen	Ed. Bell				6447
12	Elisir d'Amore—Una furtiva lagrima		{ 88217 74219	6204	2-052022	DB324
10	Evening Song (Hadley)		64496	760	4-2621	DA294

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12	An Evening Song (Blumenthal)		74243	6205	02323	DB325
10	Ever in My Mind	E/				DA1478
10½	The Fairy Glen	Od.			57644	0716
10	A Fairy Story by the Fire	E/		1307		DA1111
10	The Fairy Tree	E/				DA1178
10	Faith	E/				DA1803
10	Far Apart	E/		1554		DA1178
10	The Far Away Bells	E/		1215		DA914
12	Farewell (Schubert) see "The Hurdy Gurdy Man"					
10½	A Farewell (Liddle)	Od.			57548	0219
10	A Farewell (Liddle)		64254		4-2218	DA501
12	Faust—Final Trio with Melba and Sammarco			15-1019		I.R.7
12	Faust—Salve dimora		{ 88230	6203	2-052028	DB634
12	Favorita—Spirito gentil	Od.	{ 74220			X65
10	Feldeinsamkeit			84230		DA635 I.R.62
12	Figlia del Reggimento—Per viver vicino a Maria		{ 88245	10-1435		
10	The First Rose of Summer		{ 74221	15-1015	2-052026	DB631
10	Flirtation, with Kreisler		{ 64818	6203		
12	Floridante—Caro amore	E/	{ 87232	762	4-2730	DA459
10	The Foggy Dew	G. & T.	{ 87549	3022		
10½	The Foggy Dew	Od.		14305		DB2867
10	The Foggy Dew		64326	763	3-2171	0469
10	Forgotten		64546	761	4-2381	DA295
10	Fortunio—La maison grise	E/		1660		DA946
10	Friend o' Mine	E/				DA1391
10	Funiculi, Funicula		64437	751	7-52061	DA310
12	Ganymed	E/				DB1830
10	A Garden in the Rain	E/		1400		
10	The Garden where the Praties Grow	E/		1553		DA1171
10	The Gateway of Dreams	E/		1463		DA1135
12	Gioconda—O grido die quest' anima, with Sammarco				2-054022	DB608
12	Gioielli della Madonna—T'eri un giorno ammalato, with Lunn				2-054040	DK123
10	God be with Our Boys Tonight		64773			
10	God Bless America	E/				DA1808
10	"God Keep You" is My Prayer	E/ Sterling				DA1770
Cyl.	God Save Ireland	Od.			57554	612
10½	God Save Ireland				0213	
10	Golden Love		64429	4-2484	DA499	
12	Good-Bye		74346	6198	02481	DB341
10½	Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye	Od.			A57705	0816
10	Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye		64342	{ 764	4-2372	DA296
Cyl.	Green Isle of Erin	Edison				13153
Cyl.	Green Isle of Erin	Ed. Bell				6443
10½	Green Isle of Erin	Od. (1906)			44374	634
10½	Green Isle of Erin	Od.			57557	0214
12	Green Isle of Erin	Od.			84234	X44
12	Green Isle of Erin	E/				DB2848
10	Green Pastures	E/		1695		DA1392
10	The Happy Morning Waits		64250		4-2143	
12	Hark! Hark! the Lark— Hedge Roses—Who is Sylvia	E/		6926		DB1383
10	The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls		64259	746	4-2216	DA306

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10	The Harp That Once Thro'					
	Tara's Halls	E/	1553			DA1171
10½	Has Sorrow Thy Young Days					
	Shaded	Od.		57587		0468
12	Has Sorrow Thy Young Days					
	Shaded		74184	6206	02306	DB326
10	Here in the Quiet Hills	E/				DA1809
10	Herr, Was Tragst der Boden					
	Hier	E/		1739		DA1441
10	The Holy Child	E/		1281		DA929
12	Holy Night—The Trout—					
	Impromptu—To the Lyre	E/		6926		DB1383
10	Honour and Love		64901	765		
10	A House Love Made for You					
	and Me	E/				DA1393
10	How Fair This Spot					DA680
12	The Hurdy Gurdy Man—					
	Impatience—Farewell	E/		6928		
12	Hymn to Christ the King*	E/			G.S.S.1	
10½	Ideale	Od.			57642	0336
10	I Feel You Near Me	E/		1453		DA1113
10	I Hear a Thrush at Eve		64340	742	4-2370	DA303
12	I Hear You Calling Me					
	(piano)	Od.			84207	X100
12	I Hear You Calling Me					
	(orch.)	Od.			84208	X11
10	I Hear You Calling Me		64120	{ 754 10-1436 1293	4-2076	DA288
10	I Hear You Calling Me	E/				DA958
10½	I Know of Two Bright Eyes	Od.			57591	0513
10	I Know of Two Bright Eyes		64255		4-2219	DA499
10	I Know of Two Bright Eyes	E/				DA1342
10½	I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby	Od.			57583	0455
10	I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby		64375	760	4-2437	DA294
10	I'll Walk Beside You	E/				DA1718
10	I Love to Hear You Singing	E/		1425		DA1077
10	I Look into Your Garden	E/		1147		DA693
10	I Met an Angel	E/				DA1426
10	I'm Falling in Love with					
	Someone		64174	765		
12	In a Persian Garden—Ah					
	Moon of Delight		74232	6197	02327	DB340
10	Indiana Moon			1011		DA606
10	In Sweet Content	E/				DA1478
10	In Waldeinsamkeit					DA628
10	Ireland, Mother Ireland	E/		1452		DA1119
10	Ireland My Sireland		64665	756	4-2885	DA290
12	The Irish Emigrant		74237	6207	02326	DB327
10	The Irish Emigrant	E/		1528		DA1234
7	The Irish Immigrant	G. & T.			3-2525	
Cyl.	The Irish Immigrant	Edison				13145
10	I Saw from the Beach, with					
	Kreisler					DA636
10½	I Sent My Love Two Roses	Od. (1907)			57506	0381
10	Is She Not Passing Fair	E/		1649		DA1286
10	It's a Long Way to Tipperary		64476	896	4-2513	DA475
10	Jeanie with the Light Brown					
	Hair	E/		1700		DA1405
10	Jeanine, I Dream of Lilac					
	Time	E/		1360		DA1027
10	Jerusalem	E/				DA1817
10	Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring	E/				DA1786
10	Jesus Christ, The Son of God	E/				DA1773
10	Jesus, My Lord, My God,					
	My All		66122	773		DA312

\*A single side special record, with the pictures of McCormack and the Arch-Bishop of Liverpool on the reverse, the profits from which went to the building fund of the Liverpool Cathedral.

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12	Jocelyn—Berceuse, with Kreisler	{ 88483 89106 74564	8032	02542	DB577	
12	Joseph—Champs paternels			2-032032	DB634	
10	June Brought the Roses	E/	1086			
10	Just a Cottage Small	E/	1133		DA765	
10	Just for Today	E/	1281		DA929	
10	Kashmiri Song	E/	2169		DA1746	
10	Kathleen Mavourneen	G. & T.	3-2139			
Cyl.	Kathleen Mavourneen	Ed. Bell				6446
	Kathleen Mavourneen	Pathé				
10½	Kathleen Mavourneen	Od. (1906)	44375		635	
10½	Kathleen Mavourneen	Od.	57559		0215	
12	Kathleen Mavourneen		74236	6199	02325	DB342
12	Kathleen Mavourneen	E/		6776		DB1200
10	Keep the Home Fires Burning		64696	766		
12	The Kerry Dance		74485	6202	02823	DB421
12	The Kerry Dance	E/		14611		DB2848
7	Killarney	G. & T.		3-2514		
10	Killarney	G. & T.		3-2216	DA552	
10	Killarney	G. & T.		3-2169		
Cyl.	Killarney	Edison				13152
Cyl.	Killarney	Ed. Bell				6445
10½	Killarney	Od.		57561	0216	
12	Killarney		74157	6199	02246	DB342
10	The Kingdom Within Your Eyes		66146	757		
10	Komm Bald				DA635	I.R.62
10	Lakme—Vieni al contento profondo	{ 87063 64171	{ 775 3029 10-1438	7-52016	DA379 DA460 X62	
10	The Last Hour, with Kreisler		87576	3023		
12	The Last Watch	Od.		84239		
10	Learn to Smile		64982	762		
10	Legend—Christ in His Garden	E/			DA1755	
10	Die Liebe hat gelogen	E/			DA933	
10	A Life Lesson	E/		1711	DA1406	
10	The Light of the Sunset Glow	E/			DA1770	
10½	Like Stars Above	Od. (1907)		57507	0410	
12	Like Stars Above		74296	02402	DB633	
10	Lilies of Lorraine	E/		1229	DA881	
10	Lily of Killarney—The Moon Has Raised, with Werren-rath		64440	3024	2-4205	DA172
10	Linden Lea	E/			DA1791	
10	A Little Bit of Heaven		64543	768		
10	Little Boy Blue		64605	769	4-2952	DA298
10	Little Boy Blue	E/		1458		DA1116
10	Little Child of Mary	E/		26772		
10	Little Grey Home in the West		64425	770	5-2111	DA299
10	Little House I Planned	E/			DA1428	
10	A Little Love, a Little Kiss		64343	771	4-2373	DA300
10	Little Mother of Mine		64778	755	5-2112	DA289
10	Little Pal	E/		1425		
10	Little Prayer for Me	E/			DA1392	
10	The Little Silver Ring	E/		1303	DA973	
10	Little Town in the Ould County Down		64994	772	5-2484	DA311
10	Little Wooden Head	E/			DA1729	
10	Little Yvette			1020		
10½	Lolita	Od.		57640	RO658	
12	Lolita, Spanish Serenade	Od.		84217	X11	
10½	The Lord is My Light	Od. (1907)		57505	0410	
12	The Lord is My Light		64726	744	5-2116	DA324
10	The Lost Chord		74791	6208		DB328
10	Love, Here is My Heart		64623	771	4-2870	DA300
10	Loveliest of Trees	E/			DA1776	
10	Love Me and I'll Live Forever	E/		1594		
10	Lover, Come Back to Me	E/		1400	DA1077	
10	Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses			961	DA538	

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10	Love's Garden of Roses		64787	774	5-2094	DA319	
10½	Love's Golden Treasury	Od.			57549	0219	
12	Love's Old Sweet Song	E/		6776		DB1200	
10½	Love's Philosophy	Od.			A57704	0816	
10	Love's Roses	E/				DA1341	
10	Love's Secret	E/				DA1175	
10	Love's Secret	E/				DA1533	
10	A Love Song			1020			
7	Love Thee, Dearest	G. & T.			3-2513		
Cyl.	Love Thee, Dearest	Edison					13154
10	The Low Backed Car		64329	753	4-2366	DA287	
12	Lucia—Fra poco a me ricovero		88215	6196	2-052023	DB345	
			74223				
12	Lucia—Tu che a Dio		88249	6196	2-052024	DB345	
			74224				
10	Luoghi sereni e cari					DA627	
10	Luoghi sereni e cari	E/		1288			
10	Macushla		64205	759	4-2144	DA293	
				10-1436			
10	The Magic of Your Love	E/				DA1730	
10	Maiden of Morven	E/				DA1762	
	Die Mainacht					DA628	
12	Maire, My Girl		74298		02400	DB632	
10	Manon—Il sogno (Chiudo gli occhi)		64312	767	7-52047	DA297	
10	Marcheta			1011		DA606	
10	Marcheta	E/		1247			
10	Li Marinari, with Sammarco		87078				
10½	Maritana—There is a Flower	Od.			57588	0503	
10	Maritana—There is a Flower		64307	755	4-2328	DA336	
				10-1437			
10½	Mary of Allandale	Od.			57602	0513	
10	Mary of Argyle		64432	740	4-2486	DA302	
10½	Mattinata	Od.			57633	R0586	
						R0658	
10	Mavis		64407	770	4-2601	DA299	
10	The Meeting of the Waters	G. & T.			3-2163		
Cyl.	The Meeting of the Waters	Ed.					13142
10	The Meeting of the Waters	E/				DA1752	
10	Mefistofele—Dai campi		64303	10-1438	7-52033	DA498	
10	Mefistofele—Giunto sul passo		64304	923			
12	Meistersinger—Prize Song		74479	6209	02846	DB329	
10	Mighty Lak' a Rose	E/				DA1740	
10½	Mignon—In Her Simplicity	Od.			57581	0503	
10	Minnelied	E/		1272			
7	The Minstrel Boy	G. & T.			3-2522		
Cyl.	The Minstrel Boy	Ed. Bell					6448
10	The Minstrel Boy		64117	763	4-2071	DA295	
12	Mira la blanca luna, with Destinn				2-054019	DK123	
					3-2164		
10	Molly Bawn	G. & T.					13144
Cyl.	Molly Bawn	Edison					
12	Molly Bawn		74175	6206	02286	DB326	
10	Molly Brannigan		64316	743	4-2379	DA304	
10	Moonlight and Roses	E/		1092			
10	Morning		64498		4-2643		
10	Mother in Ireland		66112	785			
10	Mother Machree		64181	768	4-2142	DA304	
10	Mother Machree	E/		1293		DA958	
10	Mother, My Dear	E/		1137		DA765	
10	Mother of Mine		64332	776	4-2368	DA314	
12	The Mountain Lovers	Od.			84225	X75	
10	Music of the Night	E/				DA1390	
10½	My Dark Rosaleen	Od. (1907)			57510	0382	
12	My Dark Rosaleen	Od.			84240	X44	
10	My Dreams		64310	745	4-2349	DA305	
10	My Irish Song of Songs		64796	772	5-2113	DA311	
10	My Lagan Love		64154		4-2073		
10	My Moonlight Madonna	E/				DA1341	
12	My Queen	Od.			84231	X62	

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10	My Treasure	E/				DA1740
10	My Wild Irish Rose		64426	895	4-2481	DA474
Cyl.	A Nation Once Again	Sterling				614
10½	A Nation Once Again	Od. (1906)			44364	634
10½	A Nation Once Again	Od.			57556	0214
12	Natoma—Paul's Address		74295			
10	Nearer My God to Thee		64345	773	4-2374	DA312
10	A Necklace of Love	E/		1711		DA1406
10	(a) The Next Market Day	}	64926	743		
10	(b) A Ballynure Ballad					
12	Le Nil, with Kreisler		{ 88482		2-032016	
12	Nirvana		{ 89105			
12	Non e ver		74329		02847	DB633
10	None But a Lonely Heart	E/		1306	2-052111	DB630
7	Norah, the Pride of Kildare	G. & T.			3-2515	DA1112
10	Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal	E/		1307		DA1111
10	O Cease Thy Singing, Maiden					
	Fair, with Kreisler		87574	3020	5-2377	DA457
10	O del mio amato ben					DA627 I.R.217
10½	Off in the Silly Night	Od.			57646	0716
10	Oh! Could I But Express in					
	Song	E/				DA1829
10	Oh, Gathering Clouds	E/		26772		DA1533
10	Oh, How I Miss You Tonight	E/		1121		DA760
10	Oh! What Bitter Grief is					
	Mine	E/				DA1828
10	The Old House	E/				DA1715
10	An Old Sacred Lullaby	E/				DA1404
10	The Old Refrain		64559	752	5-2114	DA286
12	O Lovely Night	Od.			84229	X41
10	O, Mary Dear	E/				DA1428
Cyl.	Once Again	Ed. Bell				6449
10	Once in a Blue Moon	E/				DA1285
10	One Love Forever	E/				DA1820
10	Only You		64838	777		
10½	The Ould Plaid Shawl	Od.			57647	0633
10	Our Finest Hour	E/				DA1803
10	Padraic the Fiddler, with					
	Kreisler					DA636
10½	Pagliacci—On with the Motley	Od.			57524	R0217
10	A Pair of Blue Eyes	E/				DA1113
12	The Palms	E/		1453		DB984
12	Panis Angelicus	E/		6607		
12	Panis Angelicus	E/		6708		
10½	Parted (Scott)	Od.			57608	DB1095
10	Parted (Tosti)		64578	757	5-2056	0336
10½	The Perfect Spring	Od. (1907)			57509	DA291
10	Pescatori di Perle—Del tem-	{	87082			
	pio al limitar, with					
	Sammarco					
12	Pescatori di Perle—Del tem-					
	pio al limitar, with					
	Sammarco				2-054018	
10	Pescatori di Perle—Mi par					
	d'udir ancora		64305	923	7-52032	DA502
12	Pianto del Core	Od.			84206	X3
10	Plaisir d'Amour	E/				DA1829
10	Poor Man's Garden	E/		1695		DA1391
10	Le Portrait		64374		7-32005	DA502
10	Praise Ye the Lord	E/				DA1786
10	The Prayer Perfect	E/		1554		DA1177
10	A Prayer to Our Lady	E/		1625		DA1287
12	La Procession	E/				DB1095
10	Pur dicesti, o bocca bella		{ 1081			
			{ 10-1435			
10	The Quietest Things	E/				DA1393

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10	The Rainbow of Love*	64732	778	5-2054	DA315	
10	Remember the Rose		918		DA576	
10	Ridente la calma		10-1434		DA645	I.R.60
10½	Rigoletto—La donna e mobile	Od.		57508	R0276	
12	Rigoletto—Quartet, with Melba—Sammarco—Thornton			2-054025	DM118	
12	Rigoletto—Quartet, with Bori—Jacoby—Werrenrath		89080	10006	2-054061	DM104
10½	Rigoletto—Questa o quella	Od.			57631	R0276
10	Rigoletto—Questa o quella		64344	767	7-52044	DA498
10	Rise, Dawn of Love	E/			DA1428	
10	Road that Brought You to Me		66024	779		
10	The Rosary		64257	776	4-2221	DA314
10	The Rosary	E/			DA1116	
10	A Rose for Every Heart	E/			DA881	
10	Rose of My Heart		66012	779		
10	The Rose of Tralee	E/			DA1119	
10	Rose-Marie			1067		
10½	Roses	Od.		57580	0455	
10	Roses of Picardy		64825	748		
10	Roses of Picardy	E/		1321	DA965	
10	A Rose Still Blooms in Picardy	E/			DA1806	
10½	Savourneen Deelish	Od. (1907)		44852		
10½	Savourneen Deelish	Od.		57550	{ 0220 0538	
10	Say a Little Prayer	E/			DA1820	
10	Say Au Revoir But Not Goodbye		64328	780	4-2382	DA317
10	Schlafendes Jesuskind	E/		1272		
10	Schlafendes Jesuskind (piano)	E/			DA1170	
12	Schlafendes Jesuskind	E/			DB2868	
10	See Amid the Winter's Snow	E/			DA1756	
10	Semele—O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me		66096	749		
12	Semele—Where'er You Walk	E/		14305	DB2867	
10	Send Me Away with a Smile		64741			
10	Serenade (Raff), with Kreisler		{ 87258 87552	3019	4-2953	DA456
10	Serenade (Schubert), with Kreisler		{ 87191 87545	3021	4-2470	DA458
12	Serenade (Schubert)	E/		6927	DB1297	
10	Serenata (Moszkowski), with Kreisler		{ 87230 87547	3018	4-2700	DA455
10	Shannon River	E/		26569	DA1426	
12	She Is Far from the Land		74242	6207	02324	DB327
12	She Is Far from the Land	E/		14611		DB2849
10	She Moved thro' the Fair	E/				DA1813
10	She Rested by the Broken Brook	E/				DA1778
10	Silent Noon	E/				DA1776
10	Silver Threads Among the Gold		64260	781	4-2215	DA322
10	Silver Threads Among the Gold	E/		1173		DA823
10	Since First I Saw Your Face	E/				DA946
10	Since You Went Away, with Kreisler		87573	3022		DA459
10	Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing		64532	782	4-2798	DA318
10	Smilin' Thro'	E/				DA1805
10	The Snowy Breasted Pearl	G. & T.			3-2168	
10½	The Snowy Breasted Pearl	Od.			57553	0212
12	The Snowy Breasted Pearl		74166	6201	02247	DB344
10	So Deep is the Night	E/				DA1730
10	Sometime			1003		
10	Sometime You'll Remember			918		DA576
10	Somewhere		64976	782	5-2577	DA318
10	Somewhere a Voice is Calling		64405	783	5-2115	DA319
10	Somewhere a Voice is Calling	E/		1247		DA914
10	Somewhere in the World			968		
10	Song of the Night	E/		1463		DA1135

\*This recording was issued by "His Master's Voice" with a different title, "The Light in Your Eyes."

# I HEAR YOU CALLING ME

10	A Song Remembered	E/				DA1390	
10	Song to the Seals	E/				DA1851	
10	Sonny Boy	E/		1360		DA1027	
10	Sospiri miei, andate ove vi mando		64333		7-52041	DA297	I.R.217
10	South Winds	E/				DA1343	
12	A Southern Song	Od.			84233	X41	
10	Star of the County Down	E/				DA1718	
10	The Star Spangled Banner		64664		4-2886		
10	Still Night, Holy Night	E/				DA1755	
10	The Street Sounds to the Soldiers' Tread	E/				DA1834	
10	The Sunshine of Your Smile		64622	783			
10	Swans			1081			
10	The Sweetest Call	E/		1092		DA692	
10	Sweet Genevieve		64309	780	4-2378	DA317	
10	Sweet Peggy O'Neil		66028	784			
10	Sweetly She Sleeps, My Alice Fair	E/		1700		DA1405	
10	Take a Look at Molly			1003			
10½	Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away	Od.			57630	R0317	
10	Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away						
10	Tales of Hoffman—Barcarolle, with Kreisler		64252	749	4-2220	DA308	
10½	Terence's Farewell to Kathleen	Od. (1907)	87245	3019	5-2153	DA456	
10½	Terence's Farewell to Kathleen	Od.	87551		44853	0220	
10½	Terence's Farewell to Kathleen	E/			57551	DA1396	
10	Thank God for a Garden		64900	786		DA320	
10	Thanks Be to God			1059			
10	That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone		64837	785	5-2203	DA320	
10	There	E/				DA1172	
10	There is a Green Hill Far Away	E/				DA1773	
10	There's a Long, Long Trail		64694	766			
10½	Thora	Od.			63190	0919	
10	Three Aspects	E/				DA1172	
10	Three O'clock in the Morning		66109	787			
10	Through All the Days To Be	E/		1133		DA780	
10	Tick, Tick, Tock	E/		1594			
10	Till I Wake	E/		2169		DA1746	
10	'Tis An Irish Girl I Love		64925	784		DA298	
10	Tommy Lad		64630	769	4-2865	DA644	
10	Tomorrow, with Kreisler*					R0454	C.R.S.12
10½	Tosca—E Lucevan le stelle†	Od.			57525	DA680	
10	To the Children, with Kreisler					DA1112	
10	To the Children	E/		1288			
12	To the Lyre (see "Holy Night")						
12	Traume	E/				DB2868	
12	Traviata—De' miei bollenti spiriti				2-052025	DB631	I.R.96
12	Traviata—Parigi o cara, with Bori		88453	10006	2-054055	DM104	
10	Trees	E/	89126	15-1009			
10½	Trottin' to the Fair	Od.			57594	0469	
10	Trumpet Call		64733		5-2067	DA366	
12	The Trumpeter		74432	6209	02630	DB329	
12	Turn Ye To Me		74435		02611	DB632	
10½	Ultima Canzone	Od.			57645	0741	
10	Until		64495	750	4-2645	DA309	
10	The Vacant Chair		64499	896	5-2117	DA475	

\*Also entitled "Morgen" — sung in German.

†The C.R.S. issue is a re-recording and has been pressed in both the 10-inch and 12-inch sizes, both bearing the same number, CRS.12, and both having the Celeste Aida on the reverse.



# I HEAR YOU CALLING ME

10	Venetian Song		64549	786	4-2824	DA324	
10	Vespers	E/				DA1343	
10½	Vo! Dormite, Signora	Od.			57643	R0586	
Cyl.	The Wearing of the Green	Ed. Bell					6451
10	The Wearing of the Green		64258	788	4-2213	DA322	
10	When			1040			
10	When I Have Sung My Songs	E/				DA1446	
10	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling		64631	788			
12	When My Ships Come Sail- ing Home		74428	6205	02610	DB325	
10	When Night Descends, with Kreisler		87571	3020	5-2263	DA457	
10½	When Shadows Gather	Od.			57632	R0317	
12	When Shadows Gather	Od.			84210	X100	
10	When Shadows Gather		64127		4-2070	DA497	
Cyl.	When Shall the Day Break in Erin	Edison					13143
7	When Shall the Day Break in Ireland	G. & T.			3-2520		
10	When the Children Say Their Prayers	E/				DA1425	
10	When the Dew is Falling		64497	789	4-2644	DA323	
10	When Twilght Comes, I'm Thinking of You	E/		1197		DA840	
10	When You and I Were Young, Maggie		64913	781			
10	When You and I Were Young, Maggie	E/		1173		DA823	
10	When You and I Were Seventeen	E/		1086		DA693	
10	When You Come Back		64791				
10	When You Look in the Heart of a Rose		64814	778	5-2118	DA315	
10	When You Wish Upon a Star	E/		968		DA1729	
10	Where the Rainbow Ends						
10	Where the River Shannon Flows		64311	758	4-2395	DA292	
10	White in the Moon the Long Road Lies	E/				DA1834	
10	The White Peace	E/				DA1791	
10	Will You Go With Me	E/				DA1806	
10	Who Is Sylvia	E/		1306		DA933	
12	Who Is Sylvia (see "Hark! Hark! the Lark")						
10	Who Knows		64424	789	4-2473	DA323	
10	Within the Garden of My Heart		64317	764	4-2380	DA296	
12	Wo find' ich Trost					DB766	
10	Wonderful One			961		DA538	
10	Wonderful World of Romance		66080	774			
10	Would God I Were the Ten- der Apple Blossom			983			
10	Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon	E/				DA1762	
10	You Forgot to Remember	E/		1121		DA760	
10	Your Eyes		64604	777			
10	Your Eyes Have Told Me So		64860	787			













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